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MISCELLANIES.

Prose and Verse.

VOLUME II.

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MISCELLANIES:

Prose and Verse.

BY

WILLIAM MAGINN.

EDITED BY

R. W. MONTAGU.

TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	PAGE
FARMER'S "ESSAY ON THE LEARNING OF SHAKESPEARE" CONSIDERED	1
LADY MACBETH	117
BOB BURKE'S DUEL WITH ENSIGN BRADY OF THE 48TH	145
A VISION OF PURGATORY	173
"THE SOLDIER BOY"	187
TO MY DAUGHTERS	188
MAXIMS OF ODOHERTY	189
THE IRISHMAN AND THE LADY	257
LAMENT FOR LORD BYRON	259
ODOHERTY'S DIRGE	261
PANDEMUS POLYGLOTT	262
DRINK	283
CRAMBAMBULEE	284
DRINK AWAY	285
DROUTHINESS	287
ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND	290
REMARKS ON SHELLEY'S ADONAIS	300
THE WINE-BIBBER'S GLORY—A NEW SONG	312
A RUNNING COMMENTARY ON THE RITTER BANN	317
CRITIQUE ON LORD BYRON	327
MOORE-ISH MELODIES	335

PAGE

THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES 340

MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY AND HIS NOVEL, "BERKELEY CASTLE" 344

DEFENCE OF "FRASER'S MAGAZINE" IN THE BERKELEY AFFAIR 356

TWO SONNETS ON A LATE ROARING EXPEDITION TO THE LORDS 371

THE FUNERAL OF ACHILLES 373

FIRST APPEARANCE OF HELEN 381

MISCELLANIES.

Farmer's "Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare" Considered.

I.

Dear Sir,—As there appears to be a revived zeal for commentatorship on Shakspeare, I may be perhaps allowed to roll my tub among the rest; and the first service I wish to perform is to rid, or at least to give some reasons for ridding, all future editors of a superfluous swelling in the shape of Dr. Farmer's *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*, which has long been a regular encumbrance on the *variorum* editions. In the subjoined letter, if you will be so good as to print it, your readers, who I hope are in number equal to the whole reading public of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Colonies,—

"From sunny Indus to the Pole,—

will find my reasons for not thinking highly of the Master of Emmanuel, or his Shakspearian labours. The critical clique to which he belonged was peculiarly absurd; and we have only to cast a glance upon his face, as preserved in an engraving by Harding, to see that the feeble smirk of fat-headed and scornful blockheadism self-satisfied, with that peddling pedantry of the smallest order which entitled its possessor to look down with patronising pity on the loftiest genius, is its prevailing feature. Perhaps somebody may think it worth while to contradict this assertion by a host of collegiate opinions in his favour, backed by a list of super-

lative panegyrics on his learning, and excellence of wisdom and wit, culled from various quarters; and I shall not dispute their justice or undervalue their merit. I am only dealing with the Essay before me, and with his picture as I find it in the splendid Cracherode copy of Steevens (a presentation one) in the British Museum.

Let me ask the favour of a couple of dozen lines before I close my note, and they are intended to say that Charles Knight's *Shakspeare* (or as he thinks proper, "after much consideration," to spell the word *Shakspere:* he might as well spell his own name *Night*) is, in its conception and management, one of the most valuable presents made not merely to Shakspearian, but to general antiquarian, literature. I know that there are many more famous, elaborate, deeply pondered, and technical repertories of antiquarian lore. I know also that there have been criticisms of higher pretence, and, in some instances, of far higher genius, upon these illustrious dramas than what we have in the brief notes which he is publishing; but in taking the combination of graphic exhibition by admirably executed woodcuts (in most cases worth a waggonload of comment) of objects now to be traced by poring research, but so familiar as to be made matter of trite allusion in the days of Elizabeth, with fairly-digested and well-condensed *scholia*, meeting all the ordinary difficulties and explaining the ordinary puzzles of the sadly mangled text, I do *not* know where to find a book in which poetry is so aided by antiquarian knowledge and pictorial skill. All this, however, will not allow me to say that the text still does not want a revision much more searchingly careful than that which Heminge and Condell gave it, or that with which the successors of these gentlemen have been satisfied.—Permit me to subscribe myself, with great respect, dear Mr. Yorke, faithfully yours, WILLIAM MAGINN.

[It gives us great pleasure to print Dr. Maginn's letter; but we are not answerable for any of its statements or arguments. We must divide his communication into two parts.

"Let us ask the favour," to use his own phrase, of saying that Tyas's *Illustrated Shakspeare* is a highly creditable publication, containing occasionally excellent observations, handsomely illustrated, and (what in these days ought not to be forgotten when "Exchequer-bills are such a price," as the song says) marvellously cheap.—O. Y.]

DR. FARMER'S ESSAY ON THE LEARNING OF SHAKSPEARE CONSIDERED.

BY WILLIAM MAGINN, ESQ., LL.D.

I HAVE always considered Dr. Farmer's "celebrated Essay," as Steevens calls it, on the learning of Shakspeare as a piece of pedantic impertinence not paralleled in literature. The very style and manner in which this third or fourth-rate scholar, undistinguished by any work of reputation whatever, speaks of "the old bard," as he usually entitles Shakspeare, are as disgusting as the smirking complacency with which he regards his own petty labours. "The rage of parallelisms," he says in his preface, "is almost over, and in truth nothing can be more absurd. This was stolen from *one* classic, that from *another;* and, had I not stepped in to his rescue, poor Shakspeare had been stripped as naked of ornament as when he first *held horses* at the door of the play-house." His having ever held horses at the door of the playhouse is an idle fiction, which the slightest consideration bestowed on the career of his fortunes in London would suffice to dispel; but it is introduced here to serve the purpose of suggesting to Farmer's readers that the original condition of Shakspeare was menial, and therefore that it is improbable he had received an education fitting him to acquire a knowledge of ancient or foreign learning.

"Had *I* not come to his rescue," says Dr. Farmer, "poor Shakspeare would have been stripped bare," &c. Passing

the insolence and self-conceit of this assertion, may we not ask from whom was Shakspeare to be rescued? From some zealous commentators, it appears, who indulged in a rage for collecting parallelisms, *i.e.* passages in the classical authors in which they thought they found resemblances to passages in Shakspeare. In this task they sometimes were fanciful, and saw likenesses where none existed; but not one of them accused Shakspeare of theft. There is a vast difference between a thief and an imitator. Who has ever accused Milton or Virgil of *stealing* from Homer? Who is so insane as to think that *Paradise Lost* or the *Æneid* stand in need of "a rescue" from the annotators who point out the passages of the *Iliad*, or other poems, from which many of the most beautiful and majestic ornaments of the more modern great epics are derived? Nobody, of the most common sense, can imagine that illustrations of this kind strip the poets naked, or call for the assistance of such rescuers as Farmer.

Elsewhere he says:

"These critics" (those who maintain Shakspeare's claims on learning) "and many others, their coadjutors, have supposed themselves able to trace Shakspeare in the writings of the ancients, and have sometimes persuaded us of their own learning, whatever became of their author's. Plagiarisms have been discovered in every natural description and every moral sentiment. Indeed, by the kind assistance of the various *excerpta*, *sententiæ*, and *flores*, this business may be effected with very little expense of time or sagacity, as Addison hath demonstrated in his comment on *Chevy Chase*, and Wagstaff on *Tom Thumb;* and I myself will engage to give you quotations from the elder English writers (for, to own the truth, I was once idle enough to collect such) which shall carry with them at least an equal degree of similarity. But there can be no occasion of wasting any future time in this department: the world is now in possession of *marks of imitation*."

No doubt the world does possess the work, and equally is it doubtless that the world has totally forgotten the boon.

A more worthless piece of trumpery criticism, empty parade, and shallow reading does not exist than this extolled composition of Bp. Hurd, and therefore it is justly entitled to the laboriously fine compliment here paid it by Farmer.*

* There is one piece of literary imitation or plagiarism which Hurd would not have remarked if he had known of its existence. As it is somewhat curious, and as relevant to Shakspeare as at least nine-tenths of the commentaries upon him, I extract a notice of it from *Fraser's Literary Chronicle:*

"Steevens remarked that nothing short of an Act of Parliament could compel any one to read the sonnets of Shakspeare, a declaration highly to the credit of his taste, and quite decisive as to his capability of properly editing the plays. It is certain, however, that the sonnets are not very generally read, and the same fate has befallen the prose works of Milton. Of this I cannot produce a more extraordinary proof than what I find in D'Israeli's *Quarrels of Authors*. He has been speaking of the celebrated controversy between Warburton and Lowth, and subjoins this note:—

"'The correct and elegant taste of Lowth, with great humour, detected the wretched taste in which Warburton's prose style was composed; he did nothing more than print the last sentence of the *Inquiry on Prodigies* in measured lines, without, however, changing the place of a single word, and this produced some of the most turgid blank verse; Lowth describes it as the *musa pedestris* got on horseback in high prancing style. I shall give a few lines only of the final sentence in this essay:—

> 'Methinks I see her, like the mighty eagle
> Renewing her immortal youth, and purging
> Her opening sight at the unobstructed beams
> Of our benign meridian sun,' &c.

All this will, as many other lines, stand word for word in the original prose of our tasteless writer; but, to show his utter want of even one imagination, his translations *in imitation of Milton's style* are precisely like this ridiculous prose.'

"We thought that the most famous passage in Milton's most famous English prose work, the *Areopagitica*, must have been known to all readers of our language: 'Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance,' &c. &c.; and yet here we find Warburton pillaging without any acknowledgment, as if he were safe in its obscurity; and the 'correct and elegant' Lowth treating it as wretched, turgid, and inharmonious bombast. Lowth, too, be it remarked, was a grammarian of our language by profession! And, to wind up all, here we have Warburton's plagiarism passed unknown, and Lowth's critique adopted with due panegyric, by a painstaking and generally correct explorer of our antiquities and our literary history, whose studies

It would indeed be wandering far away from the question which I intend to discuss, if I were to enter upon the distinction between imitation and plagiarism, or attempt to define the line at which one begins and the other ends; but it is not going out of the way to pronounce the sentences just quoted very absurd. *Excerpta, sententiæ, flores* will give but little assistance in tracing out imitations; for these compilations are in general nothing more than collections of commonplaces which suggest themselves to reflective or poetic minds in all ages and countries pretty much in the same manner. We must adopt a very different course of reading if we wish to show, from the peculiarities of thought or expression which are to be found in one poet, whether he has or has not suggested the phrase or the idea to a successor. When this is judiciously done, it reflects honour on the taste and the reading of the critic. If the execution of such task be ridiculous, as sometimes it will be, the ridicule surely ought to attach to the commentator, not to the author. Shakspeare is not to be esteemed unlearned because Upton has sometimes been preposterous; and yet that is the argument which runs throughout this "celebrated Essay."

Addison's critique on *Chevy Chase*, whether intended as jest or earnest, is in neither department very successful. The ballad poetry of England was in his time matter of mock to "the Town," the sparkish Templar, the wits of the coffee-houses, and the men of mode; and those who, like Thomas Hearne, applied themselves to the antiquities of English literature were especial butts of scorn. Addison, deeply imbued with this spirit, determined to be patronising at the expense of the old ballad; but, not being altogether delivered over to the demon of *goût*, he could not refrain from expressing, now and then, genuine admiration of the picturesque touches in *Chevy Chase*, for some of which he

have, moreover, led him to the most careful perusal of the literature and politics of the days of Charles I., to which he has devoted so much historical attention."

found resemblances in the battle-poems of antiquity. Those resemblances are, in fact, unavoidable; for the poetic incidents of war, either in action or passion, are so few and so prominently striking that they must occur to every poet, particularly to those who live among the scenes of which they sing; but, on the whole, so little was Addison qualified to perform the task of judging of the merits of the subject he selected for his criticism that he took as his text, not the real *Chevy Chase* of Richard Sheale, in the time of Henry VI.—that which stirred the heart of Sir Philip Sidney as with a trumpet—but a modern *rifacimento*, made, in all probability, not fifty years before Addison was born, in every respect miserably inferior to the original, and in which are to be found those passages and expressions which excite the merriment of the jocular. He could not have bestowed much attention on our ballad lore, and, consequently, not critically known anything of its spirit, for if he had he might have found, as well as Hearne, that the true ballad was "The Persé owt of Northumberlande."

As for Wagstaffe's *Tom Thumb*, that is an avowed joke upon Addison's critique on *Chevy Chase*, and in many parts amusingly executed, to the discomfiture of the *Spectator*. It is full of the then fashionable fooleries about Bentley; and the author, being a medical man, could not avoid having a fling at brother-doctors: it is now hardly remembered.* If, instead of quizzing Addison for his critique on

* *Ex. gr.*: "The following part of this canto (the old ballad of *Tom Thumb*) is the relation of our hero's being put into a pudding, and conveyed away in a tinker's budget: which is designed by our author to prove, if it is understood literally, that the greatest men are subject to misfortunes. But it is thought by Dr. B——tly to be all mythology, and to contain the doctrine of the transmutation of metals, and is designed to show that all matter is the same, though differently modified. He tells me he intends to publish a distinct treatise on this canto; and I don't question but he'll manage the dispute with the same learning, conduct, and good manners he has done others, and as Dr. Salmon uses in his corrections of Dr. Sydenham and the Dispensatory. The next canto is the story of Tom Thumb's being swallowed by a cow, and his deliverance out of her, which is treated of at large by *Giordano Bruno*, in his *Spaccio de la Bestia trionfante;* which book, though very scarce, yet a *certain gentle-*

Chevy Chase, and selecting the old ballad of *Tom Thumb* as his theme, the facetious physician could have made the *Tom Thumb* of Fielding, familiarised to us in Kane O'Hara's version, the object of his comment, then, as that renowned drama was originally written as a parody on the favourite tragedies of the day, it would be easy seriously to trace the remote original of the parodist in the direct original of the burlesqued tragedian. If we could prove, for instance, that Thomson was indebted to any prior dramatist for

"O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!"

that writer might claim the corresponding exclamation in *Tom Thumb*:—

"O Huncamunca! Huncamunca, O!"

as his original property, and the similarity of imitation insinuated by Farmer might be understood.

man, who has it in his possession, has been so obliging as to let everybody know where to meet with it. After this you find him carried off by a raven, and swallowed by a giant; and 'tis almost the same story as that of Ganimede and the Eagle in Ovid:—

'*Now by a raven of strength.*
Away poor Tom was borne.

'*Nec mora: percusso mendacibus ære pennis*
Abripit Iliaden.'"

A Comment upon the History of Tom Thumb. London, 1711.

There are some pretty fair jokes in pp. 11–15, 18, &c. Wagstaffe did not know how near the truth his jest lay when he attributes the origin of the fable to antiquity as remote as that of the Druids. The conclusion of his pamphlet is amusing *now*. "If," continues my bookseller, "you have a mind that it should turn to advantage with treason or heresy, get censured by the parliament or convocation, and condemned to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, and you can't fail having a multitude of readers, by the same reason *a notorious rogue has such a number of followers to the gallows*." It is now hard to say what is or is not treason. Heresy is not worth sixpence in the book-market. There is no Convocation practically existing; the literary hangman, like the schoolmaster, has gone abroad; and as for the censure of Parliament, since that assembly has been reformed, it would not influence the sale of a copy more or less of a twopenny tract, or a five-pound folio.

But these are not cases in point; nor would Farmer's own collection of passages, in which the writers of antiquity might be supposed to supply resemblances to what we find in English writers, affect the question in the least degree; for if by these writers he means Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, Surrey, Wyatt, Skelton, &c., they were all men of extensive reading in various languages, and had ample knowledge of preceding authors, and sufficient access for the purpose of borrowing, or imitating, or stealing, if they pleased. In making his collection, though Farmer designates it idleness, he might have been profitably employed, for he was a man of extensive and desultory reading, with the advantage of having a great library at his service, being the principal librarian of the University of Cambridge;—he was idly employed, indeed, when he took upon himself the office of "rescuing" Shakspeare.

There is, however, in his Essay an amusing proof that he was practically acquainted with the art of plagiarism. Shakspeare, he informs us, came out of the hand of Nature, "*as some one else* expresses it, like Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth and mature." Well did he know who this some one else was, for he quotes elsewhere "the preface to his" (that some one else's) "elegant translation of Terence." This is to be applauded, for it is one of the best and most approved tricks of the plagiary trade to pilfer with an appearance of candour, which gives the contrabandist all the credit of the appropriated passage with those who know not whence it comes, leaving him at the same time a loophole of retreat when detected, by pointing out how he had disclaimed its originality. But the some one else, who happened to be George Colman the elder, was not the kind of person to submit in silence; and accordingly, in the next edition of his Terence, he claims his "thunder" as zealously as Dennis himself. "It is whimsical enough," he observes, "that this *some one else*, whose expression is here quoted to countenance the general notion of Shakspeare's want of literature, should be no other than myself. Mr. Farmer does not choose to mention where he

met with the expression of *some one else*, and *some one else* does not choose to mention where he dropped it." This is very lofty on the part of Colman. I do not know that any one has taken the trouble of seeking where he dropped it, but an anonymous critic [*Ed. Variorum*, Shakspeare of 1813, p. 91, vol. ii.] has shown us where he found it, namely, in Dr. Young's *Conjectures on Original Composition:* "An adult genius comes out of Nature's hands, as Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth, and mature. Shakspeare's genius was of this kind." It is excessively diverting to find Farmer pilfering from Colman, and Colman claiming the stolen property only to be convicted that he had himself stolen it from Young. I have noticed this trifle principally to illustrate the difference between literary imitation and literary thieving. To any one acquainted with classical mythology the idea of comparing original genius starting into the world at once in full vigour of strength and beauty, without the tedious process of infant care and culture, to the goddess of Wisdom bursting full armed from the brain of Jupiter might readily occur. Two people, or two hundred and fifty-two people, might think of the same thing, and yet he who came second, or two hundred and fifty-second, be as original as the man who came first. This would be a case of *coincidence.* If a verse-maker had seen the sentence of Young, and turned it into metre as thus—

> As from the forehead of the Olympian king
> Sprang Pallas armed, so, full grown and mature,
> Adult from Nature's hand does Genius spring,
> No tedious hours of nurture to endure:

it would be a case of *imitation.* The verse-maker has contributed something in the shape of labour, at least, to the composition as he exhibits it; if not "the vision and the faculty divine," yet "the single, double, and the triple rhymes;" but if we find not merely the obvious idea, but the peculiar phraseology, as "coming out of Nature's hand;" as "Pallas [*not Minerva*] out of Jove's [*not Jupiter's*] head;"

as "at full growth and mature;" and these phrases applied not to genius in general, but to the particular genius which was orignally designated, without any alteration of form, or any acknowledgment of the author of whom the borrower found it, then it is a direct case of literary theft, or, if it be more polite so to style it, a case of plagiarism.

Enough of this. The principle of Farmer's Essay is that, because injudicious commentators thought they found in the classics what Shakspeare had not found there, the "old bard" never could have consulted the classics at all. By such a process the same case could be proved against Milton himself. P. Hume discovers, for example, that *amerced* in the line

> "Millions of spirits for his fault *amerced*
> Of heaven"

has "a strange affinity with the Greek ἄμερδω, to *deprive*, to *take away*," as Homer has used it, much to our purpose, *Odyss.* viii. 64:

> Ὀφθαλμὰν μὲν ἄμερσε, δίδου δ' ἡδειαν ἀοιδήν—

"The muse *amerced* him of his eyes, but gave him the faculty of singing sweetly;" *amerced* being, in fact, a technical word of our law, derived to us from the Norman-French *amercier.* Newton is of opinion that Milton, by his use of the word *gazed* in the line in *Comus:*

> "This nymph that *gaz'd* upon his clustering locks"

deduced it from ἄγαζομαι—gaze being a Saxon word of old Teutonic root, Ge-sean (*contentis oculis aspicere*, says Skinner). It would be easy to give other examples, but let these suffice. Some future Farmer may adduce, as a proof of the ignorance or folly of those who were preposterously determined to prove that Milton had read Homer, that they found it necessary to press words derived from our Saxon or Norman ancestors into their service as coming from the Greek, which *therefore* Milton did not understand. Or again, when Bentley remarks that

> "Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
> Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth,"

is suggested by Ovid's

> "Ter conata loqui, ter fletibus ora rigavit,"

the doctor has pointed out the wrong authority; because as we find that Sackville in his Induction of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, last stanza, has

> "*Thryse he began* to tell his doleful tale,
> And thryse the sighs did swallow up his voice,"

it must have been not to Ovid, but to Sackville, Milton is indebted. Or, finally (for it is not worth while to waste time on suppositions so ridiculous), when Addison assures us that *miscreated*, *embryon*, and other words are coined by Milton, appropriately referring to a nonsensical "discourse in Plutarch which shows us how frequently Homer made use of the same liberty" [well indeed was Plutarch qualified to judge of the *fontes* of the language of Homer!]; while, on the contrary, we find these words common in Spenser, Sylvester, Donne, Massinger, Browne, and others, who long precede the *Paradise Lost*, are we to come forward to the rescue of Milton, and defend him from the charge of coining and uttering words not duly licensed, because Addison happened not to have read or remembered the translation of Du Bartas, the plays of Massinger, the poems of Donne, the *British Pastorals*, or the *Faërie Queene*? On Farmer's principle, that the author is responsible for the ignorance or folly of his critic, all this should be.

He commences by adducing what external testimony he can gather to prove Shakspeare's want of learning. His witnesses are—I take them as he sets them down—

1. Ben Jonson's often-quoted line about Shakspeare's small Latin and less Greek, which Farmer takes care to tell us was quoted more than a century before his time—in 1651—as small Latin, and *no* Greek, by W. Towers, in a

panegyric on Cartwright; "whether an error or not," the candid critic will not undertake to decide.

2. Drayton, the countryman and acquaintance of Shakspeare, determines his excellence by his *naturall braine* only.

3. Digges, a wit of the town before our poet left the stage, is very strong on the point:

> "Nature only helpt him, for looke thorow
> This whole book,* thou shalt find he doth not borow
> One phrase from Greekes, nor Latines imitate,
> Nor once from vulgar languages translate."

4. Suckling opposed his *easier strain* to the *sweat of the learned Jonson.*

5. Denham assures us that all he had was from *old mother-wit.*

6. Everybody remembers Milton's celebration of his *native wood-notes wild.*

7. Dryden observes, prettily enough, that "he wanted not the spectacles of books to read Nature."

8. The ever-memorable Hales, of Eton, had too great a knowledge both of Shakspeare and the ancients to allow much acquaintance between them; and urged very justly on the part of genius, in opposition to pedantry, that "if he had not read the ancients, he had not stolen from them;" and, if any topic was produced from a poet of antiquity, he would undertake to show somewhat on the same subject at least as well written as Shakspeare.

9. Fuller declares positively that his learning was very little. *Nature* was all the *art* used upon him, as *he himself*, if alive, would confess.

10. Shakspeare has in fact confessed it, when he apologised for his *untutored lines* to the Earl of Southampton.

11. "This list of witnesses," says Farmer, triumphantly summing up, "might be easily enlarged, but I flatter myself I shall stand in no need of such evidence."

* The first folio to which the poem in which these lines occur was to have been prefixed.

Taking them *seriatim*, the first is the only one worthy of the slightest attention. Ben Jonson knew Shakspeare intimately, and was in every way qualified to offer an opinion on his learning. All the silly surmises of his hostility or jealousy towards Shakspeare, with which Steevens and other critics of the same calibre cram their notes, have been demonstrated to be mere trash, undeserving of a moment's notice. Ben had a warm-hearted affection, a deeply grateful feeling, and a profound admiration for Shakspeare, which he displayed during the life and after the death of his illustrious friend. It is a most unfair and unjust calumny on so eminent an ornament of our literature, or any literature, as Ben Jonson to assert or insinuate the contrary. Jealousy or envy could have had no part in his appreciation of Shakspeare's learning; and this dictum proves nothing, until we can determine what is the quantity of either which Ben Jonson would have characterised as *much* Latin or Greek. So practised and exact a scholar would estimate but cheaply anything short of a very considerable quantity of both. If Bentley were to speak of Farmer, or any other man of similar pretensions to classical knowledge, it is highly probable the unsparing doctor would have said that such people knew nothing at all of either Greek or Latin; and yet the Master of Emmanuel must have been tolerably well versed in both, even if thus disparaged by the Master of Trinity. The *criticorum longe maximus* would have intended nothing more than that scholars of inferior grade were not to be compared with those *viri clarissimi atque eruditissimi*, among whom *Bentleius doctissimus* was himself so eminent. In like manner Jonson, in this oft-quoted line, only meant to say that Shakspeare's acquirements in the learned languages were small in comparison with those of professed scholars of scholastic fame. But surely it is not necessary to consider that, because Shakspeare was not as erudite as Casaubon, he must be set down as totally ignorant? In fact, we ought to quote Jonson as an authority on the side opposed to that espoused by

Farmer: for the possession of any Greek knowledge at all in the days of Elizabeth argues a very respectable knowledge of Latin; because at that time it was only through Latin, and by means of no small acquaintance with its literature, that the Greek language could be ever so slightly studied.

2. Drayton's compliment to Shakspeare's natural brain.

3. Digges's assurance that Nature only helpt him.

4. Suckling's preference of his easier strain to the learned sweat of Jonson.

5. Denham's assertion that all he had was from old mother-wit.

6. [I pass Milton for a moment.] Dryden's pretty remark on the spectacles of art, &c.

7. [I postpone Hales.] Fuller's positive declaration about art and nature, &c.: all these intend the one thing, that the genius of Shakspeare, his natural brain, his old mother-wit, is the gift which, by fastening him upon the thoughts and feelings of mankind, has rendered him immortal. Had he possessed all the learning of the Scaligers, would not such acquirements, and the fame attendant, have been matters altogether of no consideration, compared with *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo*—any of his plays? In these hunted-up opinions, all of them hastily thrown out, there runs the false and foolish distinction between nature and art in works of genius. The great masters in any of the elevating branches of human thought excel inferior spirits as much in the art of composition, in critical arrangement of detail, in the due keeping of minor parts, in exactness as well as in delicacy of taste, as they do in the grander powers that awaken terror or pity, amazement or admiration. Sure I am that true criticism would detect more material sins against taste and art, the favourite topics of the school of *goût*, in any one of the tragedies of Corneille, Voltaire, or Racine, great as the talents of their authors unquestionably were, than hypercriticism could venture to point out as such in all the tragedies of Shakspeare. Men, however, who

are full of the idea that there is something opposed to each other in poetical art and poetical nature may justly imagine that, where they see the latter so transcendent, there is a necessary absence of the former. Suckling, for example, when he prefers the easier strain of Shakspeare to the learned sweat of Jonson, implies an opinion that the sweat was owing to an abundance of learning, and the easiness, therefore, to a want of it. He need not have looked further than the *Comus* of his own contemporary to find that grace, airiness, and elegance, almost rivalling the easiest parts of the *As you Like It* of Shakspeare, may abound in a mask written by one more learned still than Jonson.

8. What the ever-memorable Hales of Eton [who, notwithstanding his epithet, Farmer says, "is, I fear, almost forgotten," *i.e.* in the time of his Essay; in our time he is wholly so] maintained is true enough, but nothing to the point. From Shakspeare passages on any given subject can no doubt be produced, rivalling the noblest of the ancient authors, and surpassing most of them; and he has others peculiar to himself, in paths not before trodden. How does this prove that he had never read the classics? If the prayer of Milton to Urania, that she would assist him in soaring above the Aonian mount, above the flight of Pegasean wing, were granted, does it therefore follow that he had never visited the mountain of the Muses, or fled with the steed of Pagan poesy? Or when Lucretius boasts—

> "Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
> Trita solo,"

are we to imagine that he never was in company with those who travelled with the Pierides, and had trodden in their habitual paths?

9. Milton's *wood-notes wild* are, indeed, familiar to every one; but the reference to them here proves only that Farmer misunderstood what the poet meant. The passage in which they occur is

> "Towered cities please us then,
> And the busy hum of men,
> . . . . . .
> And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
> With *mask* and antique pageantry;
> Such sights as youthful poets *dream*
> *On summer eves* by haunted stream.
> Then to the well-trod stage anon,
> If Jonson's learned sock be on,
> Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
> Warble his native wood-notes wild."

That is, the mirthful man desires to see at Court *masks*, in which Ben Jonson excelled, and in the theatre his learned comedies. And as the courtly pageantry summons before him romantic visions, then to the stage he goes to see those poetic *dreams on summer eves* embodied by the fanciful creations of Shakspeare, sweetly singing free forest ditties, warbling, without any other source of inspiration but the sylvan scene around, notes native to himself, and equally native to the wood—the "*boscareccie inculte avene*" of Tasso. The reference in *L'Allegro* is almost by name to *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and has nothing to do with the general question of Shakspeare's learning. If we wished to be critical in Farmer-like fashion, we might observe that the title which Milton borrows from *Love's Labour's Lost*, to apply to the poet himself, belongs in the original to a cha acter precisely the reverse of being unlearned:

> "This *child of fancy*, that Armado hight,
> For interim to our studies shall relate,
> In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
> From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate"

—one who for himself would prefer to use *veni, vidi, vici;* but, for information of the "base and obscure vulgar," condescends to "anatomise" it into English (act iv. sc. 1); who is described by Holofernes (act v. sc. 1) as too peregrinate,—a racker of orthography, and so forth; and who concludes the play by a duet ("When daisies pied," &c.)

between Hiems and Ver, whom he stoops to inform us to be Winter and Spring.

10. The poet's own declaration to his noble patron, that his lines are *untutored*, is, it seems, a proof of his want of learning. With such critics we must indeed talk by the card. Are we to take it for granted that Horace, whose boast in his Odes is

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,"

wishes us to believe him at his word when he tells us, in his Satires, that we are not to consider him a poet? that Persius really thought himself a "semipaganus?" that Juvenal was in earnest when he classed himself with a ridiculous versifier? I take these instances at random, merely because I happen to have a collection of Latin poetry lying before me; for hundreds of other specimens of this mock-modesty might be collected in every literature. Are we to believe Shakspeare himself, for example, when he makes his chorus tell us, at the end of *Henry V.*, that the play which contains "O! for a muse of fire!"—the exhortations of Archbishop Chichely, the commonwealth of the bees, Henry's reflections on ceremony, his glorious speeches urging the attack on Harfleur and rousing to the battle of St. Crispin's day, the chorus descriptive of the eve of Agincourt, and many other passages of poetic thought and brilliancy, were written "with rough and all unable pen," or to suppose, with the chorus at its beginning, that it was dictated by a "flat, unraised spirit"? We must take these things not merely with a grain but a handful of salt. Farmer himself, if he had had the fortune of being elected a bishop, would, I venture to say, have thought it an extremely harsh construction of the text, if the chapter had construed his "*Nolo Episcopari*" as literally as he here construes Shakespeare's confession of his being *untutored*.

11. There only remains of the cloud of witnesses Farmer's own testimony that the number might easily be enlarged.

This is a figure of rhetoric of which I know not the name; but it is of frequent use in courts and parliaments, when the speaker, having said everything he could think of, concludes with "I shall say no more;" and that precisely because he has no more to say. Farmer had exhausted every authority that he could gather; and the sum of his labours is that Jonson, in the pride of his own erudition, thought little of the classical attainments of Shakspeare; that Hales asserted, and truly, that he could find parallel passages to the best things in the classics in our own poet; that Milton admired the wild and native forest poetry of *Midsummer-Night's Dream;* and that readers in general, who do not take the trouble of critically examining the writings they enthusiastically admire, are so struck with the original genius of the author that they deem it unnecessary to suppose him in any considerable degree indebted to the ordinary aids of learning and scholarship. Be it observed that not one of them except Ben Jonson had better opportunities of forming a judgment than ourselves. Digges would find himself much puzzled to prove that in the whole folio of the plays there is not one phrase imitated from Greek or Latin, or a single translation. Fuller, who says that if the author were alive he would confess his learning to have been little, knew scarcely anything about him, as his few trifling, vague, and erroneous anecdotes prove. Denham may assure us Shakspeare was indebted merely to his old mother-wit; but who assured Denham? In fact, the ignorance of anything connected with Shakspeare, displayed by wits and critics of the days of Charles II., is absolutely wonderful, and not at all creditable to the mob of gentlemen who writ with ease.

A lamer case than Farmer's was in fact never exhibited, so far as evidence is considered. Such, however, was not his own opinion; for having generously left some testimony behind as unnecessary, he proceeds to go through the various critics and commentators who have held different opinions on the question. Gildon (whom of course he

insults because he was insulted in the Dunciad), Sewell, and Upton declare absolutely for the learning of Shakspeare. Pope thinks that there is but little ground for the common opinion of his want of learning; Theobald is unwilling to believe him to be so poor a scholar as many have laboured to represent him, but will not be too positive; Dr. Grey thinks his knowledge of Greek and Latin cannot be reasonably called in question; Dr. Dodd considers it proved that he was not such a novice in learning as some people pretend; and Mr. Whalley—but I must transcribe this passage from Farmer:—"Mr. Whalley, the ingenious editor of Jonson, hath written a piece expressly on this side of the question; perhaps from a very excusable partiality he was willing to draw Shakspeare from the field of nature to classic ground, where alone he knew his author could possibly cope with him." I must transcribe this, I say, because it is a beautiful specimen of that style of fine writing and elegant turn of compliment which must have been irresistible in a Common-room. Warburton exposes the weakness of some arguments from suspected imitations, but offers others which Farmer supposes he could have as easily refuted. And Dennis, who is slandered from the same motive as that which dictated the insult to Gildon, declares that "he who allows Shakspeare had learning, and a learning with the ancients, ought to be looked upon as a detractor from the glory of Great Britain;" a subject which very much disturbed Pope's unlucky victim.

Farmer's principal quarrel seems to be with Upton, whom he treats most unfairly. Of him he says: "He, like the learned knight, at every anomaly of grammar or metre,

> 'Hath hard words ready to show why,
> And tell what rule he did it by.'

How would the old bard have been astonished to have found that he had very skilfully given the *trochaic dimeter brachycatalectic*, COMMONLY called the *ithyphallic*, measure to the witches of *Macbeth;* and that now and then a halting

verse afforded a most beautiful instance of the *pes proceleusmaticus!*" I have followed the typography of Farmer, because in that seems to me to lie all his jest. What Shakspeare's knowledge of Greek and Latin prosody, if any, might have been, we cannot tell; and perhaps he neither knew nor cared for the technical names given by their prosodians to feet and verses; nor shall I, in this inappropriate place, be tempted to inquire whether these names are at all applicable to English verse. Perhaps they are not, and yet nobody objects to calling our ordinary heroic verse iambic. Bentley, I know, maintains, in the preface to his edition of Terence, that "ut Latini omnia metrorum genera de Græcis acceperunt, ita nostrates sua de Latinis;" and makes it, in his own energetic way, "matter of complaint and indignation [*dolendum atque indignandum*] that from the time of the revival of letters liberally educated boys should be driven by the ferula and the birch [*ferulâ scuticâque cogi*] to learn dactylic metres, which the genius of our native language does not admit; while, through the fault of their masters, they are wholly ignorant of the Terentian metres, which, nevertheless, they are continually singing, without knowing it, at home and in the streets." Bentley proceeds to give examples, one of which is: "Quin et Iambicus ille καταληκτικος Terentio multum et merito amatus apud nostros quoque in magna gratia est:

'Nam sí remit-	-tent quíppiam	Philúmenam	dolóres
He's décently	run through the lungs	and thére's an end	o' búlly.'"

Now certainly the author of this elegant English line—it looks like one of Tom D'Urfey's—would be much astonished to be told he had written an iambic tetrameter catalectic; and yet, on Bentley's principle, nothing could be more true. Admit that the Greek and Latin method of scansion is applicable to English verse, and what Farmer sneers at in Upton is undisputably correct. "Shakspeare," says the learned prebendary in his *Critical Observations*, "uses

not only the iambic, but the trochaic measure: as, for example, the trochaic dimeter brachycatalectic, commonly called the ithyphallic, consisting of three trochees:

"Bācchĕ | Bācchĕ | Bācchĕ.
Whére hast | thóu been, | síster?"—*Macbeth.*

Upton says not a word of Shakspeare's *skilful* use of this metre; and "*the* COMMONLY *called*," which excites the typographic merriment of Farmer, is but the ordinary phraseology of the prosodians. "*Metrum est trochaicum brachycatalecticum*, VULGO *ithyphallicum*;" *i.e.* commonly so called by the people who wrote it or sang it; not, of course, commonly by another people among whom it can be known only to laborious scholars. If we described a particular measure as "the octosyllabic metre, *commonly* called Hudibrastic," the phrase would sound strange and pedantic to those who had never heard of Hudibras. The *pes proceleusmaticus*, Upton truly observes, sometimes of itself constitutes an anapæstic line. If, then, we call such verses as "ŏvĕr pārk, ŏvĕr pāle" anapæstic, we must admit that Shakspeare uses occasionally the license of the ancients in introducing spondees and dactyles in the metre.

"Throūgh būsh | throūgh brīar,
Throūgh floōd | throūgh fīre,"

are Upton's instances. He does not represent them as *beautiful* examples of the *pes proceleusmaticus*, and I cannot see that there is anything halting in their versification. Shakspeare, admitting Bentley's theory to be correct, and the ordinary nomenclature of prosodians applicable to English verse, wrote iambics, trochaics, anapæstics, in all the varieties of monometer, dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter, catalectic, acatalectic, brachycatalectic, and other species and genera of metre designated by epithets of learned sound, just as M. Jourdain spoke prose all his life without knowing it; or as in Ireland, the finest peasantry under the sun (when they can get them) feast upon *solana tuberosa* condimented with *muriate of soda*, which, to their unen-

lightened minds, appear to be nothing more than potatoes and salt. Yet you would not laugh at the botanist or chemist who gave these substances their scientific names. Why then think it ridiculous that the prosodian should make use of the phraseology of his art? But suppose him perfectly absurd in this, as well as in considering the English words *haver* and *having* Greek expressions derived from ἐχεια and προς τον ἐχοντα; in deriving *Truepenny* from τρυπανον; in referring the gravedigger's speech, "Ay, tell me that and *unyoke*," to the βουλυτος of the Greeks; or in describing the "*orphan* heirs of fixed destiny" as an elegant Græcism, ὀρφανος ab ὀρφνος, acting in darkness and obscurity; all of which, being precisely the most ridiculous things in Upton, Farmer has carefully picked out; what is it to Shakspeare? How does it promote Farmer's argument?

It promotes not his argument at all; but it is of this dishonest use, that readers whose minds are not generally turned to classical or etymological criticism, on seeing these things heaped together in jest as ridiculously applied to an author so vernacularly popular as their familiar and national dramatist, are led to think that *all* disquisitions of the kind are equally laughable; and that he who imagines Shakspeare to have known anything whatever of a species of erudition exhibited to them in so absurd a form must be nothing better than a peddling pedant, unworthy of being attended to. It being considered in the highest degree improbable that Shakespeare purposely wrote "Where hast thou been, sister?" as a trochaic dimeter brachycatalectic, and something rather comical to find *Truepenny* derived from the τρυπανον of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, with the learned interpretation of his scholiast annexed, it is easy for such logicians as Dr. Farmer to conclude that, if such be the shifts necessary to give "the old bard" a reputation for learning, the cause must be desperate indeed. It is, however, incumbent on them to show that they *are* necessary, and that Shakspeare is to be answerable for the etymological crotchets of Upton. Before we part with him, let

me say that there is a considerable quantity of valuably directed reading in Upton's observations, and occasionally a display of sound sense and good criticism. He must not be judged by the appearance he makes in Farmer's pamphlet. Being a venturous etymologist, he indulges sometimes in whimsical escapades—as which of the tribe does not?—sometimes more and sometimes less laughable than those of his brethren. He has nothing, for example, so wonderful as Ménage's derivation of the French word *chez* from the Latin *apud;* and yet it would require much hardihood or ignorance to laugh at Ménage.

Dismissing, therefore, Dr. Farmer's war upon Upton, let us come to his main charges affecting Shakespeare.

1. He first addresses himself to *Antony and Cleopatra*, in the third act of which Octavius says:

> "Unto her
> He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
> Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, *Lydia*,
> Absolute queen."

Lydia, says the critic, should be *Libya*, as in Plutarch πρωτην μεν ἀπεφηνε Κλεοπατραν βασιλισσαν . . . Λιβύης, κ. τ. λ. Retain the reading *Lydia*, says Farmer; for Shakspeare took it not from the Greek of Plutarch, but the English of Sir Thomas North. "First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the Lower Syria."

2. Again in the fourth act:

> "My messenger
> He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
> Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
> I have many other ways to die; meantime
> Laugh at his challenge."

This is altered by Upton into

> "Let the old ruffian know
> He hath many other ways to die; meanwhile
> I laugh at his challenge."

This relieves Augustus from admitting his inferiority in personal combat to Antony, and is exactly what we find in Plutarch. Retain the reading, however, replies Farmer; because Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old translation. "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him; Cæsar answered, That *he* had many other ways to die than so."

3. In the third act of *Julius Cæsar* Antony, reading the will, says:

> "Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
> His private arbours, and new-planted orchards
> On *this* side Tiber."

Read, says Theobald, on *that* side Tiber;

> "*Trans* Tiberim, prope Cæsaris hortos,"

and Plutarch περαν του ποταμου, *beyond* the Tiber. Retain the text, says Farmer; for we find in North: "He left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river Tiber.

4. "Hence," *i.e.* from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, proceeds the Essay, "had our author his characteristic knowledge of Brutus and Antony, upon which much argumentation for his learning hath been founded; and hence, *literatim*, the epitaph on Timon, which it was once presumed he had corrected from the blunders of the Latin version by his own superior knowledge of the original."

5. Pope says: "The speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, be as well made an instance of the learning of Shakspeare as those copied from Cicero in *Catiline* of Ben Jonson." To confute this opinion, Dr. Farmer extracts at length the famous speech of Volumnia:

> "Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
> And state of bodies would bewray what life
> We've led since thy exile," &c.,

which he contrasts with the same speech in North's *Plutarch*, also transcribed at length. "If we helde our peace (my

sonne) and determined not to speeke, the state of our poor bodies and poorest sight of our raiment would easily bewray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad," &c. It certainly is indisputable that Shakspeare has done very little more than to throw North's prose into blank verse.

These are all the passages from Plutarch. "I could furnish you," says Farmer, "with many more instances, but these are as good as a thousand." On this figure of speech I have remarked already. Farmer brought all he thought of any value to his argument, and ceased furnishing more when he had no more to furnish. Let us now consider what he has furnished.

1. That in Shakspeare Antony is made to give Cleopatra *Lydia*, when in Plutarch, and in fact, he gave her *Libya* is perfectly true. It is true, also, that the mistake occurs in Sir Thomas North; but an exact hunter after these *choses de néant* ought to have looked somewhat further. North avowedly translated not from the original, but from the French of Amyot. Farmer quotes the epigram about it:

> 'Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made;
> That Latin, French; that French to English strayed.

And in Amyot,* p. 1132, ed. 1579, we find "qu'il establissoit premièrement Cléopatra, Reyne d'Ægypte, de Cypre, de Lidye, et de la basse Syrie." Was Shakespeare, if he hunted at all for an authority (which, of course, he did not), bound to hunt further than his original's original?

* In Amyot it was at first probably only a misprint, but I find it is continued even in the editions of An. X. and XI. In Leonard Aretin, from whom he probably translated, the word is correctly Libyæ, as it appears in the edition of Gemusæus, Lugdun. 1552, vol. iii. p. 635. There might have been an earlier edition; for Gemusæus says, in his dedication, that he presents Plutarch "civitate Romanâ *non quidem nunc primo donatum*, sed Græcorum collatione exemplarium, mendis quæ merant permultæ et valde graves detersis, mirifice restitutum." This was the kind of work which Farmer and critics of his caste seem to have expected from Shakspeare; that he was to present North "Græcorum collatione exemplarium —mirifice restitutum."

2. In the repartee of Octavius the point is this: "I decline Antonius's challenge, because *he* has many other ways to die [public execution, suicide, &c.], besides being killed in duel with me, which will be the certain consequence if I meet him." As it appears in the received text of Shakespeare, it implies: "I decline the challenge, because *I* have many other ways to die, besides that arising from the chance of throwing away my life in a brawl with an old ruffian." This hardly implies a confession of inferiority, although it is not the original repartee. But I am not quite so sure that Shakspeare wrote it as we have it. It appears thus:

> "Let the old ruffian know
> I have many other ways to die; meantime,
> Laugh at his challenge.
> *Mecænas.* Cæsar must know," &c.

The last line, being unmetrical, is mended by inserting *needs:*

> "Laugh at his challenge—Cæsar *needs* must know."

Taking the repartee *literally* as it appears in North, Shakspeare's ordinary practice may afford a better reading:

> "Let the old ruffian know
> *He hath many other ways to die than so.*
> Meantime, I laugh at 's challenge.
> *Mec.* Cæsar must know."

Now, where we find certain proofs of negligent editing, we have a right to give our suspicions of incorrectness fuller scope. May not this passage have been amended by the player-editors, or the printers? Is it any very violent conjecture to imagine that Shakspeare had seized the spirit of Plutarch, and written,

> "*He hath many other ways to die than so,*"

being the *exact* words of North, without alteration of a letter except the necessary change of ha*th* for ha*d*, and that some printing or editorial blundering has jumbled the pronouns?

The supposition is in complete conformity with Shakspeare's practice; and it removes the metrical difficulty.

3. It is true that Cæsar bequeathed to the Roman people his gardens on *that* side Tiber; περαν του ποταμου as Plutarch translates *trans Tiberim.* North, followed by Shakspeare, gives it on *this* side. The mistake, again, is to be referred to Amyot—*au deçà* for *au delà.* And I repeat my former question, was Shakspeare bound to look further?

4. From North, Shakspeare had his *characteristic* knowledge of Brutus and Antony! Were it said that Plutarch, either in Greek or Latin, French or English, supplied Shakspeare with his materials for drawing those characters, nobody would demur: but I should be surprised, indeed, if any one maintained that in the dry bones of the old Bœotian there could be found anything more than the skeletons of the living men called out of the valley of Jehoshaphat by Shakspeare. Plutarch or North gave him the characters of his Greek or Roman heroes, just as much as Holinshed and Hall gave him those of Henry V. or Richard III.; as *Saxo-Grammaticus, or the Tragedie of Hamblet,* supplied him with Hamlet the Dane; as Fordun or Buchanan, or the English chroniclers, helped him to *create* Macbeth; or the old *Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet* furnished him with the characters, grave and gay, brilliant and tragic, which fill the scene of that "story of such wo." This will not pass. The epitaph on Timon is certainly to be found in North—so minute a critic as Farmer ought not to have said *literatim,* because more than a letter, a whole word, consisting of eight letters, "*wretches,*" is altered into another word of eight letters also, but for the most part different, "*caitives;*" or, perhaps, even of nine, if *more majorum* you spell it "*caitiffes.*"

5. I have already admitted that Volumnia's speech in *Coriolanus* is nothing more than a transposition, as Bayes would call it, of North's prose into blank verse. It is therefore clearly proved that Shakspeare used Sir Thomas's translation as the text-book of *Antony and Cleopatra, Julius*

Cæsar and *Coriolanus;* that in three, or, if my reading be admitted, two passages, it misled him; and that in a fourth he merely versified its prose. I protest, however, against being supposed to admit that in North or in Plutarch he found *his* Greek and Roman characters. How does all this trumpery prove that he *could* not have read Plutarch in the original?

In this manner it will be replied:—If he had read the original, he would not have made the blunders of *Lydia* for *Libya*, or "*on this side Tiber*" for "on that side Tiber." This is petty criticism indeed. Did any one ever imagine that it was the duty of Shakspeare to turn verbal critic, and correct the blunders of the versions of North or Amyot by his own superior Greek erudition? And the answer will be: "Yes, Theobald."

A worse-used man does not exist in our literature than this same poor Theobald. He was, in truth, the first useful commentator on Shakspeare, Rowe and Pope having done little or nothing more than adorn the art of editorship with their names. It is the commentary of Theobald that guides all his successors, including those who most insult him. His reading, though ill digested, was multifarious, and his skill in conjectural criticism of no mean order. That he was full of self-conceit, and inspired by a jealous dislike of Pope, which tinges his notes with unpleasant acerbities, and crowds them with disproportionately triumphant swellings over the detection of real or supposed errors in the merest trifles, is not to be denied. Pope, he thought, and with some justice, had treated him unfairly, in deviating from the paths of poetry to intrude into the walks of commentatorship, especially as it was known that Theobald had been long engaged upon Shakspeare before the booksellers enlisted Pope. It was hard, he felt, that a great name should be called in to blight the labours of his life; and he was determined to show that, however great that name might be in its proper region, it was small enough when it wandered elsewhere. He might fairly complain against the

literary ambition which, not satisfied with its triumphs in the *Essay on Man*, in *Abelard and Eloisa*, in the translation of Homer, in the *Rape of the Lock*, in epic and pastoral, wit and satire, was resolved to crush an humbler votary of letters, whose highest pretension was not loftier than to shine as a scholiast. Ahab, when not content with governing the kingdom of Israel he coveted Naboth's poor garden of herbs, and obtained it through the owner's destruction, could not have appeared more atrocious than Pope in the eyes of Theobald; and, having found his enemy where he had him at some advantage, he resolved to show no mercy.

It will be admitted, also, that his notes are often of an unconscionable length—a fault which he shares with the classical commentators. His contemporary, Hemsterhusius, for example, so much admired by his brother critics [*at quantus vir!* is the enthusiastic exclamation of Ilgen, on the mention of his name], is thrice as prosy. Theobald had vowed to treat Shakspeare as a classic, and therefore bestowed his tediousness upon him with as much good-will and generosity as his more erudite fellow-labourers did upon the authors of Greece and Rome. But, with all these defects, it was he who set the example of a proper collation of the original editions; for as to his predecessors, Rowe did not collate at all, and Pope's collations are so slight and careless as to be scarcely worth notice. He examined the text with minute accuracy; he read much of that reading which Pope, who as a poet and a man of taste was perfectly right in despising, but as an editor equally wrong in neglecting, stigmatised, because he was too lazy to consult, as being never read, alluding (in the *Dunciad*) to the very case of Theobald; and thereby threw much light upon the meaning of his author; while, by pointing out the path to other commentators, he was the indirect cause of throwing much more; and, on the whole, he must be considered as one of the most useful pioneers in Shakspearian commentatorship. He did not aspire to much higher glory.

I am dwelling on Theobald, because I find him occupying

so much attention in this pamphlet of Farmer's. Independently of fifty sneers directed against him for his edition of Shakspeare, the doctor goes out of his way to discuss at much length the authenticity of the *Double Falsehood*, "which Mr. Theobald was desirous of palming on the world as a posthumous play of Shakspeare." If this be an error, as undoubtedly it is, it is almost shared by Pope, who, as Farmer himself remarks, refers it to the Shakspearian age. With great sagacity the pamphlet proceeds to show that the accenting of *áspect* in the modern manner, instead of *aspéct* in the more ancient, detects the later date of the play. This is followed by a discussion on its pronunciation in Milton, with the accustomed sneer on "such commentators;" one of them being Bentley. Then comes his opinion that the play was written by Shirley; wound up by a couple of passages from that dramatist and Donne, to which Farmer thinks Milton was indebted in his *Paradise Lost*. All this needless digression is introduced merely to have a fling at Theobald for having wished to appropriate to himself some lines, which it seems were particularly admired—I know not by whom—from the *Double Falsehood*, which, "after all, is superior to Theobald."*

* "After all, *The Double Falsehood* is superior to Theobald. One passage, and one only, in the whole play, he pretended to have written:

—— 'Strike up, my masters,
But touch the strings with a religious softness;
Teach Sound to languish through the night's dull ear,
Till Melancholy start from her lazy couch,
And Carelessness grow convert to Attention.'

These lines were particularly admired; and his vanity could not resist the opportunity of claiming them; but his claim had been more easily allowed to any other part of the performance."—FARMER. The poetry appears to me to be as dull as the wit of the doctor. I subjoin Farmer's illustration of Milton from Donne, to show that, if he had pleased to question Milton's learning, he might have done it in the same way that he has questioned Shakspeare's: "You must not think me infected with the spirit of Lauder, if I give you another of Milton's imitations:

—— 'The swan with *arched neck*
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet.'"

As it is no very remarkable crime to be a bad editor of Shakspeare, we might wonder why this poor devil of a critic was so rancorously hunted, did we not find the cause in his having incurred the hostility of Pope in the plenitude of the poet's power and popularity, and enjoyed the friendship of Warburton at the period of the embryo bishop's poverty. Pope having made him the hero of the *Dunciad*, it was necessary that Warburton should for ever disclaim all association with his quondam brother in Grub Street, and show, by a perpetual strain of insult, that nothing beyond a slight and contemptuous approach towards the relation of patron and dependant ever existed between them. Hence his studied confusion, in the shape of an antithesis, between his "accidental connections" with Theobald and Sir Thomas Hanmer: "The one was recommended to me as a poor man, the other as a poor critic; and to each of them, at different times, I communicated a great number of observations, which they managed, as they saw fit, to the relief of their several distresses. As to Mr. Theobald, who wanted money, I allowed him to print what I gave him for

"The ancient poets," says Mr. Richardson, "have not hit upon this beauty; so lavish have they been of the beauty of the swan. Homer calls the swan *long-necked*, δουλιχόδειρον; but how much more *pittoresque* if he had *arched* this length of neck." For this beauty, however, Milton was beholden to Donne; whose name, I believe, at present is better known than his writings:

—— "Like a ship in her full trim,
A *swan* so white that you may unto him
Compare all whitenesse, but himselfe to none,
Glided along; as he glided watch'd,
And with his *arched neck* this poore fish catch'd."

The arching of the neck is unquestionably to be found in Donne, but *rowing the oary feet* comes from Silius Italicus:

"Haud secus Eridani stagnis ripâve Caystri
Innatat albus olor, pronoque immobile corpus
Dat fluvio, *et pedibus tacitas eremigat undas.*"

In the Farmer style of argument it would be easy to prove that Milton had never read Silius, because he might have read Donne.

his own advantage," &c. This is pitiful work. Warburton was just as poor as Theobald when he pretends he patronised him; and it will be seen by Nichols's *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Nineteenth Century* that they were on such terms of critical intimacy as to make it as likely that Theobald assisted Warburton in such matters as Warburton Theobald. It was in after years, when the fame of the bishop was at its zenith, that the accidental discovery of a letter from him to Concanen (who is abused in the *Dunciad* for no earthly reason but that, being a small political writer, he was connected with some ephemeral publications which provoked Pope, and is consequently "whipt at the cart's tail" in Warburton's notes) proved that he had in the commencement of his literary career been intimately connected with "the Dunces." This discovery made a great noise, as if it had been a matter of the slightest importance, which indeed it was not, except for the purpose of annoying the Warburtonians *—as it did in no small degree; and the letter, with the history of its detection, is duly printed in Malone's edition of Shakspeare among other irrelevant matter, to the needless swelling of that *crescens cadaver*, and made the subject of various sagacious remarks and expressions of wonder, so great was the impression of awe produced by the satires of Pope. The *Dunciad* is now forgotten, and, but for the surrounding matter of the poem it accompanies, would never be reprinted. As it is Pope's, it must make part of every edition of his works; for, as some of his happiest lines tell us,—

* Warburton was dead about a year before Malone ventured on anything so desperate as publishing the letter, though it had been found several years previously, and then he prefaced it with a whining apology. See the history of the whole affair in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. v. p. 534; and Nichols's *Illustrations of Literary History*, vol. ii. p. 195, where will be found a most extended correspondence of Warburton, Theobald, and Concanen. The sycophancy of Hurd to Warburton, *Lit. Anec.*, p. 535, on the subject of his former acquaintance with Concanen is sickening. I wish somebody would arrange these books of Nichols's. They are full of the most valuable matter, but presented in a manner so confused as to render consulting them a work of no small puzzle.

> "Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
> Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
> The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
> But wonder how the Devil they got there."

But it was once esteemed quite as rich and rare as the amber in which it is now preserved, and nothing was considered more scandalous than to refrain from insulting its victims. Mallet, for example, a paltry creature, thought he said something very witty and wise, as well as tending to bow his way up in the world, when, in his *Verbal Criticism*, he vented such a distich as (I quote from memory; it is not worth while verifying such things)—

> "But not a sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
> From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds."

And Farmer, in the pamphlet I am following, appends a note to inform us that Dennis was expelled from his college for attempting to stab a man in the dark. "Pope," he adds, "would have been glad of this anecdote." Perhaps he might; for, with all his genius, he was in his personal spites small-minded. But what has it to do in an *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare?* Exactly this. To those with whom Shakspeare was an old bard the *Dunciad* was an immortal poem, as worthy of finding its scholiasts as Aristophanes; and Farmer wished to assist with his bit of knowledge. To quit Theobald, however, let me remark that a satire in which Defoe appears only as a pilloried pamphleteer; Cibber as a dull dunce; Mrs. Centlivre as a cook's wife; Bentley as a letter-quibbling blockhead; Burnet as a hack paragraph-writer, and so forth, cannot be applauded for its justice. It is really a pity to see so much mastery of language and harmony of verse wasted on purposes so unworthy; and I have often thought it still more matter of regret that Johnson himself, ragged of knee, and gobbling broken meat behind a screen in St. John's Gate, cheered by the applause of Walter Harte, admitted to the honour of being dinner companion of his peddling employer (if the story be true, which, however, may be doubted)

—that Johnson, tattered in attire by the tailoring and half-starved by the dinnering of Cave, should have followed the fashion in speaking hardly of an unfortunate wight already blasted by lightnings flung by the *dii majorum* among the literature of the day.

We have now got very nearly through half Dr. Farmer's pamphlet; and the main fact as yet established is that Shakspeare used North's translation of Plutarch. All the Greek that remains to be disposed of is—

1. The passage in *Timon of Athens*, act iv. sc. iii.:

> "The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
> Robs the vast sea. The moon 's an arrant thief," &c.,

is generally referred to Anacreon's nineteenth ode, ἡ γη μελαινα πινει, κ. τ. λ. And some one [name not quoted] imagines that it would be puzzling to prove that there was a Latin translation of Anacreon at the time Shakspeare wrote his *Timon of Athens*. "This challenge," replies Farmer, "is peculiarly unhappy; for I do not at present recollect *any other classic* (if, indeed, with great deference to Mynheer De Pauw"—this is wit—"Anacreon may be numbered among them) that was *originally* published with *two* Latin translations." And what of that? It may show the bibliographical ignorance of the anonymous some one, and the bibliographical knowledge of Farmer; but how does it affect Shakspeare? At first sight, we should suppose that some concession to his "small Latin" was here intended; that if the "old bard" could not be allowed to understand the Greek of Anacreon, he might be deemed sufficiently learned to read the Latin of Stephanus or Andreas. But no. Puttenham, in his *Arte of Poetry*, quotes some one of a reasonable good facilitie in translation, who had translated *certaine* of Anacreon's odes from the translation of Ronsard, the French poet. Now, continues Farmer, this identical ode is to be met in Ronsard; and, in compassion to the ignorance of his readers, he transcribes it:

"La terre les eaux va boivant,
L'arbre la boit par sa racine," &c.

Now I contend, as Farmer had not seen the book referred to by Puttenham, and could not therefore know that it contained a version of this ode from Ronsard, he was at least hardy in his reference to it. The plagiary censured by Puttenham was John Southern; and it is nothing to Farmer's purpose if we find the identical Anacreontic in Ronsard, if it is not in Southern also. If it happens that it is not one of the stolen odes—*i.e.* if they were stolen, which, with deference to Puttenham, does not appear so very clear—in Southern's collection, Farmer's argument falls to the ground. But suppose it there, and in the most prominent place, what then? If Mr. Milman wrote a tragedy now, and introduced into it an imitation of Anacreon, are we therefore to contend that he was indebted for it to Mr. Moore, and could not consult the original Greek? The argument is that wherever an English translation of a classic could be found, no matter how worthless or obscure, we are to presume that Shakspeare made *that* his study, from inability to read any other language. Verily this is begging the question. I think it highly probable that Shakspeare had the idea from Ronsard, whose popularity had not been effaced in his time; but, really, it is not so wonderful a feat to master the Greek of Anacreon as to make me consider it impossible that he drew it from the fountain-head. At all events, we may contend that he did *not* draw it from the source indicated by Farmer, until it is proved that it is there to draw.*

2. Mrs. Lenox maintains that in *Troilus and Cressida*, when Achilles is roused to battle by the death of Patroclus, Shakspeare must have had the *Iliad* itself in view, as the

* The only notice I know of Southern is in the *European Magazine* for June 1788; and as the writer, though he must have known of Farmer's pamphlet, says nothing of this translation of Ronsard, or Anacreon, it is probable that it does not exist.

incident is not to be found in the old story—the *Recuyel of the Historyes of Troy.*

3. Mr. Upton is positive the *sweet oblivious antidote* inquired after by Macbeth could be nothing but the nepenthe described in the *Odyssey:*

Νηπενθές τ' ἄχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἁπάντων.

There is, contends Dr. Farmer, no necessity of sending us to the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, for the circumstance of Patroclus might be learned from Alexander Barclay's *Ship of Fooles:* "Who list the story of Patroclus to reade," &c.; and nepenthe more fully from Spenser than from Homer himself. Certainly more fully, for Homer dismisses it in six or seven lines in the Odyssey; but Spenser does not give one remarkable word which Homer supplies, and of which we find the equivalent in Shakspeare. I copy what Farmer quotes from the *Faërie Queene*, b. iv. c. iii. st. 43:

"Nepenthe is a drinck of soveragne grace,
Devized by the gods, for to asswage
Hart's grief, and bitter gall away to chace;
Instead thereof sweet peace and quietage
It doth establish in the troubled mind," &c.

This is unquestionably a fine poetical amplification of Homer, but it misses the word ἐπίληθον—*oblivious.* Where did Shakspeare find this? Perhaps in the Latin translation —"malorum *oblivionem* inducens omnium;" perhaps in Virgil's "longa *oblivia* potant." Certainly not in Spenser. It is fair to Upton to remark that he is not positive on the point; nor does he say the antidote could be nothing else but the nepenthe described in the Odyssey. He quotes the passage from *Macbeth*, and then in a note (*Crit. Obser.* p. 56) merely says: "Alluding to the nepenthe, a certain mixture of which, perhaps, opium was one of the ingredients, Homer's *Odyssey*, δ. 221, Νηπενθες," &c. There is no positiveness here; the allusion to the nepenthe is plain, no matter whence Shakspeare derived it; and Upton merely indicates the source from which it must have originally been derived.

I think a critical examination of the passages would lead to a strong suspicion that Shakspeare had Homer in his eye. The medicament flung into the bowl by Helen to cheer her guests, was ἄχολον—anger-banishing, one that could "minister to a mind diseased;" νηπενθες, generally interpreted as sorrow-chasing, that could "pluck from the memory a deep-rooted sorrow;" κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἁπάντων—oblivion-causing of all troubles; that would "raze out the written troubles of the brain." "Give me the sweet oblivious antidote," says Macbeth, "that would cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart." It is here, says Homer. This nepenthe would check the tear from flowing, even if father, brother, mother, or son were slaughtered before the eyes of him who drinks the φάρμακον ἐπίληθον, the oblivious antidote:

> "That nepenthes, which the wife of Thone,
> In Egypt, gave to Jove-born Helena."*

The coincidence of the passages is so striking that I think it impossible that Shakspeare should not have read this part of Homer, at least in the original or translation. There was, in spite of Farmer's affected doubt, no Chapman when *Macbeth* was written to assist him, but there were some curious French translations, and no lack of versions into the Latin. With respect to the incident of Patroclus, he might certainly have found it in Barclay; but he also might have found it in Homer, and I much prefer the latter supposition. *Troilus and Cressida* seems, indeed, written as an antagonism of the Homeric characters, so marked and peculiar as to leave a strong impression that the originals were studied. It would appear as if Shakspeare was trying his strength against Homer; as if he said "The world has, for centuries, rung with the fame of *your* Ulysses. Well! here stands *mine*." He has, accordingly, produced a character comparable only with that depicted by the great master himself, and far surpassing the conceptions of the Greek dramatists and

* Comus, v. 675, 6.

Ovid, by all of whom Ulysses is degraded. Both in Shakspeare and Homer he is eminently wise; but in the former he appears, as Dr. Johnson calls him, the *calm* Ulysses; in the latter, ever active. The one is grave and cautious; the other ready to embark in any adventure, in undoubting reliance on his readiness of expedient. The eloquence of the one is didactic, as becomes a speaker in a drama; of the other, narrative, as suited to the epic. The one is prescient, providing against difficulties; the other πολύτροπος, certain to overcome them when they arrive. Shakspeare could not have written

"The glorious tale to King Alcinous told,"

and he therefore did not attempt it. Homer, if he had made the attempt, could not have surpassed the wisdom and the poetry of such speeches as those in the third scene of the first act of *Troilus and Cressida;* such as "The specialty of rule hath been neglected" [how politically applicable to the events of the last few years!]; in the third scene of the third act, "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back;" or, indeed, throughout the whole play. It appears, I repeat, to be a studied antagonism; and, at all events, I think it would not be far short of a miracle if Shakespeare had not read in some language the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*,— "The tale of Troy divine" as told by him who, alone of the uninspired sons of song, was his equal or superior.

4. "But whence have we the plot of *Timon*, except from the Greek of Lucian?" Farmer ridicules this fancy; and I do not know who ever asserted it. In the first place, it need not have been derived from the *Greek* of Lucian; for Erasmus had translated *Timon* into *Latin* many a year before Shakspeare was born. In the second place, those who have read the two Timons well know that, except in the one circumstance of Timon's being a misanthrope who fled from society to the woods, and there found some gold while digging, there is nothing in common between them. As for the conception of the characters, they are distinct as the

poles asunder. The misanthrope of Lucian is such as might be expected from the pen of a smart sarcastic *littérateur* occupied with the petty cares, and satirising the petty follies, of a small prating circle cooped up in a literary town, reading over and over again the one set of poets, or philosophers, or orators; continually commentating, criticising, quibbling, jesting, wrangling, parodying, and never casting an eye beyond their own clique, the gossiping affairs of which they deemed of prime importance. Accordingly, the Greek Timon opens his imprecation to Jupiter with a bead-roll of poetical epithets, and a sneer at the contrivances of metre-mongers; and continues, in a strain of sarcasm directed as much against the mythological fables, in Lucian's day falling everywhere into disrepute, as against mankind. Much time is then spent in witty dialogues between Jupiter, Mercury, and Plutus, on the difficulty of acquiring or retaining wealth, and its unequal distribution, written in the manner of gay comedy. When Timon is again invested with riches, he fulminates a misanthropical decree against the human race; but his curses are little more than a somewhat extravagant *badinage*. His very first words betoken the author; they are parodies on the poets, things uppermost in the mind of the rhetorician, the lecturer, and the reviewer, but which certainly would not occur to the mind of a man stung to madness by his injuries,—*μελάγχολων τῶν κακῶν*, as he himself says, and rejoicing in the name of hater of man (*καὶ ὀνομα μεν ἐστω ὁ* ΜΙΣΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ *ἥδιστον*; though he tells us that he is to look upon men but as statues of stone or brass, which cannot be objects of hatred. He is to feast by himself, to sacrifice by himself, to put the funeral crown upon himself after he is dead. These mere jocularities are cast in the appropriate form of a mock-decree. He is then visited by a trencher-friend, who had deserted him when he could keep no table, and an ungrateful fellow, whom he had assisted in affluence, and who neglected him in poverty. These surely are no uncommon cases; and they are treated in a sketchy, light, burlesque manner, probably with some

real individuals in view. Then (for the constant objects of Lucianic satire must come at last) appear an orator, with a farcical decree; and a philosopher, with a parody on a philosophic lecture. These were the classes of mankind great in Lucian's eyes, and on them he always expends the utmost rigour of his satiric rage. Timon very properly kicks all these people out, and so ends the *petite comédie.*

It answered, I suppose, the purpose for which its author intended it. The priests were no doubt angry or amused; they had a more dangerous and deadly foe at hand, in the resistless march of Christianity, to be seriously annoyed by mere squibs. The orators and philosophers sketched under the names of Demeas and Thrasycles (the latter is evidently drawn from the life), and the real persons (if any) who were intended by Gnathonides and Philiades, were in all probability as indignant on the appearance of the lively lampoon, and complained as bitterly of the licentiousness of libellous MSS., as the victims of witty newspapers or magazines in our own days inveigh against the licentiousness of a libellous press. The style is gay and sprightly, its observations shrewd and pleasant, and the sketches graphic and close to life. But what have they in common with the harrowing creation of the Shakspearian Timon? What are Lucian's angriest denunciations but childish trifling, compared with the curse upon Athens with which the fourth act of the English misanthrope opens—the desperate prayer that matrons should be unchaste, children disobedient, authority spurned, virginity turned to filth and shamelessness, poverty scoffed at, murder, theft, pillage made the regular order of human conduct?

> ——"Maid, to thy master's bed.
> Thy mistress is o' the brothel!—Son of sixteen,
> Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire;
> With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
> Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
> Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
> Instructions, manners, mysteries, and trades,
> Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,

> Decline to your confounding contraries,
> And yet confusion live!"

Shakspeare did not find anything like this in jesting Lucian. Again, compare the Greek Timon's exclamation on finding the gold with the parallel passage in Shakspeare, or contrast the visitors sent to each. I have already enumerated those to Lucian—triflers all. To the other Timon come the broken military adventurer at war with his country; and he is counselled to spare none—not age, sex, youth, infancy, holiness, wretchedness, all being equally infamous and detestable; and that task done, having made

> "Large confusion, and thy fury spent,
> Confounded be thyself!"

—the abandoned woman, strongly advised to ply her profligate trade so as to spread misery and disease;—the rascal thief, whose profession is justified on the ground that he is only doing openly what all the rest of mankind practises under seemly covers of hypocritical observance:

> "The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
> Have unchecked theft. Love not yourselves: away:
> Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
> All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,
> Break open shops, [for] nothing can you steal,
> But thieves do lose it. Steal not less, for this
> I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
> Amen."

Shakspeare found all this in Lucian, just as much as he found it in another of Dr. Farmer's authorities, *Jack Drum's Entertainment.* There is no need for contrasting the characters any further. I am very much of opinion, from Farmer's suggesting the similarity at all, that whether Shakspeare was indebted to Lucian or not, the doctor had never read the Greek dialoguist; at least with anything like attention.

Such, then, detailed at length with all its examples, is Dr. Farmer's argument to prove that Shakspeare was ignorant of Greek. Briefly summed up, the whole will amount to this: That some critics, especially Upton, have been over-

zealous in tracing resemblances of passages or phrases in Greek to what we find in Shakspeare, which certainly is no fault of the "old bard;" that in constructing his classical plays, instead of reading the Greek of Plutarch,—of which there might, perhaps, have been a hundred copies in England during his life,—he consulted the English translation of Sir Thomas North, who, having copied the blunders of Claude Amyot, was thereby the means of transferring a couple of trifling errors to *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra;* that because an invisible poet named Southern had translated Ronsard, who had translated Anacreon, Shakspeare could not read even the Latin translation of the Teian odes; that because in the *Ship of Fooles* is to be found an incident referred to in the *Iliad* and in the *Faërie Queene*, a description of the Nepenthe of the *Odyssey*, Shakspeare could not have known anything of Homer; and finally that, as Lucian had written a light comedy on Timon, those who supposed the deep tragedy on the same subject in English was dictated by the Greek were very much mistaken. And this is the pamphlet which has, in the opinion of competent critics, "settled the question for ever!" It has settled one question for ever: that the mass of conceited ignorance among the reading public and the ordinary critical rabble of the middle of the last century was profusedly abundant.

Having dismissed the details of the Greek question, I shall proceed to consider the *proofs* of Shakspeare's ignorance of other languages. And first,

[Dr. Maginn must stop here for this month.—O. Y.]

II.

I was proceeding to say, when Mr. Yorke, impatient of my inordinate intrusion on his pages, abruptly cut me short last month, that I should have somewhat more trouble with the *Latin* part of Dr. Farmer's Essay than with the *Greek;* not from any potency in the argument, or variety in the way

of putting it, but from the confused and desultory manner in which his instances and examples are brought forward. In the edition I am using (Isaac Reed's, of 1813), where it occupies the first eighty-six pages of the second volume, the proofs to convict Shakspeare of ignorance commence at p. 34, and are brought to a close with an exulting—"Thus much for the learning of Shakspeare with respect to the ancient languages," at p. 73; but these forty pages are far, indeed, from being devoted to the proposed theme. In them we find ample stores of miscellaneous information—such as that we may venture to look into the *Romaunt of the Rose*, "notwithstanding Master Prynne hath so positively assured us on the word of John Guerson, that the author [Jehan de Mehun] is most certainly damned, if he did not care for a serious repentance;" that "poor Jehan had raised the expectations of a monastery in France by the legacy of a great chest and the weighty contents of it, but it proved to be filled with nothing but vetches," on which the friars refused him Christian burial; that if "our zealous puritan [Prynne] had known of this he would not have joined in the clamour against him;" that Sir Charles Hanbury Williams "literally stole [an epigram] from Angerianus, as he appears in the *Delitiæ Ital. Poet.*, by Gruter, under the anagrammatic name of 'Ranutius Gherus'" 1608, vol. i. p. 189 (which, it must be admitted, is at least as sounding a piece of learning as Upton's dimeter trochaic brachycatalectic, commonly called ithyphallic, which excites so much of Farmer's jocularity); that "such biographers as Theophilus Cibber and the writer of the life of Sir Philip (Sidney) prefixed to the modern editions," are wrong in assigning the date of 1613 to the *Arcadia*, Dr. Farmer himself having actually a copy in his own possession, "printed for W. Ponsonbie, 1590, 4to., which hath escaped the notice of the industrious Ames, and the rest of our typographical antiquaries;" that "Mr. Urry, probably misled by his predecessor, Speght," was wrong in being determined, Procrustes-like, to force every line in the *Canter-*

bury Tales to the same standard, the attention of our old poets being "directed to the *cæsural pause*, as the *grammarians* call it" [Upton again!]; that *Mr.* Menage quotes a canon upon us,—"Si quis dixerit episcopum PODAGRA laborare, anathema sit;" that Skelton, in his rambling manner, gives a curious character of Wolsey, which is made a peg whereon to hang a note upon Skelton himself and his laureateship; that Mr. Garrick is "a *gentleman*, who will always be allowed the *first commentator* on Shakspeare, when he does not carry us beyond himself," which, to use the language of one of Lady Morgan's heroes in —— (I forgot what novel) is "mighty nate;" that Mr. Ames, who searched after books of this sort with the utmost avidity, had not seen "the *two tomes* which Tom Rawlinson would have called *justa volumina*," of W. Painter's *Palace of Pleasures*, "when he published his *Typographical Antiquities*, as appears from his blunders about them; and possibly I myself" [even I!] "might have remained in the same predicament, had I not been favoured with a copy by my generous friend Dr. Lort;" that he "must correct a mark in the Life of Spenser which is impotently levelled at the first critics of the age" in the *Biographia Britannica*, followed by a dissertation on the date of Tasso's *Gierusalemme Liberata*, introduced chiefly to "assure the biographer," who assigns it to 1583, "that *I* have met with at least *six* other editions preceding his date of the first publication;" that Gabriel Harvey desired only to be "*epitaph'd* the inventor of the English hexameter," and for a while every one would be halting on Roman feet; that the ridicule of our fellow-collegian, Hall, in one of his satires, and the reasoning of Daniel, in his *Defence of Rhyme* against Campion, presently reduced us to our original Gothic; that he had met with a facetious piece of Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596 (and possibly there was an earlier edition), called the *Metamorphosis of Ajax;* that "A Compendious or Brief Examination of Certayne Ordinary Complaints, &c., by William Shakspeare, gentleman,"

reprinted in 1751, was falsely attributed to our author; "*I* having at last met with the original edition," and with great ingenuity discovered that it was the composition of William Stafford; that "poor Anthony"—he means Anthony Wood—had too much reason for his character of Aubrey;* with an abundance of more stuff of the same kind, curious perhaps occasionally, and calculated to inspire us with due reverence for the bibliographical industry and acumen of Dr. Farmer, but having no more connection with the question whether Shakspeare knew Latin or not than it has with the quadrature of the circle. And, even where we find points adduced which do bear upon that question, they are urged in so rambling and discursive a manner that it is scarcely possible to meet them without being tediously diffusive upon petty trifles.

His Latin task opens thus:

"Perhaps the advocates for Shakspeare's knowledge of the Latin language may be more successful. Mr. Gildon takes the van. 'It is plain that he was acquainted with the fables of antiquity very well: that some of the arrows of Cupid are pointed with lead and others with gold, he found in Ovid; and what he speaks of Dido, in Virgil; nor do I know any translation of these poets so ancient as Shakspeare's time.' The passages on which these sagacious remarks are made occur in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and exhibit, we see, a clear proof of acquaintance with the Latin classics. But we are not answerable for Mr. Gildon's ignorance. He might have been told of Caxton and Douglas, of Surrey and Stanyhurst, of Phaer and Twyne, of Fleming and Golding, of Turberville and Churchyard! But these fables were easily known, without the help of either the originals or the translations. The fate of Dido had been sung very early by Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate; Marlowe

* "It is therefore sufficiently clear that poor Anthony had too much reason for his character of Aubrey. You will find it in his own account of his life, published by Hearne, which I would earnestly recommend to any hypochondriac:

"'A pretender to antiquities, roving, magotie-headed, and sometimes little better than crased; and, being exceedingly credulous, would stuff his many letters sent to A. W. with folliries and misformations.'"

had even already introduced her to the stage; and Cupid's arrows appear with their characteristic differences in Surrey, in Sidney, in Spenser, and every sonneteer of the time. Nay, their very names were exhibited long before in *The Romaunt of the Rose.*"

Farmer upsets here the argument of his pamphlet, when he says that we are not to be answerable for the ignorance of Gildon. Of course *we* are not; neither is *Shakspeare.* It may be true that Dr. Farmer had read more, and was better acquainted with literature in general, and particularly in its antiquarian departments, than Gildon. It would be strange indeed if the librarian of Cambridge,* living among books, and easy of fortune, did not in such particulars surpass a poor hack-critic (Farmer, of course, does not forget to remind us of his "ill-starred rage" against Dennis)† writing for his bread, and picking information at the scantiest sources; but, I repeat, how can the literary distance between Gildon and Farmer affect Shakspeare?

A gentleman of the name of Charles Armitage Brown published last year a volume called *Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems,*‡ one chapter of which is dedicated to the

* I find I have made a mistake in saying in the last number of this Magazine that Dr. Farmer, when he wrote his Essay, had the advantage of being able to consult a great library, in consequence of his being principal librarian of Cambridge. The Essay was published in 1766, and the Doctor was not appointed protobibliothecarius of the University until 1778. But he was always a library hunter; and of course, whether librarian or not, the literary stores of Cambridge were at his service. We are also told in the *Annual Necrology* (quoted by Nichols in the *History of Leicestershire*, vol. iv. p. 944) that he had gathered by sixpenny purchases at bookstands "an immense number of books, good, bad, and indifferent." The catalogue of his library contains many curious articles.

† After saying, in the text of his Essay, "one of the first and most vehement assertors of the learning of Shakspeare was the editor of his poems, the well-known Mr. Gildon," he adds in a note: "Hence, perhaps, the *ill-starred rage* between this critick and his elder brother, John Dennis, so pathetically lamented in the *Dunciad.*" The verses referred to are:

> "Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-starred rage
> Divides a friendship long confirmed by age?"

‡ Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems. Being his Sonnets clearly developed: with his Character, drawn chiefly from his Works. By Charles Armitage Brown.

question of his learning; and in this I find a fair remark upon the passage I have just extracted from Farmer's Essay: "His (Shakspeare's) frequent appropriate use of the heathen mythology, and of the classical heroes, has been brought forward as evidence of his learning; but, as Dr. Farmer has shown, that knowledge might have been gained, as well as now, without Greek or Latin. Yet, had he displayed ignorance on these subjects, he might be proved somewhat unlearned." Unquestionably; and he must have been exposed to perpetual blundering if he never drew elsewhere than at second-hand. Dr. Farmer has proved no more than that Shakspeare *might* have learned the Pagan lore from English authorities. Granted; but it is strange logic to argue that *therefore* he was incapable of learning it anywhere else. I do not know who taught the art of syllogism at Cambridge in Dr. Farmer's time; but certainly neither "German Crouzaz, nor Dutch Bursgersdyck"* could refrain from crying *negatur* to the *minor* which would lead to such a *conclusio.*

As the page or two following the sentences above taken from Mr. Brown has a direct reference to the question we are discussing, I continue the extract:

"Accordingly, the annotators have brought forward no less than three examples of this ignorance, which, happily, at least two of them prove nothing but the ignorance of his critics. The first is in *Henry IV., Part II.*, where Hecuba's dream of a firebrand is called Althea's—a mistake certainly, but one which rather proves he was acquainted with both stories. Besides, Dr. Johnson, who notices it, ought to have remembered, as an editor, a line in *Henry VI. Part II.*, which Shakspeare, if he did not write it, must have well known, and which proves he was aware of the nature of Althea's brand:

'As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd.'

"Henley brings forward the second example from *Macbeth*, thus annotating on the words 'Bellona's bridegroom:'—'This passage may be added to the many others which show how

* *Dunciad*, b. iv. v. 198.

little he knew of ancient mythology.' The many others!—where are they? In the meantime, why is Henley's classic lore offended? Is it because he had never heard, among the ancients, of Bellona's bridegroom? Alas! it was Macbeth himself the poet meant! Had he been termed, in his capacity of a soldier, a son of Mars, the liberty would have been as great, but, owing to the triteness of the appellation, not to be cavilled at as a proof of ignorance, though it would have made the doughty Thane of Glamis the brother of Cupid. What Shakspeare said, poetically said, was that the warlike hero was worthy of being the bridegroom of the goddess of war. This is the passage:

> 'Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
> Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
> The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict;
> Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
> Confronted him with self-comparisons,
> Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
> Curbing his lavish spirit.'

'Steevens gives us the third proof of ignorance in these lines from the *Merchant of Venice:*

> 'In such a night
> Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
> Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
> To come again to Carthage.'

'This passage,' quoth Steevens in a matter-of-fact note, 'contains a small instance, out of many that might be brought, to prove that Shakspeare was no reader of the classics.' Out of many that might be brought! Why not bring them? And why was this brought? Purely because Virgil did not describe Dido *with a willow in her hand?* Steevens ought to have known, according to Virgil, that Dido was forsaken by her lover, and that the giving her the allegorical willow was nothing more nor less than a poetical description of her love-lorn state. As for the other instances, I have not found them; the 'many others,' and the 'many that might be brought.' These critics remind me of the drunken magistrate who, seeing himself in a looking-glass at the moment he expected a criminal to be brought before him, cried out: 'Ah, thou caitiff! many a time and oft hast thou been brought before me!'"

On this I may observe: 1. That the quotation from *Henry VI.* is decisive that Shakspeare *did* know the history of Althea's brand; but, if we refer to the passage in *Henry IV.*, we shall see that it was not by any means necessary that he should exhibit his learning there:

"*Bard.* Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!
Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!
P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?
Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream."

The prince is so much enraptured with this "good interpretation" that he gives the boy a crown as a reward. The blunder is evidently designed; and Shakspeare is as much answerable for the degree of mythological learning displayed by the page as for the notions of grammatical propriety entertained by Mrs. Quickly. I think, however, that Mr. Brown is wrong in ascribing to Dr. Johnson any desire of bringing this supposed error forward to aid the cause of proving Shakspeare unlearned.

2. That Henley's observations on Bellona's bridegroom are absurd, and Mr. Brown's comment is indisputably correct. Let me take, or make, this opportunity for saying that Dr. Farmer informs us, "as for the play of *Macbeth* itself, it hath lately been suggested, from Mr. Guthrie's *Essay on English Tragedy*, that the *portrait* of Macbeth's *wife* is copied from Buchanan, whose spirit, as well as words, is translated into the play of Shakspeare; and it had signified nothing to have pored only on Holinshed for *facts*." Farmer very truly remarks that there is nothing in Buchanan to justify this assertion: "'Animus etiam, per se ferox, prope quotidianis conviciis uxoris (quæ omnium consiliorum ei erat conscia) stimulabatur.' This is the whole that Buchanan says of the *lady*." Shakspeare undoubtedly took the story from Holinshed, who had abridged it from Bellenden's translation of *The noble Clerk, Hector Boece*, as Farmer is able to prove by the salutation of the witches being given

in the tragedy, not as in Buchanan, but as it appears in Holinshed, after Bellenden, who follows Boethius.* Yet, if we could suppose that Shakspeare looked beyond the English version, we might discover an authority for mending some halting lines in the play, which have occupied its critics; as, for example:

> "Where the place?
> Upon the heath,
> *There to meet with Macbeth.*"

Now, this lame line should be what Upton would call a trochaic dimeter catalectic, and not brachycatalectic; and accordingly Pope, not, indeed, consulting the learned labours of the prosodian, but his own ear, altered it to—

> "*There I go to meet Macbeth.*"

And Capell proposes:

> "*There to meet with brave Macbeth.*"

And again:

> "Dismayed not this
> *Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?*
> Yes."

Steevens remarks that some word, necessary to complete the verse, has been omitted in the old copy; and Sir Thomas Hanmer proposes "Our captains, *brave* Macbeth," &c. If the word were allowed to be pronounced as a trisyllable, it would suit the metre in the above-quoted lines, and elsewhere:

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* "We can demonstrate that Shakspeare had not the story from Buchanan. According to him, the weird sisters salute Macbeth: 'Una Angusiæ Thanum, altera Moraviæ, tertia *regem*,' Thane of Angus, and of Murray, &c.; but according to Holinshed, immediately from Bellenden, as it stands in Shakspeare, "The first of them spake and sayde, 'All hayle, Makbeth, thane of Glammis:' the second of them said, 'Hayle, Makbeth, thane of Cawdor;' but the third said, 'All hayle, Makbeth, that hereafter shall be King of Scotland.'"

> "1. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glammis!
> 2. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
> 3. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter."

"There to meet with *Mac-a-beth.*"
"Our captains, *Mac-a-beth* and Banquo?
Yes."

In Holinshed the word is Makbeth; but Fordun, his remote authority, as being the authority of Hector Boethius, calls him *Machabeus sive Machabeda.* In Steevens's notes will be found a passage, extracted from the *Scoto Chronicon*, in which the latter spelling occurs: "Subito namque post mortem *Machabedæ* convenerunt quidam ex ejus parentela," &c. I do not insist on this trifle, to maintain that Shakspeare made the *Scoto Chronicon* his study—I should, indeed, be very much astonished if he had; but it is as strong an evidence of his having done so as any of Farmer's can be allowed to be proofs that he had not consulted any authors but those which were to be found in English.

But, if I care little for the learning or the logic of Dr. Farmer, I own I care less for such criticism as that of Mr. Guthrie. I have never seen his *Essay on English Tragedy*, and assuredly shall not look for it, being quite satisfied as to the ability and discrimination of the critic who discovers that Shakspeare copied the portrait of Lady Macbeth from Buchanan, or any one else. There certainly is something graphic in the sentence above quoted from the poetic historian, describing in few words the naturally ferocious mind of Macbeth, spurred on by the fierce reproaches which his wife, intimately conscious of all his designs, urged against him almost day by day; but the conception of such a character, though less prosaic than that in Holinshed, who tells us that she "lay sore upon her husband, to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of queene," is lower ten thousand fathoms deep than that of the Lady Macbeth of Shakspeare. *She* is, in truth, the stimulated, not the stimulator—the follower, not the leader, of her husband's designs—sacrificing her feelings and affections, unsexing herself to promote his cherished ambition—hoping that his first crime was to be the last—frightened and broken-

hearted when she finds him determined on wading remorselessly through murder—submitting in terrified silence to his sanguinary projects—clinging to him, in desperate fidelity, during his ruined fortunes and his detested career, and inspiring even his bloody nature with its last human feeling—shielding her remorse from human eye as long as she has power to conceal her thoughts, but manifesting it in bitter agony when diseased sleep deprives her of control over her movements—and finally dying, amid the wail of women, at the moment when fate had unrelentingly determined that her husband should perish amid accumulated horrors. If this lady is found by Guthrie portrayed in Buchanan, then, great as were the talents of him

> "whose honour'd bones
> Are laid 'neath old Greyfriars' stones," *

I can only say that *he* never found anything like such power of portraiture or poetry in himself. The story of Macbeth might have been suggested by the classical Latin of Buchanan, or the homely English of Holinshed; but Lady Macbeth was suggested by an inspiration not derived from annalist or historian.

3. That the *willow* of Dido is properly explained by Mr. Brown. Steevens's note is stark nonsense. In Virgil, Dido is described as endeavouring to persuade Æneas to return to her, after the canvas had invoked the breeze—

> "Puppibus et læti nautæ imposuere coronas."

It would be idle to quote at length the story of Dido's sorrows, which everybody has by heart. It is enough to say that the lines spoken by Lorenzo, in the *Merchant of Venice*, are no more than a picturesque condensation of what we find in Virgil (*Æn.* iv. 296–590)—as descriptive of the struggles of Dido to retain her faithless lover; her woe when

* George Buchanan is buried in the Greyfriars' Churchyard in Edinburgh.

she saw his preparations for departure on the wild sea bank—

> "Toto properari littore: circum
> Undique convenere," &c.

and her endeavours, through Anna (as the willow of her hand), to wave him back to Carthage. Mr. Brown, however, is mistaken if he thinks that no more than the three passages which he has here selected as specimens of impertinent airs of superiority in learning over Shakspeare are all that can be found in Steevens and other commentators of similar grade. I could, without exaggeration, produce a hundred other impertinences equally flagrant; but I must get on for the present with Dr. Farmer.

Whalley observes that when in the *Tempest* it is said—

> "High queen of state,
> Great Juno comes; I know her by her *gait*,"

the allusion is to the *divûm incedo regina* of Virgil. Bishop Warburton thinks that, in the *Merchant of Venice*, the oath "*by two-headed Janus*" shows Shakspeare's knowledge of the antique; and, quoth Dr. Sewell, "Shakspeare hath somewhere a Latin motto" (which, by the way, is a very dishonest manner of quoting): are not these some proofs of Shakspeare's knowledge? "No," says Dr. Farmer, "they are not; because Taylor, the water poet, alludes to Juno's port and majesty, and the double face of Janus; and has besides a Latin motto, and a whole poem upon it into the bargain.

"You perceive, my dear sir," continues Farmer, "how vague and indeterminate such arguments must be; for in fact this sweet swan of Thames, as Mr. Pope calls him, hath more scraps of Latin and allusions to antiquity than are anywhere to be met with in the writings of Shakspeare. I am sorry to trouble you with trifles, yet what must be done when grave men insist upon them?"

What must be done, indeed, when we find that a grave

man insists upon it that the confessedly casual acquaintance at second-hand * with the classical mythology displayed by Taylor should be a proof that the knowledge of Shakspeare, or of anybody else, is necessarily of the same description? Burns made no pretension to an acquaintance with Greek or Latin, and yet we can find abundance of allusions to the heathen gods and goddesses in his poems. Is that a reason for believing, because we have the same allusions in Lord Byron, that his lordship had no means of consulting the originals in which those deities are native?

This I should say in any case: but there is a peculiar dishonesty in the reference of Farmer's Essay (dishonesty of one kind or other is, indeed, its characteristic throughout) to Warburton's note on "two-headed Janus." In the *Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 1, Salanio (as the name of the character is commonly spelt) says, jesting upon Antonio's unexplainable sadness, that they might

> "Say you are sad,
> Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
> For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
> Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
> Nature hath formed strange fellows in her time;"—

some, in short, that will laugh, and others that will weep, without any assignable cause. On which Warburton remarks:

"Here Shakspeare shows his knowledge in the antique. By two-headed Janus is meant those antique, bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus, of Saturn and Apollo, &c. These are not un-

* Taylor tells us that, when he got from *possum* to *posset*, he could not get any further. This must be intended as a piece of wit; for, if he got as far as *possum* at all, he must have passed through *sum* and its inflections; and there is no more difficulty in proceeding from *posset* to *possemus* than from *esset* to *essemus*, and so forth. The *posset* of Taylor is, I suspect, a sack-*posset*. He forsook the grammar in which he found the *possum*, for the bowl in which he found the *posset*.

common in collections of antiques, and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim, &c."

I do not know that there was much learning requisite to discover this; but the illustration of Bishop Warburton is elegant, and, to all appearance, just. The mere double face in the water poet is what may occur to any looker upon a picture of Janus; but the fair aspect of the beauteous Apollo on one side, while the other exhibits the wrinkled visage of Saturn, suggests a poetical type of a man melancholy and gay by turns, for no other reason save the pleasure of the maker who "formed so strange a fellow."

When Dodd refers *Rumour painted full of tongues* to the description of Fame in Ovid or Virgil, we are reminded that she has been represented by Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastyme of Pleasure*, as

> "A goodly lady envyroned about
> With *tongues* of fire;"

that something of the same kind is to be found in Sir Thomas More's *Pageants;* in her elaborate portrait by Chaucer in the *Book of Fame;* and in John Higgins's *Legend of King Albanacte.* I do not think it was necessary that Shakspeare should have read Virgil or Ovid, Hawes or Higgins, More or Chaucer, to borrow from them so obvious an idea as that of bedecking the representative of Rumour in a garment painted with tongues; which was, indeed, his ordinary attire, as in the pageant of Henry VIII. described by Holinshed, and of James I. described by Dekker (see the notes of Warton and Steevens on the Induction of the *Second Part of Henry IV.*). Dodd's learning, therefore, was misplaced; but it proves nothing against the learning of Shakspeare. Rabelais (*Pantagruel*, lib. v. cap. 31) furnishes a somewhat analogous person to Rumour; namely, *Ouïdire*, with an innumerable quantity of ears,* as well as

* In the chapter, *Comment au pays de Satin nous veismes Ouïdre tenant eschole de tesmoignerie:* "Sans plus sejourner nous transportâmes en lieu ou c'estoit, et veismes ung petit vieillard bossu, contrefaict et monstrueux, on

tongues. A critic like Dr. Dodd might suggest that this too was borrowed from the Fame of Virgil:

"Cui, quot sunt corpore plumæ,
. . . . . .
Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, *tot subrigit aures.*"

And if a critic like Farmer found anything of the same kind in a French poet, of or before the times of the far-famed romance of Gargantua and Pantagruel, even in Rominagrobis himself, he might, in perfect consistency with the argument of this "celebrated Essay," maintain that the humourist did not find his prototype in Latin, but in French; and *therefore*, because the former critic was mistaken, that Rabelais was incapable of reading Virgil. The same observation applies to Farmer's reply to a remark made by the author of *The Beauties of Poetry*, who says that he "cannot but wonder that a poet, whose classical images are composed of the finest parts, and breathe the very spirit of ancient mythology, should pass for being illiterate:

'See what a grace was seated on his brow!
Hyperion's curls: * the front of Jove himself:
An eye like Mars to threaten and command:
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.'"

"Illiterate," says Farmer, "is an ambiguous term: the question is whether poetic history would be only known by an adept in languages." It certainly can, though by no means so easily in the time of Queen Elizabeth as in ours, when English literature alone will supply as much of such

le nommoit Ouïdire: il avoit la gueulle fenduë jusques aux aureilles, dedans la gueulle sept langcune, et chacune langue fenduë en sept parties: quoyque ce feust, de toutes sept ensemblement parloit divers propous, et languaiges divers: avoit aussi parmy la teste, et le reste du corps autant d'aureilles comme jadis eut Argus d'yeulx."

* Farmer remarks that Hyperion is used with the same error in quantity by Spenser. It would be a piece of mere affectation to pronounce the word otherwise in *English;* and even in Greek the *iota* is lengthened only through the necessity of the hexameter in which it could not otherwise have a place. The iota of ἵων is short.

history as can be obtained by the most diligent reader of the Greek and Roman poets. Farmer refers us to Stephen Bateman's *Golden Booke of the Leaden Gods*, 1577, and several other laborious compilations on the subject; and adds that "all this and much more mythology might as perfectly have been learned from the *Testament of Creseide* and the *Faërie Queene* as from a regular Pantheon, or Polymates himself." This is true enough (though I certainly do not believe that Shakspeare ever read a line of Bateman's work, which might more appropriately be styled the Leaden Book of the Golden Gods); but even the *Faërie Queene* could not supply any picture so truly imbued with a classical taste, and breathing the very style and manner of the classics, as the passage from *Hamlet*. Compare it with Phaer's version of Virgil, quoted by Malone; and it will be seen that Shakspeare, who appears to have had in his mind Mercury's descent upon Mount Atlas in the fourth *Æneid*, has seized the spirit of the Roman poet better than his translator:

"And now approaching neere, the top he seeth and mighty lims
Of Atlas mountain tough, that Heaven on boyst'rous shoulders beares.
There first on ground with wings of might doth Mercury arrive;
Then down from thence, right over seas, himselfe doth headlong drive."

The original is:

"Jamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit
Atlantis duri, cœlum qui vertice fulcit.
. . . . .
Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis
Constitit."

"*Paribus alis*" are not "wings of night," as Phaer translates them; on the contrary, the wings of Mercury are the lightest in the whole plumage of mythology; easy, as Horne Tooke makes Sir Francis Burdett say,* to be taken

* Diversions of Purley, part i. ch. i. in Richard Taylor's edition of 1829, vol. i. p. 26. "These are the artificial wings of Mercury, by means of which the Argus eyes of philosophy have been cheated.

"'*H.* It is my meaning.

"'*B.* Well. We can only judge of your opinion after we have heard

off, and not, like those of other winged deities, making part of his body. Nor does "then first on ground doth Mercury arrive" convey the idea expressed in "*constitit.*" The airy and musical metre of *Hamlet* brings before us no heavy-winged god; and Shakspeare, by his peculiar use of the word *station*, gives us the very phraseology of Virgil; exhibiting, as in a picture or statue, the light but vigorous figure of Mercury, newly descended from heaven, and *standing* in the full-developed grace of his celestial form as the herald of the gods, not *arriving*, as per coach or train, on the summit of a heaven-kissing hill. I think it more probable that Shakspeare had his images directly from Virgil, not from Phaer; and, if he substituted the picturesque word "heaven-kissing hill" for the harsher description of rough and aged Atlas in the *Æneid*, it is because, in speaking of his father, Hamlet did not use any other expressions than those of majesty, elegance, and beauty.

I own that I am growing weary (and I fear that the same feeling extends to my readers, if any have had patience to get so far) of this peddling work. I shall not, therefore, meddle with Dr. Farmer's correction of Upton for altering hangman to "henchman—a page, *pusio*," in what Don Pedro says of Benedick* [not Benedict, as Farmer by an

how you maintain it. Proceed, and strip him of his wings. They seem easy enough to be taken off; for it strikes me now, after what you have said, that they are indeed put on in a peculiar manner, and do not, like those of other winged deities, make a part of his body. You have only to loose the strings from his feet and take off his cap.'"

* "In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Don Pedro says of the insensible Benedict, 'He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little *hangman* dare not shoot at him.'

"This mythology is not recollected in the ancients, and therefore the critic hath no doubt but his author wrote '*Henchman—a page, pusio:* and, *this* word seeming too hard for the printer, he translated the little urchin into a *hangman;* a character no way belonging to him.'

"But this character was not borrowed from the ancients. It came from the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney:

> 'Millions of years this old drivell, Cupid, lives;
> While still more wretch, more wicked he doth prove;

ordinary mistake calls him]; nor with his discovery that Shakspeare might have been indebted for

> "Most sure the goddess
> On whom those airs attend"*

to Stanyhurst's translation: "No doubt a godesse," as well as to the original, "*O dea, certe;*" nor with his now superseded black-letter reading of the *Hystorie of Hamblet*, by which he overthrows the sage suspicions of Dr. Grey and Mr. Whalley, that Shakspeare *must* have read *Saxo Grammaticus* in the original Latin, "as no translation had been made into any modern language;" nor with his controversy with George Colman the elder, and Bonnell Thornton, as to whether the disguise of the Pedant in the *Taming of the Shrew* was taken from that of the Sycophanta in the *Trinummus*, or on Shakspeare's other obligations to Plautus and Terence; nor with his proof that the translations of some of Ovid's Epistles, which were attributed to Shakspeare, and considered (I know not by whom) to be the sheet-anchor by which his reputation for learning is to hold fast, were in reality the work of Thomas Heywood—I shall do myself the pleasure of passing by all these wonderful things, leaving them without comment to the judgment of the reader. I shall only notice the following points, and that as briefly as I can:—

I. In the prologue of *Troilus and Cressida* the six gates of Troy are called, in the folio—

> Till now at length that Jove an office gives
> (At Juno's suite who much did Argus love),
> In this our world a *hangman* for to be
> Of all those fooles that will have all they see.'"

So far Farmer. I quote the passage from Sir Philip, chiefly for the benefit of those who delight in nicknaming Lord Palmerston Cupid, and alluding to his perennial tenacity to office. It may serve also to describe the vigour of his government, as well as the improvement made in his administration by length of time; while his late connection with Maroto would seem to indicate that he is qualifying for the last office here assigned to Cupid.

* Tempest. Act i. sc. 2.

> "Dardan and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
> And Antenonydus."

Theobald alters these to

> "Dardan and Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Trojan,
> And Antenorides,"

after Dares Phrygius, cap. iv.: "Ilio portas fecit quorum nomina hæc sunt, Antenoridæ, Dardaniæ, Iliæ, Scææ, Thymbrææ, Trojanæ;" but Farmer refers to the *Troy Boke* of Lydgate, where they are called Dardanydes, Tymbria, Helyas, Cetheas, Trojana, Anthonydes. In late editions they appear as

> "Dardan and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
> And Antenorides."

Agreeing with Dr. Farmer that Shakspeare found them in Lydgate, not in Dares, I should prefer reading *Cetheas* for *Chetas*, and *Anthonydes* (which is not very far from the folio reading, *Antenonydus*) for *Antenorides;* for that would be more consonant with Shakspeare's usual method of exactly transcribing his originals. But I do not agree with the Doctor that Theobald's having supposed it necessary that Shakspeare should have read Dares is of any value in an argument to prove the poet destitute of learning. It merely proves that, in this instance at least, Theobald was destitute of sense. I have already expressed my opinion that the play of *Troilus and Cressida* was written as a sort of trial of strength with Homer in the art of delineating character; and, at all events, Shakespeare must have known enough of Homer to be aware that there is nothing about Cressida, or Troilus's love for her, in the Iliad or the Odyssey. If he had ever troubled himself about Dares, he would have found that he was a gentleman of great credibility. "Dares Phrygius, qui hanc historiam scripsit, ait se militasse usque dum Troja capta est; hos se vidisse quum induciæ essent, partim prœlio interfuisse." Cap. xii. Madame Dacier, who edited the book, is quite in a passion with him, and scolds with all the energy of a Frenchwoman: "Et hoc" (the

mention of a Dares by Ptolemæus Hephæstion, who tells us that he (Dares) was μνήμονα Ἕκτορος—the adviser of Hector not to kill Patroclus, and also by Ælian) "illud est quod homini nugaci et inepto consilium fecit, ut sub illius Daretis nomine, qui nusquam comparebat, libellum illum quem hodie habemus in lucem mitteret, fingens illum à Cornelio Nepote Latine translatum." His story was, however, a great favourite in the middle ages, when Homer was scarcely known to the western world; and it came to Lydgate through the medium of Guido Colonna. Now as Shakspeare, without having the learning of *doctissima Domina Dacieria*, must have considered the story of Troy, as told by Lydgate after Colonna, and by Colonna after Dares the Phrygian, who actually made the Trojan campaigns under the command of Hector to whose staff he was attached, to be nothing better than the work of a *homo nugax et ineptus*, it could not have occurred to him that it was at all necessary he should correct Lydgate by the sham Cornelius Nepos, even if copies of Dares Phrygius had in his time been as plenty as blackberries, especially as he might easily have discovered that these six gates are wholly apocryphal; two only of the six, the Dardan and the Scæan, being mentioned by Homer—of course, the orthodox authority—and these two being in fact but one. For the Tymbrian, Ilian, Trojan, and Antenoridan, we are indebted to the ocular testimony of the mnemon of Hector.

II. The famous speech of Claudio in *Measure for Measure:*

> "Ay, but to die, and go we know not where—
> To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod; and the delighted * spirit

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* The *delighted* spirit. This word puzzles the commentators. Warburton's explanation, viz. "the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights," is rather strained. Johnson proposes *benighted;* Therlby, *delinquent;* Hanmer, *dilated.* Perhaps we might read *delated; i.e.* informed against.

> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
> To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
> And blown with restless violence round about
> The pendant world"——

is generally considered as derived from Virgil's description of the Platonic Hell:

> "Ergo exercentur pœnis, veterumque malorum
> Supplicia expendunt. Aliæ panduntur inanes
> Suspensæ ad ventos: aliis sub gurgite vasto
> Infectum eluitur scelus aut exuritur igni:"

and the similarity is no doubt so striking as to justify that opinion. I must transcribe Farmer's remarks, in opposition:

"Most certainly the ideas of 'a spirit bathing in fiery floods,' of residing 'in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,' or of being 'imprisoned in the viewless winds,' are not original in our author; but I am not sure that they came from the *Platonic* hell of Virgil. The monks also had their hot and their cold hell. 'The fyrste is fyre that ever brenneth, and never gyveth lighte,' says an old homily; 'the second is passyng colde that, yf a grete hyll of fyre were casten therein, it sholde torn to yce.' One of their legends, well remembered in the time of Shakspeare, gives us a dialogue between a bishop and a soul tormented in a piece of ice, which was brought to cure a *grete brenning* heate in his foot: take care you do not interpret this the gout,—for I remember Mr. Menage quotes a *canon* upon us:—

> 'Si quis dixerit episcopum PODAGRA laborare, anathema sit.'

Another tells us of the soul of a monk fastened to a rock, which the winds were to blow about for a twelvemonth, and purge of its enormities. Indeed, this doctrine was before now introduced into poetic fiction, as you may see in a poem 'where the lover declareth his pains to exceed far the pains of hell,' among the many miscellaneous ones subjoined to the works of Surrey. Nay, a very learned and inquisitive brother-antiquary, our Greek professor, hath observed to me, on the authority of Blefkenius, that this was the ancient opinion of the inhabitants

of Iceland, who were certainly very little read either in the *poet* or the *philosopher*.

"After all, Shakspeare's curiosity might lead him to *translations*. Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonik hell into the 'punytion of saulis in purgatory;' and it is observable that when the ghost informs Hamlet of his doom there—

> 'Till the foul crimes done in his days of nature
> Are *burnt and purged away*'—

the expression is very similar to the bishop's. I will give you his version as concisely as I can. 'It is a needful thing to suffer panis and torment; sum in the wyndis, sum under the watter, and in the fire uthir sum;—thus the mony vices

> 'Contrakkit in the corpis be *done away*
> *And purgit*.'" *

Does any one imagine that Shakspeare set himself to grub in quest of this monastic lore, or studied the Icelandic labours of Blefkenius? Those critics are laughed at who imagine that he had read *Saxo Grammaticus* to learn the particulars of the story of Hamlet; and yet they are more rational than the Doctor, who laughs at them: for the history, no matter through what channels it reached Shakspeare, *is* to be traced originally, and almost exclusively, to the Danish historian, while notions and fancies of infernal tortures are diffused throughout all ages and countries. When Claudio, in his speech, expresses his apprehension that it may be his fate after death

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* This, however, is not the version of the passage in Virgil to which it is supposed Shakspeare is indebted. I subjoin that part of Douglas:

> "Sum stentit bene in wisnand wyndiswake,
> Of some the cryme committed clengit be
> Vnder the watter, or the hidduous se;
> And in the fyre the gilt of other sum
> Is purifyit and clengit al and sum
> Ilkane of vs his ganand purgatory
> Mon suffir."

I quote from the same edition as Dr. Farmer; that published in Edinburgh in 1710.

> "to be worse than worst
> Of those *that lawless and uncertain thoughts*
> *Imagine howling,*"

Dr. Johnson finely interprets the words in italics to mean "conjecture sent out to wander, without any certain direction, and ranging through possibilities of pain." In this melancholy wandering the conjecture of the saga-singing scald, or the legend-manufacturing monk, could not in its material attributes differ widely from the fictions of the poet, or the speculations of the philosopher. All, equally men, had but the same sources, physical or spiritual, to draw upon for images of sorrow and suffering. That Milton, when he dooms his fallen angels to

> "feel by turns the bitter change
> Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
> From beds of raging fire to starve in ice,"

remembered this speech of Claudio, is plain from the slightest comparison of the passages; but it cannot be doubted that to one so deeply and variously read in theology in all its departments (and in what branch of literature was not Milton deeply and variously read?) the legendary hell of the monks, and the infernal mythology of the Scandinavian, as related by Blefkenius and all other accessible authorities of the time, were perfectly familiar. We may also be certain that he did not stop at the monks, but was well acquainted with the more ancient ecclesiastical authorities—as St. Jerome.* On the other hand, to suppose that Shakspeare, with Virgil before him, preferred consulting the *Legenda Aurea*, or *Blefkenius de Islandia*, of which, in all probability, he had never heard, is a supposition of

* St. Jerome on Job xxiv. 19 (rendered in his Vulgate "ad nimium calorem transeat ab aquis nivium") has: "quasi duas Gehennas sanctus Job dicere mihi videtur, ignis et frigoris, per quas diabolus hæreticus et homo impius commutetur. Forte in ipsa Gehenna talis sensuum cruciatus fiet illis qui in ea torquebuntur, ut nunc quasi ignem ardentem sentiant, nunc nimium algoris incendium; et pœnalis commutatio sit, nunc frigus sentientibus, nunc calorem."

most preposterous pedantry. He found his "Most sure the goddess," &c., in Stanyhurst's *Æneid;* his purgatory, in Gawin Douglas's *Æneid;* and Malone sends him to find his picture of Mercury in Phaer's *Æneid.* Might we not ask, Is it impossible that mere curiosity might have led him to look into Virgil's *Æneid?*

III. Ovid also he must have known only in translation, for the following reasons:—

"Prospero, in *The Tempest*, begins the address to his attendant *spirits*—

> "'Ye elves of hills, of standing lakes, and groves.'"

This speech Dr. Warburton rightly observes to be borrowed from Medea in Ovid: and "it proves," says Mr. Holt, "beyond contradiction, that Shakspeare was perfectly acquainted with the sentiments of the ancients on the subject of enchantments." The original lines are these:

> "Auræque, et venti, montesque, amnesque, lacusque,
> Dîque omnes nemorum, dîque omnes noctis adeste.
> [Quorum ope, cum volui, ripis mirantibus, amnes
> In fontes rediere suos; concussaque sisto,
> Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello;
> Nubilaque induco: ventos abigoque vocoque;
> Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces:
> Vivaque saxa, sua convulsaque robora terra,
> Et silvas moveo, jubeoque tremiscere montes;
> Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulcris.
> Te quoque, Luna, traho, quamvis Temesæa labores
> Æra tuos minuant. Currus quoque carmine nostro
> Pallet avi; pallet nostris Aurora venenis."]

It happens, however, that the translation by Arthur Golding is by no means literal, and Shakspeare has closely followed it:

> "'Ye ayres and windes, ye elves of hills, of brookes and woods alone,
> Of standing lakes, and of the night, approche ye everychone;
> [Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondering at the thing)
> I have compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.
> By charmes I make the calm seas rough, and make the rough seas playne;
> And cover all the skie with cloudes, and chase them thence againe.

By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the viper's jaw;
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
Whole woods and forests I remove—I make the mountains shake;
And even the earth itself to groane, and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves; and thee, O lightsome moone,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soon:
Our sorcerie dims the morning fair, and darks the sun at noone,' &c.]
Fol 81."

Dr. Farmer has not supplied those parts of the quotations which I have enclosed in brackets, but I have put them together for further comparison. Mr. Holt, whose very title-page * proves him to have been a very silly person, which character every succeeding page of his *Attempt* amply sustains, could scarcely have read the passages of Shakspeare and Ovid together, when he said that the former was proved to be perfectly acquainted with the sentiments of the ancients, so far as close following of the Latin poet in this speech of Prospero affords such proof. It shows, however, that Shakspeare was perfectly acquainted with the difference between the enchantments of the ancients and those which were suitable to the character of his Prospero. Golding, indeed, mistook his author, when he translated

> "Montesque, amnesque, lacusque,
> Dîque omnes nemorum, dîque omnes noctis adeste,"

by "ye *elves* of hills, of brooks, and woods *alone*, of standing lakes, and of the night;" for the deities invoked by Medea were anything but what, in our language, attaches to the idea of *elves;* while the epithet *alone*, though perhaps defensible, is intruded without sufficient warrant into the translation, and does not convey the exact thought intended by Ovid's "*Dîque omnes nemorum.*" But what was unsuitable for Ovid was perfecly suitable for Shakspeare; and, accordingly, he had no scruple of borrowing a few words of romantic appeal to the tiny deities of fairy superstition.

* An Attempt to rescue that aunciente English Poet and Playwright, Maister Williaume Shakespeare, from the Errours faulsely charged upon him by certain new-fangled Wits. London, 1749. 8vo.

The lines immediately following "Ye ayres and winds" &c., address the powers which, with printless foot, dance upon the sands; which, by moonshine, form the green, sour ringlets not touched by the ewe, which make midnight mushrooms for pastime, which rejoice to hear the solemn curfew; and not one of these things is connected with the notions of aerial habitants of wood or stream in classical days. When Shakspeare returns to Ovid, he is very little indebted to Golding. We find, indeed, in the *Tempest* that Prospero boasts of having "bedimmed the noontide sun," which resembles Golding's

> "Our sorcerie *dims* the morning fair, and darks the *sun at noone*."

But the analogous passage in Ovid would have been, in its literal state, of no use to Prospero:

> "Currus quoque carmine nostro
> Pallet *avi*."

With this obligation, however, the compliment due to Golding ceases. *Ope quorum.* "Through *help* of whom." *Golding.* "By whose *aid*." *Shakspeare. Vivaque saxa, sua convulsaque robora terra et silvas moveo.* "And from the bowels of the earth, both stones and *trees* do *draw*." *Golding.* "Rifted Jove's stout *oak* (robora) with his own bolt; and by his spurs *plucked up* (sua convulsa terra) the pine and cedar." *Shakspeare. Manesque exire sepulcris.* "I call up dead men from their graves." *Golding.* "Graves, at my command, have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth." *Shakspeare.* Ovid has contributed to the invocation of Prospero at least as much as Golding.

IV. Warburton imagined that the word *suggestion*, in Queen Catherine's character of Wolsey in *Henry VIII.*, "is used with great propriety and seeming knowledge of the Latin tongue;" and he proceeds to settle the sense of it from the late Roman writers and their glossers. The passage is this:

"He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom. Simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law. I' the presence,
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example."

Warburton's interpretation of the word from the Roman writers and their glossers is "Suggestio est, cum magistratus quilibet principi salubre consilium suggerit;" which, however, is not exactly Shakspeare's meaning. He had it, as Farmer truly says, from Holinshed:

"This cardinal was of great stomach, for he compted himself equal with princes, and craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie; and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and performe little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evil example."

Edit. 1587, p. 922.

Warburton was here, as frequently, too learned, and looked further than his author, who looked only to Holinshed. Nor is the word used either in dramatist or historian precisely in the Roman sense. *Suggestion* is purely a legal phrase to signify an information, somewhat of the same nature as *ex officio* informations of the present day. It appears to be as ancient as the Common Law itself; but it was so extended by the statutes of the 3d and 7th Hen. VII. as to supersede the legal and orderly jurisdiction of the King's Bench. The word is, indeed, originally derived from the gloss quoted by Warburton; but the *utile consilium*, which was *suggested* to the prince, became in practice, under the Tudors, a mere instrument to extort money. The more

obnoxious statute of Hen. VII. was repealed in the first year of Hen. VIII., and Wolsey was more cautious than his predecessors. Holinshed therefore calls his suggestion "craftie;" but all through the play, as well as in contemporary acts, will be found loud complaints of the extortions by which he amassed "innumerable treasure." As I am not writing the history of England, or the times of Henry VIII., I only refer to the ordinary authority; adding that of the legal meaning of the word *suggestion* Dr. Farmer or the commentators say nothing. Tollet talks of there being such a thing as suggestion to the king *or pope*, which would trench on treason: and Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, does not give the law explanation of the word. Whatever may have been the *seeming* knowledge of Shakspeare in Latin, it is plain that his *seeming* knowledge of English was more copious than that of those who lecture him. It was not at all necessary that he should go to Roman glossers to find the fitting use of a legal term of his own language. It occurs in many of our old authors, as in Chaucer:

> "Dampned was he to die in that prison
> For Roger, which that bishop was of Pise,
> Had on him made a false *suggestion*," &c.

In this speech of Katharine the word succeeding *suggestion* has occasioned some controversy. Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed to read, "one that by suggestion *tythed* all the kingdom;" and Dr. Farmer agrees with him, supporting the reading by a passage from Hall, in which Wolsey is represented as telling the lord-mayor and aldermen that though half their substance would be too little for his demands, yet that, upon an average, a tenth would be sufficient: "Sirs, speake not to breake the thynge that is concluded, for *some* shall not paie the *tenth* part, and *some* more." Warburton explains the word *ty'd* as a term of gaming, and signifying *equalled*. The bishop might have supported his interpretation by a passage in Hall, in which Wolsey is accused of having, by various extortions under form of law, "made his threasure egall with the kynges;" but I doubt if such was its

meaning in the time of Shakspeare. Tollet, objecting to *tythed* on the ground that as Katharine had already accused Wolsey of having extorted a *sixth* (*i.e.* almost *double-tythed* the country), she would not now, in this hostile summing up of his political career, diminish the charge—interprets *ty'd* as "limited, circumscribed, sets bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom;" which is rather strained. Shall I offer a guess? Might it not have been

> "One that by suggestion
> *Flay'd* all the kingdom"?

If anybody wishes to laugh at my conjecture, he has my consent; but I could say something in its favour nevertheless. The Roman maxim, we all know, is that a good shepherd should shear, not flay his flock; but Wolsey, being in Queen Katharine's opinion the reverse of a *bonus pastor*, preferred the latter operation. *Valeat quantum!* I certainly think there is some corruption in the received text.

V. "It is scarcely worth mentioning," says the Essay, "that two or three Latin passages, which are met with in our author, are immediately transcribed from the story or the chronicle before him." It is not worth mentioning at all, for how is a quotation to be given except in the exact words of the authority? In *Henry V.*, Farmer remarks that the maxim of Gallic law, "In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant," cited by Archbishop Chicheley in his argument, is found in Holinshed. This is a wonderful discovery; to which may be added that the whole speech, as we have it in Shakspeare, is merely a transposition of Holinshed's prose into blank verse. Nothing more was meditated. Holinshed copied Hall, making the blunder of substituting Louis the *tenth* for Louis the *ninth*, which Shakspeare of course followed. Whencesoever derived, the speech bears all the impress of being reported—I speak technically and professionally; and if it contains some historical errors, which rouse the easily excitable spleen of Ritson, we may

probably impute them not to Shakspeare, or Holinshed, or Hall, but to the Most Reverend orator himself. On the principle repeatedly laid down in the Essay, the dramatist must be convicted of ignorance, because he did not study the genealogies of "King Pepin, which deposed Childerich," and set everything right about

> "the lady Lingare,
> Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
> To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
> Of Charles the Great,"

and all the other persons pressed, without much ceremony, into his service by the Carthusian archbishop.

But if it be a cheap piece of Latinity to be able to quote this bit of Salic law, which certainly proves nothing more than that Shakspeare had read Holinshed, and could understand five or six Latin words, Dr. Farmer could not, I think, so easily account for a passage which occurs a little further on, in the speech of the Duke of Exeter: *

> "While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
> The advised head defends itself at home;
> For government, though [r. *through*] high and low and lower,
> Put into parts, doth keep in one concent,
> Congruing in a full and natural close,
> Like music."

Theobald pointed out the similarity between these lines and a passage in the second book of Cicero's *De Republica*: "Sic ex summis, et mediis, et infimis interjectis ordinibus ut sonis, moderatam ratione civitatem consensu dissimilium concinere; et quæ harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, eam esse in civitate concordiam." In Knight's edition of *Henry V.* it is justly remarked that, if Theobald had taken the whole passage as quoted by St. Augustine, the parallelism would seem closer; and it is impossible that it can be accidental. In Shakspeare's time, and for a couple of

* Ought not this learning to be transferred from the Duke to the Bishop of Ely?

centuries later, this fragment of Cicero was to be found only in a treatise of St. Augustine, supposed—justly, I think—to have been suggested by the *De Republica*. Where did Shakspeare find it then? We have no translation to help us here. Knight's commentator refers to Plato as the originator of the thought, observing that "Cicero's *De Republica* was, as far as we know, an adaptation of Plato's Republic; the sentence we have quoted is almost literally to be found in Plato; and, what is still more curious, the lines of Shakspeare are more deeply imbued with the Platonic philosophy than the passage in Cicero;" a position which he succeeds in proving. The most remarkable thing is, that Shakspeare has really caught the main argument of the treatise, and expounded it in a few lines almost as a commentator. In the *Nugæ Curialiæ* of John of Salisbury, who had evidently read this lost book, the passage does not occur; only half of it is in what was found by Mai. But in the *Nugæ Curialiæ* we have the simile of the bees, as patterns of good government, with a long extract from "Maro" (*Georg.* lib. iv. v. 149, &c.), and also the distinction between the *manus armata*,—the armed hand which is to defend kingdoms, and the prince who, as the *caput* of the state, is to hold council at home. It is altogether a puzzling piece of critical inquiry. No illiterate man, at all events, found the passage.

VI. I have, I think, noticed every point of Latin ignorance adduced by Farmer, except one:

"In the *Merchant of Venice*, the Jew, as an apology for his cruelty to Antonio, rehearses many *sympathies* and *antipathies*, for which *no reason can be rendered:*

> 'Some love not a gaping pig;
> And others, when the *bagpipe* sings i' th' nose,
> Cannot contain their urine for *affection*.'

This incident Dr. Warburton supposes to be taken from a passage in Scaliger's *Exercitations* against Cardan: 'Narrabo tibi jocosam sympathiam *Reguli Vasconis* equitis. Is, dum

viveret audito *phormingis* sono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.' 'And,' proceeds the doctor, 'to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, Shakspeare, I suppose, translated *phorminx* by *bagpipes*.'

"Here we seem fairly caught; for Scaliger's work was never, as the term goes, *done into English*. But luckily, in an old translation from the French of Peter le Loier, entitled *A treatise of Specters, or strange Sights, Visions, and Apparitions, appearing sensibly unto Men*, we have this identical story from Scaliger; and, what is still more, a marginal note gives us, in all probability, the very fact alluded to, as well as the word of Shakspeare: 'Another gentleman of this quality liued of late in Deuon, neere Excester, who could not endure the playing on a *bagpipe*."

Scaliger was much more read in the days of Elizabeth than any ordinary dipper into books in the present day may be inclined to imagine. Why did he not notice the following note by Warburton on *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 1, where Holofernes declares the fashionable pronunciation of words to be "abominable"?—

"This is abominable, &c.] He has here well imitated the language of the most redoubtable pedants of that time. On such occasions Joseph Scaliger used to break out, 'Abominor, execror. Asinitas mera est impietas,' &c.; and he calls his adversary 'Lectum stercore maceratum, demoniacum, recumentum, inscitiæ sterquilinium, stercus diaboli, scarabæum, larvam, pecus postremum, bestiarium, infame, propudium, καθαρμα—*Warburton*."

I should be very reluctant, indeed, to say that this quotation is literally correct, unless I saw it in Scaliger, among whose works it is scarcely worth while to hunt it out, well knowing the danger of quoting after the bishop when he does not give a reference; but if it be in Scaliger, as it appears in Warburton, I can only say that Dr. Farmer did not act fairly in passing it by.

So much for the Latin part of Dr. Farmer's performance. It has literally proved nothing towards his purpose. A

man, by teasing himself to death in reading Translations, Pantheons, Flores, Sententiæ, Delectus, Polymetes, Elegant Extracts, and all that miserable second-hand work, might do something towards what is to be found in Shakspeare. He might—*perhaps*—but only perhaps. Is it not a thing as easily to be believed that Shakspeare could read—

"Aliæ panduntur inanes
Ad ventos,"

soft Pagan Latin of Virgil, as easily as "Sum stentit bene in wisnand wyndis wake," &c., the wondrously hard Scoto-Saxon of Douglas; or endeavour to master the smooth verses of *Æneid* as the rugged hexameters of Stanyhurst?

The knowledge or ignorance of Shakspeare with respect to the modern languages remains to be considered. The consideration will be brief; and with that, and some reflections on dramatic composition in general, I shall, with the permission of Mr. Yorke, release my reader in the next number.

III.

I fulfil the promise of here releasing my readers from any further remarks on Dr. Farmer, and shall not trouble them with much more verbal controversy.

The concluding pages of the Doctor's Essay are devoted to Shakspeare's knowledge of the modern languages. And, first, of Italian:

"It is *evident*, we have been told, that he was not unacquainted with the Italian; but let us inquire into the *evidence*. Certainly some Italian words and phrases appear in the works of Shakspeare; yet, if we had nothing else to observe, their orthography might lead us to suspect them not to be of the author's importation. But we can go further, and prove this. When Pistol 'cheers up himself with ends of verse,' he is only a copy of Hanniball Gonsaga, who ranted on yielding himself a prisoner to an English captain in the Low Countries, as you

may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, and Fancies:*

'Si fortuna me tormenta,
Il speranza me contenta.'

And Sir Richard Hawkins, in his voyage to the South Sea, 1593, throws out the same jingling distich, on the loss of his pinnace."

A magnificent judge Dr. Farmer appears to be of Italian! I avail myself here willingly of what is said by Mr. Brown in his *Shakspeare's Autobiography*:—

"Dr. Farmer thus speaks of the Italian words introduced into his plays: 'Their orthography might lead us to suspect them to be not of the writer's importation.' Whose, then, with bad orthography? I cannot understand this suspicion; but perhaps it implies that the words, being incorrectly printed, were not originally correct. The art of printing was formerly far from being so exact as at present; but even now, I beg leave to say, I rarely meet with an Italian quotation in an English book that is correct; yet I can perceive plainly enough, from the context, the printer is alone to blame. In the same way I see that the following passage, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, bears evident marks of having been correct before it was corrupted in the printing of the first folios, and that it originally stood thus:

'*Petruchio.* Con tutto il core ben' trovato,—may I say.
Hortensio. Alla nostra casa ben' venuto, molto onorato signor mio Petruchio.'

These words show an intimate acquaintance with the mode of salutation on the meeting of two Italian gentlemen; and they are precisely such colloquial expressions as a man might well pick up in his travels through the country. My own opinion is that Shakspeare, beyond the power of reading it, which is easily acquired, had not much knowledge of Italian; though I believe it infinitely surpassed that of Steevens, or of Dr. Farmer, or of Dr. Johnson; that is, I believe that, while they pretended to pass an unerring judgment on his Italian, they themselves must have been astonishingly ignorant of the

language. Let me make good my accusation against all three. It is necessary to destroy their authority in this instance.

"Steevens gives this note in the *Taming of the Shrew*:—'*Me pardonato.* We should read, *Mi pardonate.*' Indeed, we should read no such thing as two silly errors in two common words. Shakspeare may have written *Mi perdoni*, or *Perdonatemi;* but why disturb the text further than by changing the syllable *par* into *per?* It then expresses, instead of *pardon me, me being pardoned*, and is suitable both to the sense and the metre:

'Me perdonato,—gentle master mine.'

"Dr. Farmer says: When Pistol 'cheers up himself with ends of verse,' he is only a copy of Hanniball Gonsaga, who ranted on yielding himself a prisoner to an English captain in the Low Countries, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, and Fancies:*

'Si fortuna me tormenta,
Il speranza me contenta.'

This is given as Italian, not that of the ignorant Pistol, nor of Shakspeare, but of Hanniball Gonsaga; but how comes it that Dr. Farmer did not look into the first few pages of a grammar, to teach him that the lines must have been these?—

'Se fortuna mi tormenta,
La speranza mi contenta.'

And how could he corrupt orthography (a crying sin with him) in the name of Annibale Gonzaga?

"Upon this very passage Dr. Johnson has a note, and, following the steps of Sir Thomas Hanmer, puts his foot, with uncommon profundity, in the mud. He says: 'Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta*,' which is undoubtedly the true reading; but perhaps it was intended that Pistol should corrupt it.' Perhaps it was; but 'undoubtedly' the Doctor, in his 'true reading' containing five blunders in eight words, has carried corruption too far."

If Shakspeare had all the Italian knowledge of the Della Cruscans, he could not have made Pistol quote this saying in any other way. Pistol's acquaintance with

any foreign language was of course picked up from jest-books, or from the conversation of those whose sayings contribute to fill works of the kind; but it is pleasant to find Drs. Farmer and Johnson bearing testimony to the accuracy of broken Italian, and making matters still worse than Pistol. We must admit that, as Dr. Farmer referred only to the *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, he was not bound to give the name of Hanniball Gonsaga, or the Italian distich, otherwise than as he there found them. It might have been expected from so exact a critic that he should have expressed his opinion that the Italian was not perfectly correct; and his having omitted to do so may lead to the suspicion that he knew as little about the matter as Dr. Johnson himself, who lectures Shakspeare with all the gravity, but by no means the accuracy, of Holofernes.

The second piece of Italian is almost as amusing:

"'Master Page, sit; good Master Page, sit: *proface*, what you want in meat, we'll have in drink,' says Justice Shallow's *factotum*, Davy, in the *Second Part of Henry IV. Proface* Sir Thomas Hanmer observes to be Italian, from *profaccia*,—much good may it do you. Mr. Johnson rather thinks it a mistake for *perforce*. Sir Thomas Hanmer, however, is right: yet it is no argument for his author's Italian knowledge."

Then follow three quotations from Heywood, Dekker, and Water-poet Taylor, in which the word occurs. Other English authorities are added by the commentators. So far so good: but the learned mind of Steevens misgives him. "I am still," he says, "in doubt whether there be such an Italian word as *profaccia*. Baretti has it not, and it is more probable that we received it from the French; *proface* being a colloquial abbreviation of the phrase, *Bon prou leur face; i.e.* Much good may it do them. See Cotgrave in voce *Prou*." And Malone informs us that "Sir Thomas Hanmer (as an ingenious friend observes to me) was mistaken in supposing *profaccia* a regular (*regular!*) Italian word; the proper expression being *buon pro vi faccia*, much good may

it do you! *Profaccia* is, however, I am informed, a *cant* term used by the common people in Italy, though it is not inserted in the best Italian dictionaries." The fact is that *proface*, or *prouface*, or *prounface*, is a *Norman* word, derived from the Latin *proficiat*, signifying, as Cotgrave says, though he does not give its origin, "Much good may it do you" (*i.e.* my pledging); and has no connection with Italian at all.* The most diverting part of the business is the conjectural sagacity of Johnson in reading *perforce*. Had poor Theobald done anything of the kind, or "the Oxford Editor," how sharp and biting would have been the indignation of the variorum critics! Dr. Farmer, knowing nothing of the matter, never suspected that Sir Thomas Hanmer had made a mistake as to the Italianism of *profaccia;* for his next sentence is: "But the editors are not contented without coining Italian." *Profaccia*, therefore, to Farmer was *not* a coined word. The words which *are* coined are *rivo—monarcho—baccare.*

1. "*Rivo*," says the doctor, "is an expression of the madcap Prince of Wales; which Sir Thomas Hanmer corrects to *ribi*, drink away, or *again*, as it should rather be translated. Dr. Warburton accedes to this; and Mr. Johnson hath admitted it into his text, but with an observation that *rivo* might possibly be the cant of the English taverns." Sir Thomas Hanmer had not read Marston, or many other of our older wits, or he would have found that *rivo* is what Johnson conjectured it to be. This is no great harm; but fancying that *ribi* is Italian for "drink away," or "drink again," is no remarkable proof of the Tuscan knowledge of the critic who proposed the reading, or of those who ad-

* Roqueforte: *Glossaire de la Langue Romane.* "PROUFACE, *prounface:* Souhait qui veut dire, bien vous fasse; proficiat." It is used so lately as by Paul Louis Courrier, in his translation of Lucian's *Ass:* "*Bon prou te fasse*," vol. iii. p. 47; but he was an avowed imitator of the antique style. There is no authority for it in his Greek original; and I am not sure that he uses it properly, for he employs it merely as an ironical wish for good luck, without any reference to drinking. I suppose it is now obsolete in France.

mitted it. *Rivo*, however, is *not* Italian; and it has not been traced to any European language in anything like the sense intended in the English authors. I suspect that it is only *ribaux*—rakes, ribalds. "Ho, my blades! my bullies!" *Aux ribaux!* Rivo! I do not press the conjecture, but refer for some authority to a note.*

* Ribaldi, says Ducange, were "velites, enfans perdus, milites, qui prima prœlia tentabant." Of course they were the least valued troops—thence any good-for-nothing fellows, "good enough to toss" in an army; and, as these people led profligate and dissolute lives, "usurpata deinde Ribaldorum vox pro hominibus vilissimis, abjectis, perditis, scortatoribus;" in French, *ribaux*. Ducange supplies several quotations, of which I take a couple:—

"Gulielmus *Guiart* MS.
Bruient soudoiers et ribaus,
Qui de tout perdre sont si baus.
—*Roman de la Rose.*
Mais Ribaus ont les cuers si baus,
Portant sacs de charbon en Grève,
Que la peine riens ne leur grève."

In earlier times it was not a word of reproach; and the *ribauds* in the days of Philippe Augustus were "soldats d'élite auxquels ce prince avoit grande créance en ses exploits militaires." But, as Pasquier remarks: "Peu-à-peu cette compagnie de ribauds, qui avoit tenu dedans la France lieu de primauté entre les guerriers s'abatardit, tomba en l'opprobre de tout le monde, et en je ne sais quelle engeance de putassiers." They continued to hang about the Court of France in the middle ages, which, like all other Courts of the time, was filled with a crowd of idle followers; and they were subjected to the government of an officer named *roi de ribaux*, part of whose duty was to keep the palace in eating time free of disorderly persons. It is ordered in 1317: "Item assavoir est que les huissiers de salle, si tost comme l'en aura crié, *Aux queux*, feront vuider la salle de toutes gens, fors ceus qui doivent mengier, et les doivent livrer à l'huys de la salle aux varlets de porte et les varlots de porte aux portiers; et les portiers doivent tenir la cour nette, et les livrer au roy des ribaux: et le roy des ribaux doit garder, que il n'entre plus à la porte, et cil que sera trouvé defaillans sera pugny par le maistre de l'hostel, qui servira la journée." I conjecture that when the proper officer cried "Aux queux!" [*i.e.* cooks!] the cry might be met by the gang turned out to make room for these "qui doivent mengier," with "Aux ribaux;" and thence made, by an easy lapse, *ribaux*, *rivaux*, *rivo*, as the peculiar rallying-call of drunken people. It is so used by the prince, in the very place referred to, when he shouts for Falstaff: "*Rivo!* says the drunkard—call in ribs, call in tallow."

It is sometimes joined with *Castiliano*, as in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta:*

"Hey, Rivo Castilliano, man's a man."

2. For *monarcho*, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Sir Thomas Hanmer, who was not aware that there was actually a fantastic character well known by that name in London in the days of Elizabeth, proposed to read *mammuccia*. An infelicitous conjecture at the best. And,

3. For *baccare*, in the *Taming of the Shrew* (a common English phrase of the time, whatever its exact etymology may be, and I own that I have not seen as yet anything very satisfactory), Theobald, and Warburton, and Heath propose *baccalare* as the Italian for "a graduated scholar, and thence ironically for a pretender to scholarship."

Now, neither *mammuccia* nor *baccalare* is coined. They are good Italian words, though not at all wanted in the places to which they are introduced by the conjectural critics. But why should Shakspeare be pronounced ignorant of Italian, because Sir Thomas Hanmer, unaware of the existence of a real man nicknamed Monarcho, which was excusable enough, and Warburton unread in our Elizabethan literature, which in a commentator on Shakspeare is not quite so excusable, made a couple of unhappy conjectures, proving nothing more than that they were not infallible in verbal criticism? As for *baccalare*, Nares, in his *Glossary*, remarks that "the word (*backare*) was unpropitious to critics,

And in the old comedy of *Look about You*,

"And *Rivo* will he cry, and *Castile* too."

"Castiliano" was, in all probability, a rallying-cry in the Spanish armies. [*Castilla* is three times cried at the coronation of kings in Spain:

"While trumpets rang, and heralds cried '*Castile*.'"
SCOTT'S *Don Roderick*, st. xliii.]

And as the Spaniards had the reputation of being great swaggerers, they might be fitly called on, as associates, by those who were shouting for the ribaux. Steevens quotes the lines from Marlowe and the old play, in a note on *Twelfth Night*, act i. sc. 3, where Sir Toby cries out, "What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo*—for here comes Sir Andrew Agueeheek." For *vulgo* Warburton proposes *volto;* as if recommending Maria to put on her grave, solemn looks, which is the last advice Toby would think of giving; and she does just the contrary. Perhaps it should be "Castiliano luego:" "Castilian, at once." *Vulgo* and *luego* might be easily confounded.

who would have changed it to *baccalare*, an Italian word of reproach." *Baccalare* is not very propitious to Nares himself, because it is scarcely a word of *reproach*. The Della Crusçans, in giving its second meaning, say: "Dicesi altresi d' uomo de gran reputazione, ma per lo più per ischerzo. Lat. *Vir eximius, præcellens, singularis.*" Hardly words of reproach, any more than *bone vir* in Terence, though applied by the angry master to the cheating slave. I doubt very much, indeed, that *baccalare* is ever applied, by itself, in jest (*per ischerzo*), but is used sometimes jokingly, not reproachfully, when it is accompanied by *gran*. *Gran baccalare* is one who gives himself great airs; as we sometimes call a noisy swaggerer a great hero, or a great officer, without offering any affront to the names of officer or hero. The examples in the *Della Crusca* bear out this view of its meaning. *Ex. gr.* Bocc. Nov. 15, 24:—"Vide uno, il quale per quello che comprender pote, mostrava d'essere *gran bacalare*, con una barba nera, e folta al volto." *Galat.* 28.—"Millitandosi, e dicendo di avere le maraviglie, e di essere *gran bacalari*," &c. &c.

If these be the only proofs of Shakspeare's want of Italian knowledge, never was case more meagre. They amount exactly to this, that Shakspeare uses four words quite common in his time, two of which his commentators, for whose ignorance it is not reasonable that he should answer, corrupt into Italian; and two more, which, though these gentlemen think differently, are not Italian at all, or intended as such; and that, elsewhere, he makes a buffoon character quote a couple of ungrammatical jingles from a jest book, which his critics by mending make more corrupt. A noble style of argument! particularly in the case of an author who elsewhere employs Italian words and quotations with perfect propriety and correctness.

Dr. Farmer supposes the *Taming of the Shrew* not to be "originally the work of Shakspeare, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker, and some other occasional improvements," &c. The reasons he

gives for this opinion are not over-sagacious; and our increased knowledge of dramatic history and bibliography has left them no value whatever. If the play be Shakspeare's at all, Dr. Farmer is sure that it is one of his earliest productions: in which he is supported by Malone (*Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, No. 6); who admits, however, that he had formerly been of a different opinion, which I think he was very wrong in altering. But as I have noticed the play, not with any intention of descanting on its intrinsic merits (though sadly urged thereto by Bishop Hurd's most absurd and somewhat offensive observations on the Induction, contained in his pedantic and ridiculous commentary on the Epistle to Augustus), but of pointing out a very different theory respecting the date and origin of the play, I shall not enter upon the question of its poetical or dramatic value. It is contended that it was one of the latter plays, and written after a journey to Italy.

"I proceed," says Mr. Brown, "to show he was in Italy from the internal evidence of his works; and I begin with his *Taming of the Shrew*, where the evidence is the strongest. This comedy was entirely rewritten from an older one by an unknown hand, with some, but not many, additions to the fable. It should first be observed that in the older comedy, which we possess, the scene is laid in and near Athens, and that Shakspeare removed it to Padua and its neighbourhood; an unnecessary change if he knew no more of one country than of the other. The *dramatis personæ* next attract our attention. Baptista is no longer erroneously the name of a woman, as in *Hamlet*, but of a man. All the other names, except one, are pure Italian, though most of them are adapted to the English ear. Biondello, the name of a boy, seems chosen with a knowledge of the language,—as it signifies a little fair-haired fellow. Even the shrew has the Italian termination to her name, Katharina. The exception is Curtis, Petruchio's servant, seemingly the housekeeper at his villa; which, as it is an insignificant part, may have been the name of the player; but, more probably, it is a corruption of Cortese.

"Act i. scene i. *A public place.* For an open place, or a square in a city, this is not a home-bred expression. It may

be accidental; yet it is a literal translation of *una piazza publica*, exactly what was meant for the scene.

"The opening of the comedy, which speaks of Lombardy and the university of Padua, might have been written by a native Italian.

> 'Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
> To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
> I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
> The pleasant garden of great Italy.
> . . . . .
> Here let us breathe, and happily institute
> A course of learning, and ingenious studies.'

"The very next line I found myself involuntarily repeating, at the sight of the grave countenances within the walls of Pisa :—

> 'Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.'*

They are altogether a grave people in their demeanour, their history, and their literature such as it is. I never met with the anomaly of a merry Pisan. Curiously enough, this line is repeated, word for word, in the fourth act. Lucentio says, his father came 'of the Bentivolii.' This is an old Italian plural. A mere Englishman would write 'of the Bentivolios.' Besides, there was, and is, a branch of the Bentivolii in Florence, where Lucentio says he was brought up. But these indications, just at the commencement of the play, are not of great force. We now come to something more important; a remarkable proof of his having been aware of the law of the country in respect to the betrothment of Katharina and Petruchio, of which there is not a vestige in the older play. The father gives her hand to him, both parties consenting before two witnesses, who declare themselves such to the act. Such a ceremony is as indissoluble as that of marriage, unless both parties should consent to annul

* It could hardly be expected that, while I write, a confirmatory commentary, and from the strangest quarter, should turn up on these words; but so it is. A quarrel lately occurred in Youghal, arising from a dispute about precedency between two ladies at a ball; and one of the witnesses, a travelled gentleman, in his cross-examination, gives the following opinion of Pisa: "I did not see —— in the room that night; he is now in Pisa, which I don't think a pleasanter place than a court of justice: I think it a d——d sickening place. It is much too holy for me." This was deposed to so lately as the 10th of October 1839.—W. M.

it. The betrothment takes place in due form, exactly as in many of Goldoni's comedies :

> '*Baptisa.* . . Give me your hands ;
> God send you joy, Petruchio ! 'tis a match.
> *Gremio and Tranio.* Amen ! say we ; we will be witnesses.'

Instantly Petruchio addresses them as 'father and wife ;' because, from that moment, he possesses the legal power of a husband over her, saving that of taking her to his own house. Unless the betrothment is understood in this light, we cannot account for the father's so tamely yielding afterwards to Petruchio's whim of going in his 'mad attire' with her to the church. Authority is no longer with the father ; in vain he hopes and requests the bridegroom will change his clothes ; Petruchio is peremptory in his lordly will and pleasure, which he could not possibly be without the previous Italian betrothment.

"Padua lies between Verona and Venice, at a suitable distance from both, for the conduct of the comedy. Petruchio, after being securely betrothed, sets off for Venice, the very place for finery, to buy 'rings and things, and fine array' for the wedding ; and, when married, he takes her to his country-house in the direction of Verona, of which city he is a native. All this is complete, and in marked opposition to the worse than mistakes in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which was written when he knew nothing whatever of the country.

"The rich old Gremio, when questioned respecting the dower he can assure to Bianca, boasts, as a primary consideration, of his richly furnished house :—

> 'First, as you know, my house within the city
> Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;
> Basins and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;
> My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry :
> In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns,
> In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
> Costly apparel, tents, and canopies ;
> Fine linen, Turkey cushions 'boss'd with pearl,
> Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
> Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
> To house, or housekeeping.'

"Lady Morgan, in her *Italy*, says (and my observation corroborates her account) : There is not an article here described that I have not found in some one or other of the palaces of

Florence, Venice, and Genoa—the mercantile republics of Italy—even to the 'Turkey cushions 'boss'd with pearl.' She then adds: 'This is the knowledge of genius, acquired by the rapid perception and intuitive appreciation,' &c., never once suspecting that Shakspeare had been an eye-witness of such furniture. For my part, unable to comprehend the intuitive knowledge of genius, in opposition to her ladyship's opinion I beg leave to quote Dr. Johnson:—'Shakspeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned. With this text as our guide it behoves us to point out how he could obtain such an intimate knowledge of facts, without having been, like Lady Morgan, an eye-witness to them.'

"In addition to these instances, the whole comedy bears an Italian character, and seems written as if the author had said to his friends, 'Now I will give you a comedy built on Italian manners, neat as I myself have imported.' Indeed, did I not know its archetype with the scene in Athens, I might suspect it to be an adaptation of some unknown Italian play, retaining rather too many local allusions for the English stage.

"Some may argue that it was possible for him to learn all this from books of travels now lost, or in conversation with travellers; but my faith recoils from so bare a possibility when the belief that he saw what he described is, in every point of view, without difficulty, and probable. Books and conversation may do much for an author; but should he descend to particular descriptions, or venture to speak of manners and customs intimately, is it possible he should not once fall into error with no better instruction? An objection has been made, imputing an error in Grumio's question, are the '*rushes strewed?*' But the custom of strewing rushes in England belonged also to Italy; this may be seen in old authors, and their very word, *giuncare*, now out of use, is a proof of it. English Christian names, incidentally introduced, are but translations of the same Italian names, as Catarina is called Katharina and Kate; and, if they were not, comedy may well be allowed to take a liberty of that nature."

This, certainly, is ingenious, as also are the arguments drawn by Mr. Brown from *Othello* and the *Merchant of Venice;* and I understand that a later lady-traveller in Italy than Lady Morgan coincides in the same view of the case;

and she is a lady who ought to know "How to Observe." At all events, there is nothing improbable that Shakspeare, or any other person of cultivated mind or easy fortune—and he was both—should have visited the famed and fashionable land of Italy. There was much more energy and action among the literary men—among men in general, indeed—of the days of Elizabeth than of the last century; when making "the grand tour," as they called it, was considered an undertaking to be ventured on only by a great lord or squire, who looked upon it as a formal matter of his life. The sparks, and wits, and critics, and moralists, and dramatists, and so forth, in the time of the first Georges, Cockneyised in London or confined themselves to the universities. One set did not look beyond the coffee-houses, taverns, inns of court, public-houses, and play-houses of the metropolis; the views of the others were in general confined to the easier shelves of the library, or the wit and tobacco of the common room. Going abroad required an effort beyond ordinary calculation or ordinary ambition. To get as far as Paris was an event demanding much thought and preparation beforehand, and entitling him who performed it to much wonderment ever after. Italy was quite out of their line; and those who travelled to a region so remote had marvels to tell for ever. Professed, or rather professional, tours were made there, resulting in collections of letters crammed with accounts of bad dinners, detestable roads, diabolical inns, and black-whiskered banditti; or ponderous works commonplacing about admirable antiques, astonishing architecture, supereminent paintings, divine scenery, and celestial climates. The buoyant spirit of the friends of Raleigh, Sidney, and Essex was gone. No war, no taking of service, nothing calling on the notice of "a man of action," led to the Continent in the sodden days which followed the peace of Utrecht, and preceded the outburst of the French Revolution; and the means and appliances by which a trip to Constantinople is nowadays as little regarded, and as lightly provided for, as a trip to Calais in

the days of our grandsires were not in being. The nation was asleep in the middle of the last century, and its literature snored in the general slumber. "In great Eliza's golden time" it was not only awake, but vigorous in the rude strength of manly activity. The spirit of sea-adventure was not dead while Drake and his brother "shepherds of the ocean" lived; and an enthusiastic mind of that period would think far less and make far less talk about a voyage to the Spanish Main than Johnson did, near a couple of centuries afterwards, of jolting to the North of Scotland. The activity of Shakspeare or his contemporaries is not to be judged of by the sloth of their successors "upon town," or "in the literary world." It is to me evident that Shakspeare had been at sea, from his vivid description of maritime phenomena and his knowledge of the management of a vessel, whether in calm or storm. The very first note of Dr. Johnson brings him and his author into a contrast not very favourable to the commentator. On the opening of the *Tempest* we are told: "In this naval dialogue, perhaps the first example of sailors' language upon the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders."

If to stumble on the threshold be unlucky, this is a most unlucky opening. In the first place, an acquaintance with Shakspeare himself ought to have made the Doctor know that in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, generally attributed to him (I have no doubt that he wrote, or rewrote, every line of it), produced some fifteen or sixteen years before the *Tempest*, there was a scene of sea language; and, in the next place, Constantine, second Lord Mulgrave, an experienced sailor (he was the Captain Phipps who sailed towards the North Pole, and a captain in the navy at the age of twenty-one—no jobbing, of course), proves by a practical and scientific analysis of the boatswain's orders, not only that each was the very best that could be given in the impending danger, but that all were issued in the exact order in which they were required. This Constantine, Lord Mulgrave, was

uncle of the present Marquess of Normanby; so that, on the principle of family merit, even the Tories ought to abate their wrath somewhat against the ex-lord-lieutenant, on the ground of his connection with one who, beside having been at sea Nelson's earliest captain, may boast of contributing to save the national favourite of old England,

> "Whose flag has braved a thousand years
> The battle and the breeze,"

from the reputation of being no better than a landlubber. Lord Mulgrave's note, which is a very clever one, will be found in Boswell's *Shakspeare*, vol. xv. pp. 184–6, at the end of the *Tempest*. His lordship says that perhaps Shakspeare might have picked up his nautical knowledge from conversation; but, though his lordship tells that to the marines, as a sailor he does not believe it. It is, indeed, *possible* that he might; it is highly *probable* that he obtained it from actual observation. If we are disinclined (why we should be so I cannot tell) to grant that he travelled in foreign countries, is it too much to suppose that he might have made a voyage to Cork, on a visit to his friend Spenser, dwelling beneath

> "Old Father Mole—Mole hight that mountain gray,
> That walls the north side of Armulla's vale"?

From Italian, thus triumphantly disposed of, we are called upon to consider Shakspeare's Spanish. This item is short. Dr. Grey is willing to suppose that the plot of *Romeo and Juliet* may be borrowed from a COMEDY of Lopes de Vega; and, "In the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, the Tinker attempts to talk Spanish; and, *consequently* [the italics are Farmer's], the author himself was acquainted with it. *Paucas pallabris;* let the world slide: *Sessa!*" As *pocas palabras* was an ordinary cant expression of the time, and used in several plays, those who imagined that Shakspeare's knowledge of Spanish was a necessary consequence of his using those two words must not be considered as very sage personages. I know not who they

were: but I know when it is assumed as a proof of ignorance of Spanish that Shakspeare quoted two words of it in jest, which had been quoted elsewhere before, the logic is strange; nor, when I learn that Dr. Grey is mistaken in imagining that *Romeo and Juliet* was derived from 'a COMEDY [so marked, I cannot tell why] of Lope*s* de Vega,' [so spelt, I well know why; because, Farmer's reading having been only casually Spanish, he did not know or think there was any need of taking the trouble to inquire what was the real name of the dramatist,] am I inclined to believe that, because Shakspeare did not find an Italian story in a Spanish author, he could not have read Spanish. He knew as much of it, at all events, as his critics. I copy the following from Archdeacon Nares's *Glossary*, a work of considerable pretence, and very disproportionate information. He is commenting on the phrase *miching malicho* in *Hamlet:* "It seems agreed that this word is corrupted from the Spanish *malhecor*, which signifies a poisoner. By miching malicho he means a skulking poisoner; or it may mean mischief from *malheco*, evil action, which seems to me more probable; consequently, if *mincing malicho* be the right reading, its signification may be delicate mischief.' Now the words are, not *malheco* and *malhecor*, but *malhecho* and *malhechor*, *i.e.*, *malefactum* and *malefactor*, from which they are derived, and meaning no more than *ill-deed* and *ill-doer*, having nothing peculiar to connect them with poisoning or poisoner. That the next is corrupt, I am sure; and I think Dr. Farmer's substitution of *mimicking Malbecco* a most unlucky attempt at emendation. In the old copies it is *munching malicho*, in which we find the traces of the true reading—*mucho malhecho*, much mischief.

"'Marry *Muchô Malhêcho*—it means mischief.'"

On this passage Malone observes: "Where our poet met with the word *mallecho*, which in Minsheu's *Spanish Dictionary* is defined *malefactum*, I am unable to explain;" which is to be deplored. Might not Malone, without any

great stretch of critical sagacity, have suspected that he met it while reading *Spanish?*

Remains but French. Of this, too, Shakspeare is ignorant, as of all things else; and yet "In the play of *Henry V.* we have a whole scene in it, and in many other places it occurs familiarly in the dialogue." This is true, and one might think that it was tolerably sufficient to establish the fact that the writer of the dialogue knew the language. *Farmero aliter visum.* "We may observe, in general, that the early editions have not half the quantity, and every sentence. or rather every word, most ridiculously blundered. Those, for several reasons, could not be possibly published by the author; and it is extremely probable that the French ribaldry was at first inserted by a different hand, as the many additions most certainly were after he had left the stage. Indeed, every friend to his memory will not easily believe that he was acquainted with the scene between Catharine and the old gentlewoman, or surely he would not have admitted such obscenity and nonsense."

I am sorry for the introduction of this scene, but on a different ground. The obscenity, few as the lines are in which it occurs, and trifling if compared with what we find in contemporary French writers,—and not at all polluting, as it turns merely on an indelicate mispronunciation of a couple of English words,—is in all probability interpolated. It is precisely such *gag* as actors would catch at; and we must recollect that Catharine and Alice were originally personated, not by women, but by boys. Yet I am sorry that it appears there, because it has always tended to give those foreigners who know French and do not know English—a circumstance once almost universal among critical readers out of England, and, though the balance is fast altering, still anything but uncommon in many parts of Europe—a false idea of the general contents of Shakspeare's plays. The French critics of the *goût* school, anxious to cry down the English dramatist, made the most of this scene: and represented to the ignorant all his plays as being of a similar

character. This is to be regretted; but in this case, as in all others, truth lives out at last. The scene is no specimen at all of Shakspeare's genius, and a poor one of his wit. It is, however, a proof that he knew French. But "it is to be hoped that he did not understand it." Then it must be supposed by the hoper than he was a fool. Who can believe that he inserted, without being acquainted with what it meant, a scene in a play of which, as I shall soon have an opportunity of remarking more at large, he took uncommon care? As for the misprinting, there is not a line of any foreign language which is not barbarously blundered in the quartos and folios; and, as Dr. Farmer well knew, no argument could be founded upon any such circumstance.

We have next, however, a very acute remark, for which we are indebted to the worthy Sir John Hawkins:—

"Mr. Hawkins, in the appendix to Mr. Johnson's edition, hath an ingenious observation to prove that Shakspeare, supposing the French to be his, had very little knowledge of the language. 'Est il possible d'exchapper la force de ton *bras?*" says a Frenchman. 'Brass, cur!' replies Pistol. Almost every one knows that the French word *bras* is pronounced *brau;* and what resemblance does this bear to *brass?* Dr. Johnson makes a doubt whether the pronunciation of the French language may not be changed since Shakspeare's time; if not, says he, it may be suspected that some other man wrote the French scenes. But this does not appear to be the case, at least in this termination, from the rules of the grammarians, or the practice of the poets. I am certain of the former from the French *Alphabeth* of De la Mothe, and the *Orthoepia Gallica* of John Eliot; and of the latter from the rhymes of Marot, Ronsard, and Du Bartas, &c."

The logic of this is at least entertaining. The scene is *not* Shakspeare's because he could not write French, and yet the mispronunciation of the word *bras* proves that it was written by one who had very little knowledge of the language. Which horn of this dilemma are we to be caught

upon? Here is a clever, idiomatic, burlesque scene in French, and in (what is as difficult to write consistently) an English *patois* of French, damaged, as Hawkins, Johnson, and Farmer think, by the mispronunciation of one word. Why, it does not require much consideration to perceive that whoever wrote the scene, even if the mispronunciation were of the utmost importance, knew French intimately well. Whether the word is *brass* or *braw*, no external reason whatever existing for our believing it not to proceed from the pen of Shakspeare, to Shakspeare it must be attributed. There is a great quantity of French in this play, so introduced—in the speeches of the Dauphin and his companions, for example—as not to be separable from the rest of the dialogue; and the very scene, blemished in the ears of these exact critics, is, with an admirable dramatic artifice, introduced into the place where it occurs for a reason which will take a little time to explain.

The battle of Agincourt was the last of the great *feudal* battles. Firearms were then speedily altering the whole face of tactical warfare; and that species of prowess which was so highly esteemed in the Middle Ages gradually became, long before Shakspeare's time, of less moment in actual combat. The knights sorely felt the change—perhaps the greatest made by physical means in the progress of society until the late applications of steam; and many a gentleman participated in the indignation expressed by the dainty courtier against villainous saltpetre. With this display of personal valour the poetic interest of battles in a great measure departed. A modern battle has often sublime, but seldom picturesque, features. Chance too much predominates over the fate of individuals to render victory or defeat in any visible degree dependent upon the greatest bravery, or the meanest cowardice, of any single person engaged; and the romantic or chivalrous bard cannot deal with masses. When Burke said that the age of chivalry was gone, because ten thousand swords did not leap out of their scabbards to fight in the cause of Marie

Antoinette, the orator might have reflected—if orators ever reflect upon anything but the harmony of trope and figure—that the days of chivalry had departed long before,—from the moment, in fact, that these ten thousand swords had become but secondary instruments in war. Milton is not the only poet (Ariosto, Spenser, and others, were beforehand with him) who assigns the invention of gunpowder to the Devil. It would be rather out of place to prove that, unless his Satanic majesty has an interest in rendering battles less sanguinary, he has no claim to the honour; but the knights were interested in crying out against an invention which deprived them, safe in the panoply of plate and mail, of the power of winning fame at the cheap rate of slaughtering imperfectly armed, or altogether unarmed, peasants and burghers; and the poets had to complain of the loss of the picturesque features of the fight, in which at present "nought distinct they see." Agincourt had no successor in the history of the world; for never again came such a host of axe-and-spear-brandishing princes, and dukes, and lords into personal conflict; nor could any other field boast of such a royal fellowship of death.* It was also the last great victory in Shakspeare's time that the English had won over the French. The war in France in Henry the Sixth's reign was little more than a guerilla tumult in which the invaders, despite of "Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance, your deeds of war," and all the other topics invoked by Duke Humphrey in declaring his grief; and of the many acts of individual bravery and energy of Talbot and others, were sure to be at last defeated in campaigns against a people gradually forgetting their domestic animosities to unite against foreign ravage. The wars of the Roses drew us from France to wield the lamentable arms of civil contest; and when at last "the flowers were blended in love

* The list fills more than three pages of Monstrelet, fol. 230, 231. Ed. 1595. The very title of the chapter (cxlviii.) marks the sad feeling of the historian: "Comment plusieurs princes, et autres notables seigneurs de diuers pays, furent morts *à ceste piteuse besongne.*"

and sisterly delight," the system which called forth such invasions as that of Henry V., and gave colour to such claims as those adduced to render "France his true inheritance," was gone. Our present political arrangements, which are essentially anti-chivalric, had commenced their operations. The sixteenth century found us engaged in religious dissensions; and the eye, anxious to look upon the brightest spot of our military glory, had nowhere to rest upon but Agincourt. That field therefore, dear at once to the poet of chivalry and of England, is throughout this play of *Henry V.* treated with peculiar honour and respect. Shakspeare apologises for the scantiness of his theatrical means to represent so glorious a battle:

> "And so our scene must to the battle fly,
> Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace,
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt."

This is one of the strongest touches of national feeling in all the plays.* In *Julius Cæsar* he had made no such

* Schlegel remarks that in this play only has he introduced an Irishman and Scotchman speaking their *patois* of English. As it also contains the Welshman, Fluellen, representatives from the three kingdoms and the principality are present at Agincourt. The industry of Malone, followed by Boswell, has rescued a few Irish words from a corruption which sadly puzzled and embroiled former critics. The *qualitie calmie custure me* of the old copy of *Henry V.* act iv. sc. 4, was conjectured by Malone to be no more than a burden of a song, "When as I view your comely grace,"—*Calen o custure me*, &c. And Boswell finds this to be in reality an old Irish song, preserved in Playford's *Musical Companion*, where it appears as *Callino castore me.* It is not very hard for an Irish reader to disentangle from this *Colleen* (or, more Celtically, *cailin*) *og*, *astore me*,—"Pretty girl, my darling for ever." It was, perhaps, all the Irish that Shakspeare had, having learned it, as we may have supposed Pistol would have done, from hearing it sung as a refrain. The words have no application to what the poor Frenchman says; but, as he concludes by *cal*-ite, Pistol retorts by a somewhat similar word and as unintelligible, *cal*-eno. On account of this general nationality of the play I am inclined to think, in spite of Horne Tooke's somewhat angry assertion when claiming *imp* as Saxon, that "our language has absolutely nothing from the Welsh" (*Div. Purl.* vol. ii. p. 34, 4to), that when Henry V. is twice called "an *impe* of fame," the

apology for the raggedness of the foils, or the ridiculous brawl that represented Philippi, which crushed for ever the once resistless oligarchy of Rome; or in *Antony and Cleopatra*, for the like poverty in the representation of Actium, that gave the sovereignty of the Roman world, of which France was then no more than a conquered province, and into which England was soon about to be incorporated by the sword, to Augustus. Far more famous in Shakspeare's eyes was Agincourt; though, unlike those great Roman battles, it left scarcely any consequences of lasting importance behind; and at the close of the century and a half which elasped between its being fought and the birth of the dramatist who approaches it with so much reverence, it was, for all practical purposes, as much forgotten as the battles of Richard Cœur de Lion in the Holy Land. English feelings did not so argue; and their great expounder only spoke in more eloquent and swelling language the thoughts of all his countrymen, when he made Henry predict that the names of Harry the king and his noble companions would be for ever the theme of gratulation.

> "And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
> From this day to the ending of the world,
> But we in it shall be remembered,"*

Welsh origin, justly or not assigned to the word, might not have been unknown or forgotten. The Welsh blood of Henry is continually insisted upon.

* Johnson has a very strange note on these lines: "It may be observed that we are apt to promise ourselves a more lasting memory than the change of human things admits. *This prediction is not verified.* The feast of Crispin passes by without any mention of Agincourt." How curiously Dr. Johnson has proved, by writing this very note, that he well knew that there was not the slightest chance of his forgetting that Agincourt was fought upon St. Crispin's Day! It is in all probability the only battle of which he could, without reference to books, have given the precise date. Blenheim, Ramilies, Malplaquet, Oudenarde, were fought about the period of his own birth; and yet we may be tolerably certain that he could not upon an instant have told the days on which they occurred,—perfectly sure that he could not assign the saints to whom those days were dedicated. If the Doctor, in place of this bit of cheap moralising, had reflected as a critic

Such, certainly, was the case in Shakspeare's time; and if the lapse of a couple of centuries has thrown its renown into the shade, it is because fields of fame and spheres of action which he could not have anticipated fill our recollections, and so occupy our thoughts (to say nothing of altered views of the causes and objects of war) as to make us think less of a feudal battle, which has nothing but the undaunted courage with which such tremendous odds were met [and that certainly is deserving of the admiration of all to whom bravery is dear] to recommend it to our memories; on which, however, it is indelibly stamped only by Shakspeare.

But, with *his* feelings respecting Agincourt, what could he do with the battle? He was ashamed of representing in actual *mêlée* King Henry V., Bedford, Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, by the ragged foils and beggarly appurtenances which he could command. *He therefore left them out altogether;* and to fill up the battle he supplies this scene, in which the buffoon braggart Pistol

on the prediction which called forth his comment, he would have seen that Shakspeare, in promising immortal remembrance of the day on which Agincourt was fought, gave the immortality by the very words of promise. The dates of other fields, thought the poet, may be forgotten; but, as long as the English language lasts, *I* shall take care, by means of this speech, that by all who know the English tongue, by all men,—wherever English literature can penetrate—and that will be all over the world,—the names of those who commanded at Agincourt, the day on which *that* battle was fought, and the saints to whom it was dedicated, shall be freshly remembered; and he has kept his word. He has *not* "promised himself a more lasting memory" than he contemplated. Homer has shown us the same confidence of immortality. See *Il.* IX. 431, where Achilles says that it was predicted, if he warred against Troy, he should never return to his native land, but his glory would be ever imperishable. "Notandum hic," says Clarke, "quam singulari quamque modesto poeta artificio gloriam dicat Achillis *suo* factam poemate sempiternam. Non, *exegi* dixit *monumentum;* non *jamque opus exegi;* nusquam sui meminit omninò; nusquam *suorum operum;* nusquam *patriæ;* nusquam, ne *partium* quidem *suarum;* ut adeo Europæusne fuerit ipse, an Asiaticus, plane non constet. Sed *Achillis* nomen atque famam immortalitati tradidit." This note would be applicable in almost all parts to Shakspeare. Clarke, it will be allowed, was a more perspicacious critic, and better understood the meaning and intention of his author than Johnson.

is made to occupy the audience, and to tickle their national vanity by capturing and bullying a French gentleman. The French translator, Le Tourneur (whose version, take it all in all, is highly creditable; and which, for not only the difficulty of the task of translating such plays, but the absolute odium their translator risked in undertaking to praise and set off an author denounced by the dominant school of *goût* as something so offensive as to render it a shame and disgrace even to quote his name in France, ought to have saved him from the dull buffoonery of Steevens), omits the scene, as unworthy of Shakspeare, from the text, and degrades it into a note. I can well appreciate the feeling; but if he reasoned not as a Frenchman, but as a dramatic critic, he would have seen that the only method Shakspeare possessed of escaping the difficulty of caricaturing Agincourt *against his will*, by turning it, in consequence of his want of means, into a ridiculous brawl, was to seize upon that part of it which might be treated as *avowed* drollery and burlesque. And this scene, so justly and so skilfully introduced, Dr. Farmer wishes us to attribute to some other hand than that of him who so carefully considered, planned, and arranged the play. And why? Because *bras* is pronounced *brass*—not *brau!* Lofty criticism!

> "The critic eye—that microscope of wit,
> Sees hairs, and pores, examines bit by bit;
> *How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,*—
> The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
> Are things which Burman, Kuster, Wasse, shall see
> When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea."

The satire upon Burman, Kuster, and Wasse, in those lines from the *Dunciad*, is unjust; because these learned men pretended to nothing beyond that which they learnedly performed,—the grammatical or scholastical explication of the text and language of their authors, over whom they never presumed to take airs of superior information. As they made no boast of coming to the rescue of the old

bards on whom they commented, or looked beyond the limits they had assigned to themselves, the sneer on the extent of their vision is unjust and inapplicable; but this finding out that *bras* should be *brau*, while the relation of parts to parts, and they to the whole, in this scene of Pistol, introduced as it is in *Henry V.*, is a most satisfactory proof of the flea-like glance of Farmer. He hints (it is hard to catch anything like a positive assertion in the Essay) that the French scene had appeared before in some other play on the same subject,—quoting from Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse, his Supplication to the Devil:* "What a glorious thing it is to have *Henry the Fifth* represented on the stage leading the *French king* prisoner, and forcing both him and the *Dolphin* to swear fealty." In the first place, "the French scene," if it be intended by that phrase to mean the scene written in French, had never appeared on the stage before; and, secondly, Shakspeare, by substituting Pistol's exploits for those of the king, escaped the ridicule directed against the elder plays, or mummeries, produced upon this popular subject, and made a jest of by Nash.

As for the pronunciation of *bras*, we are gravely told by Sir William Rawlinson that almost everybody knows that it is pronounced *brau;* and so Farmer's authorities and the commentators in general inform us. Pasquier in his letters laughs at the Scotch who by an *escorche*, or *Escoce*, turn madame into moudam.* What would he have thought of the rule which rhymes *bras* with *law*, *paw*, *jaw*, *daw*, *draw*, &c.? Davenant, quoted by Steevens in the notes, has made it do so; and Pope, we know, has some of the same kind in his "Town and Country Mouse:"

> "—— lays down the *law*
> Que ça est bon—ah! goutez *ça*" [saw].

So have many others; but, to borrow Johnson's words and

* "Comme nous voyons l'Escossois voulant representer nostre langue par un escorche, ou pour mieux dire par un Escoce François, pour Madame, dire Moudam."—*Recherches de la France*, p. 755. He did not forget Pantagruel and the Limosin.

argument on the passage in Shakspeare which we are now discussing, "if the pronunciation of the French language be not changed since [Pope's] time, which is not unlikely, it may be suspected that some other man wrote the [above distich.]" *Bras* rhymes *now* with the first syllable of *fa*-ther. The question, however, is, Was the final *s* of such words sounded in Shakspeare's time? In correct or fashionable French it unquestionably was not, unless before a vowel, but just at that time a revolution was going forward among the French with respect to the sounding of *s*. Pasquier tells us that in his youth (he died in 1615, aged 87) it was pronounced in honneste, and a little before in such words as *eschole*, &c., as now it is in *espèce*. Robert Stephens, in his grammar, says that "*utplurimum omittitur*" in words of the kind; and Theodore Beza notes the variation of its sound in different places, as Bowle observes, in the *Archæologia*, vol. vi. pp. 76–8. Pasquier, who has a long letter on the subject, thinks it probable that it was originally sounded in such words as corps, temps, aspre,—derived from corpus, tempus, asper. It really is a question hardly worth debating. That to *our* ears it was once sounded is plain, from the O yes retained by our criers; from our pronunciation of Paris, Calais, which we once held as masters, and other cities, Brusselles, Marseilles; of the names of Louis, Charles, &c. In my own memory, Bordeaux was generally pronounced Búrducks: in a passage quoted further on, from Laneham's letter from Killingworth, it seems in the days of Elizabeth to have been called Burdeaus. And, at all events, if it be of such moment, cannot the most precise purist be satisfied by reading,—"Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras—ah!" or "bras, sieur?" I must remark that the French translator does not express the same doubt of the propriety of the pronunciation as the English critics. Le Tourneur merely says: "Bras est pris par Pistol pour le mot Anglois brass, du cuivre." His ears, it appears, are less sensitive than those of Hawkins or Farmer.

Pasquier might have afforded a hint to Malone that when he said "the word *moy*" (in this same scene of *Henry V.*) "proves, in my apprehension decisively, that Shakspeare, or whoever furnished him with his French (if, indeed, he was assisted by any one), was unacquainted with the true pronunciation of the language," he was talking without full knowledge of the subject. He objects to *moy* being made a rhyme to *destroy*. Now, we find in a letter addressed by Pasquier to Ramus, on the occasion of the latter's French grammar, the following remarks:—"Le courtisan aux mots douillets nous couchera de ces paroles: *Reyne, allét, tenét, venét, menét* . . . . . Ni vous ni moy (je m'asseure) ne prononcerons, et moins encores escrirons ces mots de *reyne*, &c.; ains demeurerons en nos anciens qui sont forts, *royne, alloit, venoit, tenoit, menoit*."—P. 57, vol. ii. *Œuvres.* Ed. Amst. 1723. Again, in the same letter, of which he gives as the analysis, "Sçavoir si l'orthographe Françoise se doit accorder avec le parler," after stating that *oy* is a diphthong, "qui est née avec nous, ou qui par une possession immémoriale s'y est tournée en nature," he complains that Ramus has directed *moy, toy, soy*, &c., as if they were written *moé, toé, soé*, &c.: "Car de ces mots moy, toy, soy, nos anciens firent moyen, toyen, soyen, moye, toye, soye. Comme nous voyons dans le *Roman de la Rose*, et autres vieux livres, que nous avons depuis eschangez en *Mien, tien*," &c. The fact is that printing was then beginning to reduce in every country its national language to a common standard of pronunciation. Holofernes, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, complains of the rackers of orthography, who speak *dout*, fine, when they should say dou*b*t, det for de*b*t, ca*u*f for calf (these are the men who pronounce *bras*, braw), &c. Pasquier is equally indignant against those who call *royne, réyne*, or *alloit, allét*. The *courtisans aux mots douillets*, of whom he elsewhere complains more at length (p. 46), as having, in consequence of being nursed in *mollesse*, transferred "la pureté de nostre langue en une grammaire tout effeminée," might have laid it down as a canon that *bras* and *moi* should

be pronounced as we now have them. We may be sure there was some *patois* in Shakspeare's time to justify the pronunciation he adopted, and the neglect of which might once have been lamented by those who, like Pasquier, remembered with regret the old mode of talking; as the Scotch judge, who, in Lockhart's *Mathew Wald*, attributes the decadence of Scotland to the corruption of the tongue, which compelled people to call a *flay* a *flee*.* It is quite consistent with usual practice, in the midst of this learned exposition of Shakspeare's ignorance, to find Johnson informing us that a *moy* is a piece of money, whence moi d'or, or moi of gold. The doctor would find it hard to discover the mint from which *moys* were issued. *Moidore* is Portuguese; *moeda* [*i.e.*, moneta] *de ouro*. It is, indeed, far easier to discover ignorance in the variorum notes than in the text of Shakspeare.†

I have but two more instances with which to weary my readers; and of these shall take Farmer's last proof—his "irrefragable argument"—first:—

"But, to come to a conclusion, I will give an irrefragable argument that Shakspeare did *not* understand two very common words in the French and Latin languages. According to the

* "They might hae gaen on lang eneugh for me, if they had been content wi' their auld improvements o' ca'ing a flae, a flee; and a puinding, a pounding: but now, tapsal-teerie's the word."—P. 257.

† On the subject of coins I may remark that, in *Timon of Athens*, act iii. sc. 1, Lucullus, wishing to bribe Timon's servant, Flaminius, says to him: "Here's three *solidares* for thee." On which Steevens says: "I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet." Nares thinks otherwise; but, being one of the most unlucky of conjectural critics, has nothing better to propose than *solidate*, from *solidata*, which is no coin at all, but a day's pay for a soldier. I have proposed, elsewhere, *saludore*, *i.e. salut d'or*, adopted into the English in the same form as *moidore*. Salutes, so called because they were stamped with a figure of the angelic salutation, were coined by Henry V. immediately after the treaty of Troyes. See Ruding's *Annals of the Coinage*, vol. ii. p. 308. Du Cange has the word: "SALUS ET SALUT. Nummus aureus, in Francia ab Henrico V., Rege Angliæ cusus," &c. In Rymer's *Chart.*, an. 1430, we have "pro summa quinqueginta millium salutiorum auri," &c. In Rabelais, liv. v. c. 54, "Neuf cens quatorze *saluz d'or*" are given as marriage portions to the girls who waited at table.

articles of agreement between the conqueror Henry and the King of France, the latter was to style the former (in the corrected French of the former editions), 'Nostre très cher filz Henry, roy d'Angleterre;' and in Latin, 'Præclarissimus filius, &c. 'What,' says Dr Warburton, 'is *très cher* in French, *præclarissimus* in Latin? We should read *præcarissimus*.' This appears to be exceedingly true. But how came the blunder? It is a typographical one in Holinshed, which Shakspeare copied; but must indisputably have corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages. 'Our said father, during his life, shall name, call, and write us in French in this manner: "Nostre très chier filz Henry, roy d'Engleterre; and in Latine, in this manner, Præclarissimus filius noster."' Edit. 1587, p. 574."

This proves neither more nor less than that Shakspeare followed Holinshed; and that Warburton was not overreasonable in thinking that the poet ought to have turned verbal critic on the text of the historian. We now know that, in the treaty of Troyes, the French text faithfully represents the Latin. We have had an infinity of works on diplomacy since Shakspeare's time, and one of the most furious (and at the same time most comical) of his censors, Rymer, has supplied us with the *Fœdera*, among which the treaty may be found; but what means had Shakspeare, unless he turned parchment-hunter for the purpose, of knowing but that Holinshed had authority for marking a variance between the French and Latin text? Might not King Henry have been described as *most illustrious* in Latin, and *most dear* in French? Might it not have been imagined that the conqueror, fresh from the slaughter of Agincourt, would have, in the unknown tongue, been described by an epithet indicating his renown, won at the expense of the blood and the glory of France, while in the language of those upon whom his stern rule was forced the epithet was changed for one indicative of affection? Or —what is, I suppose, the truth—might not Shakspeare have copied right before him, as he found his text, without bestowing a further thought upon the matter? As to his being

ignorant of the meaning of *clarus* and *cher*, the notion is preposterous.

"Terre, terre, s'escria Pantagruel, je voy terre." I see land. One observation more, and I have done.

"It hath been observed that the giant of Rabelais is sometimes alluded to by Shakspeare; and in *his* time no translation was extant. But the story was in every one's hand.

"In a letter by one Laneham, or Langham, for the name is written differently, concerning the entertainment at Killingwoorth Castle, printed 1575, we have a list of the vulgar romances of the age: 'King Arthurz Book, Huon of Burdeaus, Friar Rous, Howleglass, and Gargantua.' Meres mentions him equally hurtful to young minds with the *Four Sons of Aymon*, and the *Seven Champions*. And John Taylor had him likewise in his catalogue of *authors*, prefixed to *Sir Gregory Nonsence*."

The most ordinary readers, thanks to Sir Walter Scott, now know something more of one Laneham, or Langham, and "the entertainment at Killingwoorth Castle," than Dr. Farmer did; but let that pass. Let me pass also another question, whether the Gargantua of Langham was exactly that of Rabelais. From the company in which he is introduced, I think it probable that this Gargantua might have been one of the imitations of the original romance, in which (see Brunet's *Supplement*, under Rabelais) Arthur, and Merlin, and the heroes of the Greek fable, were inserted among the personages whom the great Alcofribas has immortalised. That Shakspeare had read Rabelais I have no doubt; and, if he read him at all, it must have been in French. Malone, who supposes such a supposition to be heresy, positively asserts that there was a translation of Rabelais in Shakspeare's time. It would be a rare treasure to a bibliographer if a copy were found. Farmer, however, who in the above passage asserts the contrary, is right—there was none; but he is wrong in thinking that there is no other intimation of Shakspeare's acquaintance with Rabelais than the mere mention of

Gargantua. The brawling boatswain, in the first scene of the *Tempest*, is evidently taken from Friar John. In the same emergency they show the same riotous courage, bustling energy, and contempt for the apprehensions of others. The commands of the boatswain, "Down with the topmast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course," &c., found their prototypes in many an order of John and his *pillot:* "Au trinquet de gabie, inse, inse. Aulx boulingues de contremeaine. Le cable au capestan. Vire, vire, vire. Le main à l'insail, inse, inse. Plaunte le heaulme. Tiens fort à guarant. Pare les couets. Pare les escoutes. Pare les bolines. Amure babord. Le heaulme soubs le vent. Casse escoute de tribord, fils de putain. (Tu es bien aise, homme de bien, dist Frère Jean au matelot, d'entendre nouvelles de ta mère.) Vien du lo. Près du plain. Hault la barre. (Haulte est, respondoient les matelots.) Taille vie," &c.

In Ozell's not over-accurate translation: "Put the helm a-weather. Steady, steady. Hawl your aftermizzen bowlines. Hawl, hawl, hawl. Thus, thus, and no nearer. Mind your steerage. Mind your steerage. Bring your maintack aboard. Clear your sheets. Clear your bowlines," &c.

The boatswain's complaint of the inactivity of his passengers, and his cry of "A plague upon your howling," resemble John's indignation against Panurge: "Panurge le pleuart, Panurge le criart, tu ferois beaucoup mieulx nous aydant ici, que la, pleurant comme une vasche," &c. The boatswain is "a wide-chapped rascal;" and John is "bien fendu de gueule." (Liv. i. chap. xxvii.) Gonzalo declares he has great comfort in the boatswain, because there is no drowning mark upon him, his countenance being perfect gallows; and is positive that he will be hanged yet, "though every drop of water swear against it, and gape at wid'st to glut him." John entertains the same opinion of Panurge: "Par le dinge froc que je porte, dist Frère Jean à Panurge, couillon mon amy, durant la

tempeste, tu as eu paour sans cause et sans raison; car tes destinées fatales ne sont à perir en eaüe. Tu seras hault en l'aer certainement pendu, ou bruslé guaillard comme ung père." The description of the tempest, given by Ariel, resembles in many particulars that in Rabelais:—

> "I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
> Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
> I flamed amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
> And burn in many places; on the topmast,
> The yards and boltsprit, would I flame distinctly,
> Then meet and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
> O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
> And sight out-running were not. The fire, and cracks
> Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
> Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
> Yea, his dread trident shake. . . . .
> Not a soul
> But felt a fever of the mad, and played
> Some tricks of desperation."

"Le ciel tonner du hault, fouldroyer, esclairer, pluvoir, gresler, l'aer perdre sa transparence, devenir opaque, tenebreux, et obscurci, si que aultre lumière ne nous apparoissoit que les fouldres, esclaires, et infractions des flambantes nuées: les categides, thielles, lelapes, et presteres enflamber tout autour de nous par les psoloentes, arges, elicies, et aultres ejaculations etherées—nos aspects touts estre dissipez, et perturbez, les horrifiques Typhons surpendre les monteuses vagues du courant, &c." L. iv. ch. xlviii.

"Blow till thou burst thee, wind," says the boatswain; and

> "The king's son, Ferdinand,
> With hair upstarting (then like reeds, not hair),
> Was the first man that leaped; cried, '*Hell is empty,*
> *And all the devils are here.*'"

So Friar John: "Tonnez, diables, petez, rottez, fiantez. . . Je croy que touts les millions de diables tiennent icy leur chapitre provincial, ou briguent pour election de nouveau recteur." And elsewhere: "Vrayment voicy bien esclairé, et bien tonné. Je croy que touts les diables sont des-

chainez aujourd'huy, ou que Proserpine est en travail d'enfant. Tous les diables dancent aux sonnettes." When Gonzalo is willing to "give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze [*r.* with Sir Thomas Hanmer, ling, heath, broom, furze], anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death"—we are reminded of Panurge: "Pleust à Dieu—— je feusse en terre ferme bien a mon aise," with his panegyric on the happiness of cabbage-planters, and Pantagruel's abhorrence of a death by water: "Je ne veulx entrer en la dispute de Socrates, et des Academiques; mort n'estre de soy maulvaise, mort n'estre de soy à craindre. Je dis cette espèce de mort par naufraige estre, ou rien n'estre à craindre. Car, comme est la sentence d'Homere chose griefve, abhoneste, et denaturée est perir en mer." It is not probable that these coincidences, and there are many more elsewhere, are accidental; but I may remark that it is very certain that Sir John Hawkins, whom we have seen rebuking Shakspeare for ignorance of French, had not read Rabelais, the most famous French author of the times in which Shakspeare was born. In his remarkably trumpery life of Dr. Johnson, p. 304, ed. 1787 [I do not suppose there is any other], in order to show off his learning, Sir John introduces an extract from Sir Thomas Urquhart's account of the Admirable Crichton, given in Sir Thomas's usual style. Among other marvels related of the hero we are told that "immediately after that he domineers in a bare unlined gowne, with a pair of whips in the one hand, and *Corderius* in the other: and in suite thereof he *hondresponded* it with a pair of pannierlike breeches, a mounteracap on his head, and a knife in a wooden sheath, daggerways, by his side;" *i.e.* like a German of the day. Sir John Hawkins is much puzzled to account for "hondresponded," and affixes a note upon it: "For this strange word no meaning can be found;" that is, can be found by Sir John Hawkins. It so happens, however, that the *strange* word is in Rabelais, whom this Sir Thomas

Urquhart had translated. When the Gascon, Gratianauld, native of St. Sever, challenges the Germans, camping outside Stockholm, to fight him (lib. iii. c. xv.), they are called *hondrespondres*. "Ne respondant personne, il passe au camp des *hondrespondres;*" *i.e.* heavy fellows, weighing a hundred pounds. "Il a voulu," says Du Chat, "par ce mot de hondrespondres nous donner à entendre le *centumpondium* par lequel les Latins designant tout fardeau lourd même excedent le poids d'un quintal." As Sir John Hawkins did not know where to find anything about a word in Rabelais so prominently introduced by Rabelais's translator, we may be excused from thinking *his* appreciation of Shakspeare's knowledge of the French of the sixteenth century of no surpassing value: as much, perhaps, as Dr. Farmer's knowledge of the language of him whom he calls "Hanssach the Shoemaker."

Let this suffice. The "celebrated Essay of Dr. Farmer" is nothing more than a pitiful collection of small learning; useful perhaps, occasionally, if intended to illustrate the author on whom he was writing — though, indeed, not remarkably valuable in that particular—but utterly contemptible in the employment to which he has assigned it. He has proved, what no one of common-sense ever doubted, that Shakspeare in his classical plays did not look beyond the English translation of Plutarch, or in his historical plays beyond the popular annalist, Holinshed; and that, having made such a resolution, he adhered to their text without further research. Lord Byron thought proper, as a sort of *tour de force*, to versify, in his *Don Juan*, passages taken from prose works; as, for instance, the accounts of many real shipwrecks turned into the description of that in the second canto; the siege of Ismail in the seventh, taken from the "Essai sur l'Histoire Ancienne et Moderne de la Nouvelle Russie, par le Marquis Gabriel de Castlenau," &c. Now we find it stated by Lord Byron in verse, canto vii. st. 8, that

> "The fortress is call'd Ismail, and is placed
> Upon the Danube's left branch and left bank;"

which is no more than a translation of Castlenau's prose "Ismaël est situé sur la rive gauche du bras gauche du Danube." Suppose Castlenau mistaken, and that the situation of Ismail was on the *right* bank, was Lord Byron bound to take the trouble of correcting it, any more than of measuring the distances and dimensions of the town, to ascertain, when he wrote st. 9,

> "It stands some eighty versts from the high sea,
> And measures round of toises thousands three,"

that his French authority was correct to a toise or a verst in stating that it was "à peu près à quatre-vingts versts de la mer: elle a près de trois milles toises de tour"? It would be just as rational as the complaint made by Farmer that Shakspeare should have copied North's translation of Amyot's mistranslation, which represents Cæsar as having bestowed on the Roman people his gardens "on *this* side Tiber," instead of checking it by ascertaining that Plutarch had written πεζαν του ποταμου. With this discovery, and some clumsy joking upon Upton and one or two others who "had found in Shakspeare more than Shakspeare knew," the merits of the Essay cease. Nothing is proved of the want of learning of Shakspeare. He quotes no Greek; indeed, it would have been very strange if he had. Some commentators ignorantly suppose French or northern words to be Italian; and that is to serve as a proof that he who, upon proper occasion, makes true Italian quotations knows nothing of the language. A few words of Spanish occur in his plays; some of them had been quoted elsewhere: *ergo*, Shakspeare knew no Spanish. French and Latin abound in his plays; but as there is a supposed mispronunciation in the one, and a chance exists that sedulous hunting in the most out-of-the-way places might procure some store of the latter: *therefore* we are to be certain that he knew nothing of either tongue. The consummation of impudence is the following:

"I hope, my good friend, you have by this time acquitted our great poet of all piratical depredations on the ancients, and are ready to receive my *conclusion*. He remembered, perhaps, enough of his *school-boy* learning to put the *Hig, hag, hog* into the mouth of Sir Hugh Evans, and might pick up in the writers of the time, or the course of his conversation, a familiar phrase or two of French or Italian; but his *studies* were most demonstratively confined to *nature* and his *own language*."

Who would believe that, in the works concerning which Dr. Farmer comes to this monstrous conclusion, very many whole sentences, and some hundreds of Latin, French, and Italian words occur, always quoted and introduced with the most perfect propriety, and often with admirable felicity and wit? The very scene in which Farmer found this *Hig, hag, hog*, is a proof that Shakspeare knew a great deal more, and that he could afford to trifle with his knowledge. It is impossible to conceive the character of Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost*, or that of Dr. Caius in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, to have been written by a man not perfectly versant in Latin and French. All through the plays the style is filled with words derived from foreign languages, happily naturalised and adapted to the genius of our tongue. Minute allusions to what is to be found in various foreign literatures are abundant. There exists, in short, as much reason to charge Dr. Johnson with a want of knowledge of Latin or Greek as Shakspeare. It is a position which I should not scruple undertaking to prove from his Commentary, if I were allowed to use the method of Farmer.

But I shall not detain my readers any longer. My object has been to show that, whether Shakspeare was possessed of learning or not, there is nothing in Dr. Farmer's celebrated Essay—an essay of which its author tells us "one of the first critics of the age declared it had for ever decided the question," to convict the poet of ignorance; and, therefore, that all future editors may disencumber themselves of the Doctor's flippant labours. Anything valuable in the

pamphlet, and that is not much, has been duly gathered into notes, and there it may remain. The sophistry which turned into proofs of Shakspeare's ignorance the anxiety of Upton, and other scholars more learned than judicious, to find classical learning where nothing of the kind was thought of, or apply classical rules and technical denominations to plain English, is not worth preserving. Shakspeare must not be pronounced illiterate because Upton was pedantic, Warburton crotchety, or Colman, as Farmer assures us, better employed than in reading a translation of Ariosto. That ordinary readers should think only of the genius and eloquence, the wit and pathos, the profound reasoning and shrewd common-sense, conveyed in poetry exquisite in all styles from the sublime to the grotesque, which are profusely scattered through every page of his works, and pay but secondary attention to those marks of learning which in less gifted compositions would force themselves upon attention, is not to be wondered at; but there is no excuse for a commentator or "editor in form," as Farmer calls himself, who cannot see in them any literary knowledge beyond *Hig, hag, hog.* It requires, in my opinion, no small quantity of reading of every kind to write a fit commentary on Shakspeare. Farmer unfairly says: "Those who apply solely to the ancients for this purpose may, with *equal wisdom*, study the *Talmud* for an exposition of *Tristram Shandy*." The libraries of Cambridge would have supplied Dr. Farmer with materials sufficient to prove that much of the commonplaces of general drollery and story-telling—much of what fills the pages of the Joe Millers of Europe, had its origin in the Rabbinical writings, or the older traditions whence they were compiled; and that many an ordinary jest, and many a scrap of eccentric learning in *Tristram Shandy*, is traceable to the *Talmud*, though Sterne did not go there to find them. A Hebrew reader wishing to display his own erudition, rather than to explain his author, might cull from the rarely opened Mischnas and Gemaras of Jerusalem and Babylon (and do it without much trouble or learning either, by

merely turning over Bartoloccius) * materials to afford strange illustrations of any volume of Rabelaisian drollery; and, according as his task was executed, produce a work of pedantry or learning, of interest or of folly: but what analogy is there between the cases of Shakspeare and Sterne in the comparison here instituted? The chances that Sterne had ever read any Hebrew are rather small, still smaller that he was acquainted with even the Rabbinical letters in which the *Talmud* is written. No odds ever laid would be too great to set against his having, for a moment, consulted one of its pages. Can we say the same of Shakspeare and the classics? He may not, perhaps, have read Homer in the original Greek, though I see nothing in his plays to *prove* the contrary, and should receive any external evidence showing that he was acquainted with the language without surprise. Sure I am that nowhere has Shakspeare afforded us such an evidence of a want of critical reading of Homer, coupled with such a general ignorance of the ordinary rules of Greek grammar and metre, as Dr. Johnson in his note on the line "A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford," in *Richard II.*, act i. sc. 2. "Caitiff originally signified a prisoner [which it never did]; next a slave, from the condition of prisoners; then a scoundrel, from the qualities of a slave:—

'Ημισυ τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται δούλιον ἦμαρ."

On this Holt White remarks that the *learned* commentator, quoting from memory, "has compressed a couplet into a single line;" and most learnedly has he managed it. In the first place, it is a pleasant mark of scholarship to misquote one of the best-known and most frequently cited passages of the *Odyssey*—(if Shakspeare had done so!——); and, secondly, Eumæus, the divine swineherd, who speaks the lines, has to thank Johnson for a superfluous article

* Particularly in his third volume, where the *Talmud* is described at great prolixity. Some jokes, which passed on the Middle Ages as occidental, will be found at pp. 603-4.—*Bibliotheca Magna Rabbinica.*

(τῆς ἀρετῆς), a false quantity (ἀποαίνυται before ὀ), and an un-Homeric sentiment, by attributing to the "servile day,' that which Homer attributes to the far-seeing Jove. We cannot say of the doctor as Mercury says of Charon—Ευγε παρφδις. In commenting on a writer so multifarious and drawing his allusions from such various sources as Shakspeare, it would indeed be absurd to confine ourselves solely to consulting classical writers for the purposes of illustration; but it would be equally absurd to neglect them altogether out of respect to a theory of his literary ignorance, conceived in impertinence, and supported by such weak reasons and paltry instances as those urged and adduced by Farmer. It seems to me just as reasonable to believe that Sterne *had* studied Rabbi Hakkadosh as to maintain that Shakspeare had *not* read Virgil and Ovid, and was not master of the languages of France and Italy.

What I principally complain of, and what in fact induced me to write these papers, is the tone of cool insult displayed towards one of the greatest men that ever appeared in the world, by every puny pedant who had gone through the ceremonial of *Hig, hag, hog.* One tells us that Shakspeare had no acquaintance with the history of literature. Here we are assured by a man who is not able to explain ordinary words of Italian or French that Shakspeare could not have read these languages, and was obliged to look to translations for a scanty knowledge of Rabelais, Ronsard, or Montaigne. Want of knowledge of Latin is thrust upon him by persons superficially acquainted with its language or its literature, and who would assuredly blunder in any attempt to write it. Ritson accuses him of ignorance, because he has mixed names of different languages in *Hamlet*, the said Ritson not being able to distinguish Arthur of the Round Table from the constellation Arcturus;* men who

* Hamlet, act i. sc. 1. "The strange indiscriminate use of Italian and Roman names in this and other plays makes it obvious that the author was little conversant in even the rudiments of either language."—*Ritson.* Sagacious reason, and worthy of the critic! We find in a letter of his to

know not the technical words of our courts are content to give him credit for a mere scrivener's knowledge of law; Cockneys, who could not tell the stem from the stern of a ship, find him guilty of not knowing seamen's language; Steevens is inclined to think that he had no means of ascertaining the names of the flowers of the field; critics of Hampstead or Fleet Street, "who never rowed in gondola," are quite certain that Italy was *terra incognita* to him;

Robert Surtees, published by Sir Harris Nicholas, a request to have a translation made for him of a singular epigram by Bishop Aldhelm. Other learned persons had assisted him in this difficult work of recondite scholarship, but he was not satisfied; for with these, such as they are, *and the help of Ainsworth's Dictionary, I have endeavoured to make a sort of translation*, line for line, as well as I could." He then prattles about Arthure's, or King Arthur's Wain:—"Though I have never met with *Arthur's* wain in any book or map." Lydgate, Douglas, and Owen are then referred to for Arthure's plough, Arthure's hufe. and Arthure's harp; and then come the "obscure and obsolete words" of Aldhelm. I give the first two lines, and Ritson's translation:

"*De Artur.*

Sydereis stipor turmis in vertice mundi
Esseda, famoso gesto cognomine vulgi."

"*Of Arthur.*

With starry troops I am environed in the pole of the world,
In a war-chariot, a famous surname of the people being born!"

"A famous surname of the people being born!" What *can* this mean? The bishop's verses relate to the star Arcturus; a line drawn from which, N. by N.W., falls in with the last star of the Great Bear, or the Charles's Wain. Arcturus is therefore made to say that he bears the wain known by the famous *cognomen vulgi—i.e.* of the ploughman—the Churl's Wain, which in aftertimes was corrupted into the Charles's Wain. Ritson was deceived by the spelling usual in old manuscripts of Arturus for Arcturus ("Arctus non Arctus; scriptum video in antiquissimis libris præcipueque in Virgilio Carpensi," says Aldus Manutius, in his *Orthographiæ Ratio*, p. 77); and he accordingly pressed Bishop Aldhelm's epigram (as he calls it, the bishop styles his compositions ænigmata) into the service of the Round Table. I do not know where he found it; but, if it was in Aldhelm's *Poetica Nonnulla*, edited by Delrio (Moguntiæ, 1601, p. 63), the preceding ænigma on the *vertigo poli*, which concludes with an allusion to the rapidity of the motion of the *septem sidera*, might have given him a hint. Whether Arcturus had anything to do with Arthur, is a very different question indeed; but there is no question as to the utter ignorance of Latin manifested, and confessed, by this critic of Shakspeare's Latinity. I am sorry to see this letter quoted, with some admiration, in *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. ix. p. 614.

Johnson assures us that whenever he meddles with geography, he goes astray, the doctor having, when he wrote the note, merely gone astray himself: in short, it would be easy to prove, from the assertions of Shakspeare's commentators, that there was nothing in the world—language, history, geography, law, theology, antiquity, art, science, down to domestic botany—in which his ignorance was not profound; but not more easy than to select from their own labours a most complete body of ignorance with respect to all the subjects on which they are most sarcastic and pungent, profound and dogmatic, at his expense.

It is not worth the labour to make the collection. I have only to conclude by willingly admitting that the readers of Shakspeare have good reason to be obliged to the commentators in general for what they have done—that they have considerably improved the text, explained many a difficult passage, interpreted many an obscure word, and, by diligent reading and research, thrown much light over the plays. For this they deserve their due portion of praise; those among them, especially, who thought less of themselves than of Shakspeare. They by no means merit the sweeping censures of Tooke, Mathias,* and others. I know, also, that commentators on works so voluminous, full of so many troublesome difficulties of all kinds, and requiring such an extended and diversified course of reading, *must* make mistakes, and therefore that their errors or rash guesses should

* In the *Diversions of Purley* Tooke says: "The ignorance and presumption of his commentators have shamefully disfigured Shakspeare's text. The first folio, notwithstanding some few palpable misprints, requires none of their alterations. Had they understood English as well as he did, they would not have quarrelled with his language." And again: "Rack is a very common word, most happily used, and ought not to be displaced because the commentators knew not its meaning. If such a rule were adopted, the commentators themselves would, most of them, become speechless."—Vol. ii. pp. 389-91, 4to. Yet he departs from the folio to read "one dowle that's in my *plume*," for the folio *plumbe* in the *Tempest*, p. 259; and, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, his commentary alters the rack *dis limes* into *dis limbs*, p. 392. Mathias's attack on the commentators in his *Pursuits of Literature* was once very popular. It is alluded to even by Schlegel.

be leniently judged; but no great leniency can be extended to those who, selecting the easiest part of the task for themselves—that of dipping into the most obvious classical writers—should, on the strength of very small learning, set themselves up as entitled to sneer at a supposed want of knowledge in Shakspeare, while their own criticisms and comments afford countless indications, "vocal to the intelligent," that they have themselves no great erudition to boast of.

Apologising to your readers for so long detaining them, through your indulgence, from pleasanter matter, I have the honour to be, dear Mr Yorke, faithfully yours,

WILLIAM MAGINN.

Oct. 25 [*St. Crispin's Day*].

Lady Macbeth.

"Then gently scan your brother man,
More gently sister woman."—BURNS.

"Je donne mon avis, non comme bon, mais comme mien."
—MONTAIGNE.

THE ladies of Shakespeare have, of course, riveted the attention, and drawn to them the sympathies, of all who have read or seen his plays. The book-trained critic, weighing words and sentences in his closet; the romantic poet, weaving his verses by grove or stream; the polished occupant of the private box; the unwashed brawler of the gallery; the sedate visitant of the pit—are touched, each in his several way, by the conjugal devotion and melancholy fate of Desdemona, the high-souled principle of Isabella, the enthusiastic love and tragic end of Juliet, the maternal agonies of Constance, the stern energies of Margaret of Anjou, the lofty resignation of Katharine, the wit and romance of Rosalind, frolic of tongue, but deeply feeling at heart; the accomplished coquetries of Cleopatra, redeemed and almost sanctified by her obedient rushing to welcome death at the call ringing in her ear from the grave of her self-slain husband; the untiring affection of Imogen, Ophelia's stricken heart and maddened brain, or the filial constancy of Cordelia. Less deeply marked, but all in their kind beautiful, are the innocence of Miranda, the sweetness of Anne Page, the meek bearing—beneath the obtrusion of undesired honours—of Anne Boleyn, the playful fondness of Jessica; but I should run through all the catalogue of Shakespeare's plays were I to continue the enumeration. The task is unnecessary, for they dwell in

the hearts of all, of every age, and sex, and condition. They nestle in the bosoms of the wise and the simple, the sedentary and the active, the moody and the merry, the learned and the illiterate, the wit of the club, the rustic of the farm, the soldier in camp, the scholar in college; and it affords a remarkable criterion of their general effect that even in those foreign countries which, either from imperfect knowledge, defective taste, or national prejudice, set little value on the plays of Shakespeare, while Hamlet, Richard, Macbeth, King John, Lear, and Falstaff are unknown or rejected, the names of Desdemona and Juliet are familiar as household words.

No writer ever created so many female characters, or placed them in situations of such extreme diversity; and in none do we find so lofty an appreciation of female excellence. The stories from which the great dramatists of Athens drew their plots were, in most of their striking incidents, derogatory to woman. The tale of Troy divine, the war of Thebes, the heroic legends, were their favourite, almost their exclusive, sources; and the crimes, passions, and misfortunes of Clytemnestra and Medea, Phædra and Jocasta, could only darken the scene. An adulterous spouse aiding in the murder of her long-absent lord, the king of men, returning crowned with conquest; a daughter participating in the ruthless avenging by death inflicted on a mother by a son; an unpitying sorceress killing her children to satiate rage against her husband; a faithless wife endeavouring to force her shameless love on her step-son, and by false accusation consigning him for his refusal to destruction beneath his father's curse; a melancholy queen linked in incestuous nuptials to her own offspring: these ladies are the heroines of the most renowned of the Greek tragedies; and the consequences of their guilt and misfortune compose the fable of many more. In some of the Greek plays, as the Eumenides, we have no female characters except the unearthly inhabitants of Heaven or Hell. In the most wondrous of them all, Prometheus Fettered, appears only the mythic Io; in the

Persians, only the ghost of Atossa, who scarcely appertains to be womankind. In some, as Philoctetes, women form no part of the *dramatis personæ;* in others, as the Seven against Thebes, they are of no importance to the action of the piece; or, as in the Suppliants, serve but as the Chorus; and in many more are of less than secondary importance. Euripides often makes them the objects of those ungallant reflections which consign the misogynic dramatist to such summary punishment from the irritated sex in the comedies of Aristophanes; and in the whole number, in the thirty-three plays extant, there are but two women who can affect our softer and nobler emotions. The tender and unremitting care of Antigone for her blind, forlorn, and aged father, her unbending determination to sacrifice her lover and her life sooner than fail in paying funeral honours to her fallen brother; and, in Alcestis, her resolute urging that her own life should be taken to preserve that of a beloved husband—invest them with a pathetic and heroic beauty. But in the one we are haunted by the horrid recollections of incest and fratricide, and in the other we are somewhat indignant that we should be forced to sympathise with an affection squandered upon so heartless a fellow as Admetus, who suffers his wife to perish in his stead with the most undisturbed conviction of the superior value of his own existence, pouring forth all the while the most melodious lamentations over her death, but never for a moment thinking of coming forward to prevent it. They are beautiful creations nevertheless.

The Greek dramatists were in a great measure bound to a particular class of subjects; but in general the manner in which an author treats the female character affords one of the main criteria by which the various gradations of genius may be estimated. By the highest genius woman is always spoken of with a deep feeling of the most reverential delicacy. Helen is the cause of the war immortalised by the Iliad; but no allusion to her lapse is made throughout the poem save by herself, deploring in bitter accents what she has done. She wishes that she had died an evil death

before she had followed Paris; she acknowledges herself to be unworthy of the kindred of those whom she describes as deserving of honour; her conscience suggests that her far-famed brothers, "whom one mother bore," are in the field when the warring chieftains meet in truce, but dare not show themselves among their peers through shame of the disgrace she has entailed upon them; and at the last she lays bare her internal feeling that insult is the lot she deserves by the warm gratitude with which she acknowledges, in her bitter lament over the corpse of Hector, that he had the generosity never to address her with upbraiding. The wrath of Achilles is roused for the injury inflicted upon him by carrying off Briseis, dear to his heart, "spear-captured as she was." She is restored by the penitent Agamemnon, with solemn vows that she returns pure and uninsulted. Of Andromache I think it unnecessary to speak. In the Odyssey, it is true, we have Circe and Calypso; but they are goddesses couching with a mortal, and excite no human passion. We meet them in the region of "*speciosa miracula*," where Cyclops, and Sirius, and Lotus-eaters dwell; where the King of the Winds holds his court, and whence is the passage to Erebus. In that glorious mixture of adventure and allegory, the Voyage of Ulysses, we may take those island-beauties to be the wives and sweethearts whom sailors meet in every port; or, following the stream of moralists and commentators, look upon the fable to be no more than

"Truth severe in fairy fiction dressed."

In other parts of the poem we might wish for more warm-heartedness in Penelope; but under her circumstances caution is excusable, and she must be admitted to be a pattern of constancy and devotion. The Helen of the Odyssey is a fine continuation of the Helen of the Iliad. Still full of kindly feminine impulses, still sorrowing when she thinks of the misfortunes she has occasioned, her griefs have lost the intense poignancy with which they afflicted

her while leading a life degrading her in her own eyes, and exposing her to affronts of which she could not complain. Restored to the husband of her early affections, consoled by his pardon, and dwelling once more amid the scenes of her youth—absence from which, and absence so occasioned, she had never ceased to regret in wasting floods of tears—the Helen of the Odyssey comes before us no longer uttering the accents of ceaseless self-reproach, but soothed, if not pacified in soul. We have the *lull* after the tempest—the calm following the whirlwind.

Virgil is a great poet indeed, though few will now agree with Scaliger that he is equal, far less superior, to Homer. Dido is the blot upon the Æneid. The loves of the Carthaginian queen might have made, and in the hands of Virgil would have made, a charming poem, treated separately; a poem far superior in execution to the Hero and Leander of Musæus, but a work of the same order. As it stands, the episode, if it can be so called, utterly ruins the epic character of the hero. St. Evremond has said that Æneas had all the qualities of a monk; it is plain that he had not the feelings of a gentleman; and we cannot wonder that his first wife wandered from his side, and that he met with so violent an opposition when he sought another. Virgil, after his conduct to Dido, had not the courage to introduce him to Lavina in person, and leaves him undefended to the angry tongue of her mother. The poet was justly punished for his fourth book; for in all those which follow he has not ventured to introduce any female characters but incendiaries, sibyls, shrews, and furies.

When Dante took Virgil as his guide in the infernal regions, he did not follow his master in dwelling on the pleasures or the gentler sorrows of illicit love. His ghostly women appear stern or subdued of port. The lady who is best known to the English reader, Francesca di Rimini, forms no exception. Nothing can be more grave and solemn than the tale of her hapless passion as told in the Inferno. It is pervaded throughout by such sorrow and

remorse as we might expect to find in a region whence hope is excluded. Accordingly, how far different is its impression from that left on the mind by the same story when told merely as a love-tale by Mr. Leigh Hunt! I do not say this in disparagement of that picturesque and graphic poem, the "Story of Rimini," which has been exposed to the most unjustifiable criticism, but to mark the manner in which men of talent and men of genius handle the same subject. The ladies of Tasso, though not vigorously sketched, and in general imitated from the Latin poets—I speak of his Jerusalem—are conceived in a spirit of romantic chivalry; and, even when the witching Armida leads Rinaldo astray, the poet diverts our attention from the blandishments of the enchantress to dazzle us by the wonders of magic groves and gardens. Poor Tasso besides wishes to persuade us—perhaps in some moody hours he had persuaded himself—that he intended the whole poem for an allegory, in which Armida was to play some edifying part—I forget what. In the poets of romance we do not look for the severer style of the epic; but the forest-ranging heroines of Ariosto and Spenser, "roaming the woodland, frank and free," have an air of self-confiding independence and maiden freshness worthy of the leafy scenes through which they move, that renders it impossible to approach them with other thoughts than those of chivalrous deference. If Spenser, in his canto of Jealousy, makes the lady of the victim of that weak passion treat her husband as he anticipated, why, she errs with no man of mortal mould, but chooses as her mates the jolly satyrs wonning in the wood; and Spenser has his allegory too. Ariosto took no trouble to make explanations, being satisfied, I suppose, with the character given of his poetry by Cardinal Hippolyto; and even he has the grace to beg the ladies, to whose service he had from the beginning dedicated his lays, to avert their eyes when he is about to sing the strange adventures of Giocondo.

The theme of Milton in "Paradise Lost" hardly admits of the devolopment of ordinary human feelings; but his sole

Eve has grace in all her steps, and all her actions too. In "Paradise Regained" his subject was badly chosen; and he feared, from religious motives, to introduce the Virgin. In "Comus," his Lady is a model of icy chastity, worthy of the classic verse in which she is embalmed; but Dalilah, in "Samson Agonistes," is the more dramatic conception. Ornate and gay, she makes urgent court to her angry husband, with no better fate than to be by him inexorably repelled. She presses upon him all the topics that could lead to reconciliation, but the sense of his wrongs is too acute to allow of pardon; and at last she bursts away with the consoling reflection that, though spurned by him, and made the object of reproach in Israelitish songs, she shall be hymned and honoured in those of her own country as a deliverer. Milton was unhappy in his wives and daughters; and his domestic manners appear to have been harsh and unamiable. In his prose works—his Tetrachordon, for example—he does not display any kindly feeling for the sex; but when he clothed himself in his singing-robes, and soared above the cares of everyday life to expatiate in the purer regions of poetry, the soul of the poet softened and sublimed; like his own Adam, his sterner nature relented; and though he could not make Samson pardon Dalilah, he will not let her depart unhonoured. In "Paradise Lost" he had spoken of her disparagingly:

> "So rose the Danite strong,
> Herculean Samson, from the harlot lap
> Of Philistæan Dalilah"—

but when she comes before him, as it were, in bodily presence, he leaves all the words of reproach to her irritated lord, and suggests to her topics of self-justification, dismissing her from the stage, not as a faithless wife, but as an heroic woman who had sacrificed her affections to her country, and who retires after humiliating herself in vain to reap the reward of her patriotic conduct among her people and her kindred.

If we turn from the epic and tragic to the other departments of literature in which genius can be exercised, we shall find the feeling much the same. Those who write from observation of what is going on in the world—the novelist, the comic-writer, the satirist—must take the world as it is, and lay it before us in its mixture of good and evil. There is no need, however, that the latter should be forcibly thrust upon us. The task of the satirists appears to me the lowest in which talent can be employed. The most famous among them, Juvenal, tells us truly that the *rigidi censura cachinni*—the part chosen by Democritus—is easy to any one. We must rise above it, as he has done in some of his satires—as in that sublime poem in which the passage occurs (the tenth, or the thirteenth and fourteenth)—and forget the wit or the censor, to assume the loftier bearing of the moralist. I should have wondered that the same mind which produced these noble effusions could have perpetrated the enormities of the sixth satire and some others, if I did not reflect that Rome, originally an asylum for robbers, was nothing more than a standing camp, with the virtues and vices, the manners and the feelings of a camp, to the day of its downfall. Rape and violence procured its first women, and it would seem as if the original act had influenced their feelings to the sex throughout. It is certain that theirs is the only literature in the world in which no female character is delineated worthy of the slightest recollection—a striking circumstance, and well deserving critical investigation; but it would now lead us too far from our subject, from which indeed I have delayed too long already. We must get back to Shakespeare, staying only to remark that if Boccaccio and his imitator, Chaucer, have intermingled licentious tales in their miscellaneous collection, they have done so only in compliance with the supposed necessity of delineating every species of life, and that they hasten to show that they could be of finer spirit when emancipated from the thraldom of custom; that Cervantes chequers the comic

of Don Quixote with visions of graceful and romantic beauty; and that such will be found to be the case more or less in every composition that takes firm hold of the human mind. I except, of course, works of morals, science, and philosophy; and under those heads must come the unromantic and unpoetic books of wit, and even buffoonery, if they be doomed to last. Rabelais will live for ever to speak vocally to the intelligent; but mere licentiousness must perish. Indulgence in woman-scorning ribaldry inflicts due punishment upon talent itself, if it be prostituted to such miserable work. The melancholy ability which has been so successful in La Pucelle affords a sufficient reason why its author failed when he attempted a Henriade.

Supereminent over all the great geniuses of the world—and with no others have I compared him—is Shakespeare in his women. Homer was not called upon to introduce them in such number or variety, nor could they enter so intimately into the action of his poems. Still less was there opportunity for their delineation in Milton. But Shakespeare's is the unique merit that, being a dramatist wielding equally the highest tragic and the lowest comic, and therefore compelled to bring females prominently forward in every variety of circumstance, he has carefully avoided themes and situations which might inspire either horror or disgust, or excite licentious feeling. We have in him no Phædra, Clytemnestra, or Medea; no story like those of Jocasta, or Monimia, or the Mysterious Mother. He would have recoiled from what is hinted at in "Manfred." Even the Myrrha of Sardanapalus could not have found a place among his heroines. In none of his plots, comic or tragic, does female frailty form an ingredient. The only play in which ladies have been betrayed is Measure for Measure; and there he takes care that their misfortune shall be amended, by marrying Mariana to Angelo, and ordering Claudio to restore honour to Julietta whom he had wronged. Nowhere else does a similar example occur, and there it is set in strong contrast with the high-toned

purity of Isabella. In the instances of slandered women, it seems to delight him to place them triumphant over their slanderers; as Hero in "Much Ado about Nothing," Hermione in the "Winter's Tale," Imogen in "Cymbeline." All his heroes woo with the most honourable views; there is no intrigue in any of his plays, no falsehood to the marriage-bed. Those who offer illicit proposals are exposed to ruin and disgrace. Angelo falls from his lofty station; Prince John is driven from his brother's court; Falstaff, the wit and courtier, becomes a butt when his evil star leads him to make lawless courtship to the Wives of Windsor. The innocent and natural love of Miranda in the "Tempest" affords a striking contrast to the coarse and disgusting passion of Dorinda—a character thrust into the play as an improvement by no less a man than Dryden. Here again we may remark how great is the distance which separates genius of the first order even from that which comes nearest to it. The two most detestable women ever drawn by Shakespeare—Regan and Goneril—are both in love with Edmund; but we have no notice of their passion until the moment of their death, and then we find that, wicked as were the thoughts which rankled in their bosoms, no infringement of the laws of chastity was contemplated; marriage was their intention: "I was contracted to them both," says Edmund; "all three now marry in an instant." With his dying breath he bears testimony that in the midst of their crimes they were actuated by the dominant feeling of woman:

> "Yet Edmund was beloved;
> The one the other poisoned for his sake,
> And after slew herself."

Emilia is accused by Iago, in soliloquy, as being suspected of faithlessness to his bed, but he obviously does not believe the charge:

> "I hate the Moor;
> And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets

> He has done my office ; *I know not if 't be true,*
> But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
> Will do as if for surety."

He uses it merely as an additional excuse for hating the Moor; a palliation to his conscience in the career which he is about to pursue. Queen Gertrude's marriage with her brother-in-law is made the subject of severe animadversion; but it does not appear that she had dishonoured herself in the life of her first husband, or was in any manner participant in the crime of Claudius. Hamlet, in the vehemence of his anger, never insinuates such a charge; and the Ghost, rising to moderate his violence, acquits her, by his very appearance at such a time, of any heinous degree of guilt. As for the gross theory of Tieck respecting Ophelia, it is almost a national insult. He maintains that she had yielded to Hamlet's passion, and that its natural consequences had driven her to suicide. Such a theory is in direct opposition to the retiring and obedient purity of her character, the tenor of her conversations and soliloquies, the general management of the play, and what I have endeavoured to show is the undeviating current of Shakspeare's ideas. If the German critic propounded this heresy to insult English readers through one of their greatest favourites in revenge for the ungallant reason which the Archbishop of Canterbury, in Henry V., assigns as the origin of the Salique law, he might be pardoned; but, as it is plainly dictated by a spirit of critical wickedness and blasphemy, I should consign him, in spite of his learning, acuteness, and Shakespearian knowledge, without compassion, to the avenging hands of Lysistrata.

Such, in the plays where he had to create the characters, was the course of Shakespeare. In the historical plays, where he had to write by the book, it is not at all different. Scandal is carefully avoided. Many spots lie on the fame of Queen Elinor, but no difference is made to them by the hostile tongue which describes the mother-queen as a second Até, stirring her son, King John, to blood and strife. Jane

Shore, of whom Rowe, a commentator on Shakespeare too, made a heroine, is not introduced on the stage in Richard III. Poor Joan of Arc is used brutally, it must be owned; but it is not till she is driven to the stake that she confesses to an infirmity which not even her barbarous judges can seriously believe. We must observe, besides, that the first part of Henry VI. can scarcely be considered a play of Shakespeare, for he did little more than revise the old play of that name. To the charge of the old dramatists, too, must be set the strange exhibition of Margaret of Anjou mourning over the head of the Duke of Suffolk in the second part. When Shakespeare has that vigorous woman to himself, as in Richard III., she shows no traces of such weakness; she is the heroic asserter of her husband's rights, the unsubdued but not-to-be-comforted mourner over her foully-slaughtered son. He makes the scenes of the civil wars sad enough; the father kills the son, the son the father, under the eyes of the pitying king; but there is no hint of outrage on women. He contrives to interest us equally in Katharine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn. Everything that poetry can do is done to make us forget the faults of Cleopatra, and to incline us to think that a world was well lost for that *petit nez retroussé*. We should in vain search the writings of the Romans themselves for such Roman ladies as those of "Coriolanus" and "Julius Cæsar." In his camps and armies we have much military tumult and railing, but nowhere the introduction of licentious scenes. If Alcibiades be attended by his Phryne and Timandra, and Falstaff have his poll clawed like a parrot by Doll Tearsheet, the Athenian ladies are introduced as a vehicle for the fierce misanthropy of Timon; and the fair one of Eastcheap acts as a satire upon the impotent desires of the withered elder, the dead elm, whom she clasps in her venal embraces. They are drawn in their true colours: no attempt is made to bedeck them with sentimental graces—to hold them up to sympathetic admiration with the maudlin novelist, or to exhibit them as "interesting young females" with the police-reporter. They lift not

their brazen fronts in courts and palaces; in obscure corners they ply their obscene trade. We know that it is their vocation, and dismiss them from our minds. There is no corruption to be feared from the example of the inmates of Mr. Overdone's establishment or Mrs. Quickly's tavern. Shakespeare exhibits only one fallen lady in all his plays —and she is Cressida. But "Troilus and Cressida" deserve a separate paper, if for no other reason, yet because it is a play in which Shakespeare has handled the same characters as Homer. It is worth while to consider in what points these greatest of poets agree, and in what they differ.

Such, then, is the female character as drawn in Shakespeare. It is pure, honourable, spotless, ever ready to perform a kind action, never shrinking from a heroic one. Gentle and submissive where duty or affection bids, firm and undaunted in resisting the approaches of sin, or shame, or disgrace; constant in love through every trial; faithful and fond in all the great relations of life, as wife, as daughter, as sister, as mother, as friend; witty or refined, tender or romantic, lofty or gay; her failings shrouded, her good and lovely qualities brought into the brightest light—she appears in the pages of the mighty dramatist as if she were the cherished daughter of a fond father, the idolised mistress of an adoring lover, the very goddess of a kneeling worshipper. I have catalogued most of the female names which adorn the plays. One is absent from the list. She is absent—the dark lady of that stupendous work which, since the Eumenides, bursting upon the stage with appalling howl in quest of the fugitive Orestes, electrified with terror the Athenian audience, has met no equal. I intend to maintain that Lady Macbeth, too, is human in heart and impulse; that she is not meant to be an embodiment of the Furies.

Macbeth is the gloomiest of the plays. Well may its hero say that he has supped full of horrors. It opens with the incantations of spiteful witches, and concludes with a series of savage combats, stimulated by quenchless hate on

one side, and by the desperation inspired by the consciousness of unpardonable crime on the other. In every act we have blood in torrents. The first man who appears on the stage is the *bleeding* captain. The first word uttered by earthly lips is "What *bloody* man is that?" The tale which the captain relates is full of fearful gashes, reeking wounds, and *bloody* execution. The murder of Duncan, in the second act, stains the hands of Macbeth so deeply as to render them fit to incarnadine the multitudinous seas, and make the green—one red. His lady imbrues herself in the crimson stream, and gilds the faces of the sleeping grooms with gore. She thus affords a pretence to the Thane for slaughtering them in an access of simulated fury:

> "Their hands and faces were all badged with *blood*,
> So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
> Upon their pillows."

Macbeth carefully impresses the sanguinary scene upon his hearers:

> "Here lay Duncan,
> His silver skin laced with his golden *blood*,
> And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
> For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murderers,
> Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers
> Unmannerly breeched in *gore*."

Direful thoughts immediately follow, and the sky itself participates in the horror. The old man who can well remember threescore and ten, during which time he had witnessed dreadful hours and strange things, considers all as mere trifles compared with the sore night of Duncan's murder:

> "The heavens,
> Thou seest, as troubled with man's act,
> Threaten his *bloody* stage; by the clock 'tis day,
> And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp."

The horses of Duncan forget their careful training, and their natural instincts, to break their stalls and eat each other. Gloom, ruin, murder, horrible doubts, unnatural

suspicions, portents of dread in earth and heaven, surround us on all sides. In the third act desperate assassins, incensed by the blows and buffets of the world, weary with disasters, tugged with fortune, willing to wreak their hatred on all mankind, and persuaded that Banquo has been their enemy, set upon and slay him, without remorse and without a word. The prayer of their master to Night, that she would with

> "*Bloody* and invisible hand
> Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,"

which kept him in perpetual terror, is in part accomplished; and he who was his enemy in, as he says,

> "Such *bloody* distance,
> That every minute of his being thrusts
> Against my life"—

lies breathless in the dust. The murderers bring the witness of their deed to the very banquet-chamber of the expecting king. They come with *blood* upon the face. The hardened stabber does not communicate the tidings of his exploit in set phrase. He minces not the matter: his language is not culled from any trim and weeded vocabulary; and the king compliments him in return, in language equally vernacular and unrefined:

> "*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
> *Mac.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats."

Cheered by this flattering tribute to his merits, the accomplished artist goes on, in all the pride of his profession, to show that he had left no rubs or botches in his work. Macbeth, after a burst of indignation at the escape of Fleance, recurs to the comfortable assurance of Banquo's death, and asks, in the full certainty of an answer in the affirmative:

> "But Banquo's safe?
> *Mur.* Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Mac. Thanks for that."

Presently the gory locks of Banquo's spectre attest the truth of what the murderer has told, and the banquet breaks up by the flight, rather than the retirement, of the astonished guests; leaving Macbeth dismally, but fiercely, pondering over thoughts steeped in slaughter. The very language of the scene is redolent of blood. The word itself occurs in almost every speech. At the conclusion of the act come the outspeaking of suspicions hitherto only muttered, and the determination of the Scottish nobles to make an effort which may give to their tables meat, sleep to their eyes, and free their feasts and banquets from those bloody knives, the fatal hue of which haunted them in their very hours of retirement, relaxation, or festival.

The sanguine stain dyes the fourth act as deeply. A head severed from the body, and a bloody child, are the first apparitions that rise before the king at the bidding of the weird sisters. The blood-boltered Banquo is the last to linger upon the stage, and sear the eyes of the amazed tyrant. The sword of the assassin is soon at work in the castle of Macduff; and his wife and children fly from the deadly blow, shrieking "murder"—in vain. And the fifth act—from its appalling commencement, when the sleeping lady plies her hopeless task of nightly washing the blood-stained hand, through the continual clangour of trumpets calling, as clamorous harbingers, to blood and death, to its conclusion, when Macduff, with dripping sword, brings in the freshly hewn-off head of the "dead butcher," to lay it at the feet of the victorious Malcolm—exhibits a sequence of scenes in which deeds and thoughts of horror and violence are perpetually, and almost physically, forced upon the attention of the spectator. In short, the play is one clot of blood from beginning to end. It was objected to Alfieri (by Grimm, I believe) that he wrote his tragedies, not in tears, but blood. Shakespeare could write in tears

when he pleased. In Macbeth he chose to dip his pen in a darker current.

Nowhere in the course of the play does he seek to beguile us of our tears. We feel no more interest in the gracious Duncan, in Banquo, in Lady Macduff, than we do in the slaughtered grooms. We feel that they have been brutally murdered; and, if similar occurrences were to take place in Wapping or Rotherhithe, London would be in commotion. All the police from A to Z would be set on the alert, the newspapers crammed with paragraphs, and a hot search instigated after the murderer. If taken, he would be duly tried, wondered at, gazed after, convicted, hanged, and forgotten. We should think no more of his victim than we now think of Hannah Browne. The other characters of the play, with the exception of the two principal, are nonentities. We care nothing for Malcolm or Donalbain, or Lennox or Rosse, or the rest of the Scottish nobles. Pathetic, indeed, are the words which burst from Macduff when he hears the astounding tidings that all his pretty chickens and their dam have been carried off at one fell swoop; but he soon shakes the woman out of his eyes, and dreams only of revenge. His companions are slightly affected by the bloody deed, and grief is in a moment converted into rage. It is but a short passage of sorrow, and the only one of the kind. What is equally remarkable is, that we have but one slight piece of comic in the play—the few sentences given to the porter; * and their humour turns upon a gloomy subject for

* The speech of this porter is in blank verse:—

"Here is a knocking indeed! If a man
Were porter of hell-gate, he should have old
Turning the key. Knock—knock—knock! Who is there,
In the name of Beelzebub? Here is a farmer
That hanged himself [up]on the expectation
Of plenty: come in time. Have napkins enough
About you. Here you'll sweat for it. Knock—knock!
Who's there, in the other devil's name? [I'] faith
Here's an equivocator, that could swear
In both the scales 'gainst either scale; [one] who
Committed treason enough for God's sake, yet

jest—the occupation of the keeper of the gates of Hell. With these two exceptions—the brief pathos of Macduff, and the equally brief comedy of the porter—all the rest is blood. Tears and laughter have no place in this cavern of death.

Of such a gory poem Macbeth is the centre, the moving spirit. From the beginning, before treason has entered his mind, he appears as a man delighting in blood. The captain, announcing his deeds against Macdonwald, introduces him bedabbled in slaughter :—

> "For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
> Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
> Which smoked with bloody execution,
> Like valour's minion carved out his passage
> Until he faced the slave ;
> And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
> Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chops,*
> And fixed his head upon our battlements."

After this desperate backstroke, as Warburton justly calls it, Macbeth engages in another combat equally sanguinary. He and Banquo

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> Cannot equivocate to Heaven. Oh ! come in,
> Equivocator. Knock—knock—knock ! Who's there ?
> 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither
> For stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor.
> Here you may roast your goose.
> Knock—knock—
> Never in quiet.
> Who are you ? but this place is too cold for hell.
> I'll devil-porter it no longer. I had thought
> T' have let in some of all professions,
> That go the primrose-path to th' everlasting darkness."

The alterations I propose are very slight. *Upon* for *on*, *I'faith* for *faith*, and the introduction of the word *one* in a place where it is required. The succeeding dialogue is also in blank verse. So is the sleeping-scene of Lady Macbeth ; and that so palpably that I wonder it could ever pass for prose. —W. M.

* Warburton proposes that we should read "from the *nape* to the chops," as a more probable wound. But this could hardly be called *unseaming ;* and the wound is intentionally horrid, to suit the character of the play. So, for the same reason, when Duncan is murdered, we are made to remark that the old man had much blood in him.—W. M.

"Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe;
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorise another Golgotha,
I cannot tell."

Hot from such scenes, he is met by the witches. They promise him the kingdom of Scotland. The glittering prize instantly affects his imaginaton. He is so wrapt in thought, at the very moment of its announcement, that he cannot speak. He soon informs us what is the hue of the visions passing through his mind. The witches had told him he was to be king: they had not said a word about the means. He instantly supplies them:

"Why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature?"

The dreaded word itself soon comes:

"My thought, whose MURDER yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smothered in surmise."

To a mind so disposed temptation is unnecessary. The thing was done. Duncan was marked out for murder before the letter was written to Lady Macbeth, and she only followed the thought of her husband.

Love for him is in fact her guiding passion. She sees that he covets the throne—that his happiness is wrapped up in the hope of being a king—and her part is accordingly taken without hesitation. With the blindness of affection she persuades herself that he is full of the milk of human kindness, and that he would reject false and unholy ways of attaining the object of his desire. She deems it, therefore, her duty to spirit him to the task. Fate and metaphyscial aid, she argues, have destined him for the golden round of Scotland. Shall she not lend her assistance? She does not ask the question twice. She will. Her sex, her woman's breasts, her very nature, oppose the task she has prescribed to herself; but she prays to the ministers of murder—to the spirits that tend on mortal thoughts—to

make thick her blood, and stop up the access and passage of remorse; and she succeeds in mustering the desperate courage which bears her through. Her instigation was not, in reality, wanted. Not merely the murder of Duncan, but of Malcolm, was already resolved on by Macbeth:

> "The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
> On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
> For in my way it lies. Stars! hide your fires,
> Let not light see my black and dark desires!"

As the time for the performance of the deed approaches, he is harassed by doubts; but he scarcely shows any traces of compunction or remorse. He pauses before the crime—not from any hesitation at its enormity, but for fear of its results—for fear of the poisoned chalice being returned to his own lips—for fear of the trumpet-tongued indignation which must attend the discovery of the murder of so popular a prince as Duncan; one who has borne his faculties so meekly, and loaded Macbeth himself with honours. He is not haunted by any feeling for the sin, any compassion for his victim: the dread of losing the golden opinions he has so lately won, the consequences of failure, alone torment him. His wife has not to suggest murder, for that has been already resolved upon; but to represent the weakness of drawing back, after a resolution has once been formed. She well knows that the momentary qualm will pass off; that Duncan is to be slain, perhaps when time and place will not so well adhere. Now, she argues—now it can be done with safety. Macbeth is determined to wade through slaughter to a throne. If he passes this moment, he loses the eagerly-desired prize, and lives for ever after a coward in his own esteem; or he may make the attempt at a moment when detection is so near at hand, the stroke which sends Duncan to his fate will be but the prelude of the destruction of my husband. She therefore rouses him to do at once that from which she knows nothing but fear of detection deters him; and, feeling that there are no conscientious scruples to overcome, applies herself to show that

the present is the most favourable instant. It is for him she thinks—for him she is unsexed—for his ambition she works—for his safety she provides.

Up to the very murder Macbeth displays no pity—no feeling for anybody but himself. Fear of detection still haunts him, and no other fear:

> "Thou sure and steadfast earth,
> Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
> The very stones prate of my whereabout."

As Lady Macbeth says, it is the frustrated attempt, not the crime, that can confound him. When it has been accomplished, he is for a while visited by brain-sick fancies; and to her, who sees the necessity of prompt action, is left the care of providing the measures best calculated to avert the dreaded detection. She makes light of facing the dead, and assures her husband that

> "A little water clears us of this deed.
> How easy it is then!"

Does she indeed feel this? Are these the real emotions of her mind? Does she think that a little water will wash out what has been done, and that it is as easy to make all trace of it vanish from the heart as from the hand? She shall answer us from her sleep, in the loneliness of midnight, in the secrecy of her chamber. Bold was her bearing, reckless and defying her tongue, when her husband was to be served or saved; but the sigh bursting from her heavily-charged breast, and her deep agony when she feels that, so far from its being easy to get rid of the witness of murder, no washing can obliterate the damnéd spot, no perfume sweeten the hand once redolent of blood, prove that the recklessness and defiance were only assumed. We find at last what she had sacrificed, how dreadful was the struggle she had to subdue. Her nerve, her courage, mental and physical, was unbroken during the night of murder; but horror was already seated in her heart. Even then a touch of what was going on in her bosom breaks

forth. When urging Macbeth to act, she speaks as if she held the strongest ties of human nature in contempt:

> "I have given suck, and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
> I would, when it was smiling in my face,
> Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
> And dashed the brains out, had I but so sworn
> As you have done to this."

Is she indeed so unnatural—so destitute of maternal, of womanly feeling? No. In the next scene we find her deterred from actual participation in killing Duncan, because he resembled her father in his sleep. This is not the lady to pluck the nipple from the boneless gums of her infant, and dash out its brains. Her language is exaggerated in mere bravado, to taunt Macbeth's infirmity of purpose by a comparison with her own boasted firmness; but, if the case had arisen, she who had recoiled from injuring one whose life stood in the way of her husband's hopes from a fancied resemblance to her father would have seen in the smile of her child a talisman of resistless protection.

The murder done, and her husband on the throne, she is no longer implicated in guilt. She is unhappy in her elevation, and writhes under a troubled spirit in the midst of assumed gaiety. She reflects with a settled melancholy that

> "Naught's had, all's spent,
> When our desire is got without content.
> 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
> Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy."

This to herself. To cheer her lord, she speaks a different language in the very next line:

> "How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
> Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
> Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
> With those they think on?"

Her own thoughts, we have just seen, were full as sorry as

those of her husband; but she can wear a mask. Twice only does she appear after her accession to the throne; once masked, once unmasked; once seated at high festival, entertaining the nobles of her realm, full of grace and courtesy, performing her stately hospitalities with cheerful countenance, and devising with rare presence of mind excuses for the distracted conduct of her husband; once again, when all guard is removed, groaning in despair.

The few words she says to Macbeth after the guests have departed, almost driven out by herself, mark that her mind is completely subdued. She remonstrates with him at first for having broken up the feast; but she cannot continue the tone of reproof when she finds that his thoughts are bent on gloomier objects. Blood is for ever on his tongue. She had ventured to tell him that the visions which startle him were but the painting of his brain, and that he was unmanned in folly. He takes no heed of what she says, and continues to speculate—at first in distraction, then in dread, and lastly in savage cruelty—upon blood. The apparition of Banquo almost deprives him of his senses. He marvels that such things could be, and complains that a cruel exception to the ordinary laws of nature is permitted in his case. Blood, he says,

> "—— has been shed ere now in the olden time,
> Ere human statute purged the gentle weal":

and in more civilised times also; but, when death came, no further consequences followed. Now, not even twenty mortal murders (he remembered the number of deadly gashes reported by the assassin) will keep the victim in his grave. As long as Banquo's ghost remains before him, he speaks in the same distracted strain. When the object of his special wonder, by its vanishing, gives him time to reflect, fear of detection, as usual, is his first feeling:

> "It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood!"

The most improbable witnesses have detected murder.

Stones, trees, magotpies, choughs, have disclosed the secretest man of blood. Then come cruel resolves, to rid himself of his fears. Mercy or remorse is to be henceforth unknown; the firstlings of his heart are to be the firstlings of his hand; the bloody thought is to be followed instantly by the bloody deed. The tiger is now fully aroused in his soul:

> "I am in blood
> Stept in so far that, should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

He sees an enemy in every castle; everywhere he plants his spies; from every hand he dreads an attempt upon his life. Nearly two centuries after the play was written the world beheld one of its fairest portions delivered to a rule as bloody as that of the Scottish tyrant; and so true to nature are the conceptions of Shakespeare, that the speeches of mixed terror and cruelty, which he has given to Macbeth, might have been uttered by Robespierre. The atrocities of the Jacobin, after he had stept so far in blood, were dictated by fear. "Robespierre," says a quondam satellite, "devenait plus sombre; son air renfrogné repoussait tout le monde; il ne parlait que d'assassinat encore d'assassinat, toujours d'assassinat. Ill avait peur que son sombre ne l'assassinat."

Lady Macbeth sees this grisly resolution, and ceases to remonstrate or interfere. Her soul is bowed down before his, and he communicates with her no longer. He tells her to be ignorant of what he plans, until she can applaud him for what he has done. When he abruptly asks her

> "How say'st thou—that Macduff denies his person
> At our great bidding?"

she, well knowing that she has not said anything about it, and that the question is suggested by his own fear and suspicion, timidly inquires:

> "Have you sent to him, *sir?*"

The last word is an emphatic proof that she is wholly

subjugated. Too well is she aware of the cause and the consequence of Macbeth's *sending* after Macduff; but she ventures not to hint. She is no longer the stern-tongued lady urging on the work of death, and taunting her husband for his hesitation. She now addresses him in the humbled tone of an inferior; we now see fright and astonishment seated on her face. He tells her that she marvels at his words, and she would fain persuade herself that they are but the feverish effusions of an overwrought mind. Sadly she says—

"You lack the season of all nature—sleep."

Those are the last words we hear from her waking lips; and, with a hope that repose may banish those murky thoughts from her husband's mind, she takes, hand in hand with him, her tearful departure from the stage; and seeks her remorse-haunted chamber, there to indulge in useless reveries of deep-rooted sorrow, and to perish by her own hand amid the crashing ruin of her fortunes, and the fall of that throne which she had so fatally contributed to win.

He now consigns himself wholly to the guidance of the weird sisters; and she takes no part in the horrors which desolate Scotland, and rouse against him the insurrection of the enraged Thanes. But she clings to him faithfully in his downfall. All others, except the agents of his crimes and his personal dependants, have abandoned him; but she, with mind diseased, and a heart weighed down by the perilous stuff of recollections that defy the operation of oblivious antidote, follows him to the doomed castle of Dunsinane. It is evident that he returns her affection, by his anxious solicitude about her health, and his melancholy recital of her mental sufferings. He shows it still more clearly by his despairing words when the tidings of her death are announced. Seyton delays to communicate it; but at last the truth must come—that the queen is dead. It is the overflowing drop in his cup of misfortune:

"She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word."

I might have borne it at some other time; but now—now—now that I am deserted by all—penned in my last fortress—feeling that the safeguards in which I trusted are fallacious—now it is indeed the climax of my calamity that she who helped me to rise to what she thought was prosperity and honour—who clung to me through a career that inspired all else with horror and hate—and who, in sickness of body and agony of mind, follows me in the very desperation of my fate, should at such an hour be taken from me—I am now undone indeed! He then, for the first time, reflects on the brief and uncertain tenure of life. He has long dabbled in death, but it never before touched himself so closely. He is now aweary of the sun; now finds the deep curses which follow him sufficiently loud to pierce his ear; now discovers that he has already lived long enough; and plunges into the combat, determined, if he has lived the life of a tyrant, to die the death of a soldier, with harness on his back. Surrender or suicide does not enter his mind; with his habitual love of bloodshed he feels a savage pleasure in dealing gashes all around; and at last, when he finds the charms on which he depended of no avail, flings himself, after a slight hesitation, into headlong conflict with the man by whose sword he knows he is destined to fall, with all the reckless fury of despair. What had he now to care for? The last tie that bound him to human kind was broken by the death of his wife, and it was time that his tale of sound and fury should come to its appropriate close.

Thus fell he whom Malcolm in the last speech of the play calls "the dead butcher." By the same tongue Lady Macbeth is stigmatised as the fiend-like queen. Except her share in the murder of Duncan—which is, however, quite sufficient to justify the epithet in the mouth of his son—she does nothing in the play to deserve the title; and for her crime she has been sufficiently punished by a life of disaster and remorse. She is not the tempter of Macbeth. It does not require much philosophy to pronounce that there were no such beings as the weird sisters; or that the voice that

told the Thane of Glamis that he was to be king of Scotland was that of his own ambition. In his own bosom was brewed the hell-broth, potent to call up visions counselling tyranny and blood; and its ingredients were his own evil passions and criminal hopes. Macbeth himself only believes as much of the prediction of the witches as he desires. The same prophets who foretold his elevation to the throne foretold also that the progeny of Banquo would reign; and yet, after the completion of the prophecy so far as he is himself concerned, he endeavours to mar the other part by the murder of Fleance. The weird sisters are, to him, no more than the Evil Spirit which, in Faust, tortures Margaret at her prayers. They are but the personified suggestions of his mind. She, the wife of his bosom, knows the direction of his thoughts; and, bound to him in love, exerts every energy, and sacrifices every feeling, to minister to his hopes and aspirations. This is her sin, and no more. He retains, in all his guilt and crime, a fond feeling for his wife. Even when meditating slaughter and dreaming of blood, he addresses soft words of conjugal endearment; he calls her "dearest chuck," while devising assassinations with the foreknowledge of which he is unwilling to sully her mind. Selfish in ambition, selfish in fear, his character presents no point of attraction but this one merit. Shakespeare gives us no hint as to her personal charms, except when he makes her describe her hand as "little." We may be sure that there were few "more thorough-bred or fairer fingers" in the land of Scotland than those of its queen, whose bearing in public toward Duncan, Banquo, and the nobles is marked by elegance and majesty, and in private by affectionate anxiety for her sanguinary lord. He duly appreciated her feelings; but it is pity that such a woman should have been united to such a man. If she had been less strong of purpose, less worthy of confidence, he would not have disclosed to her his ambitious designs; less resolute and prompt of thought and action, she would not have been called on to share his guilt; less sensitive or more

hardened, she would not have suffered it to prey for ever like a vulture upon her heart. She affords, as I consider it, only another instance of what women will be brought to by a love which listens to no considerations, which disregards all else besides, when the interests, the wishes, the happiness, the honour, or even the passions, caprices, and failings of the beloved object are concerned; and if the world, in a compassionate mood, will gently scan the softer errors of sister-woman, may we not claim a kindly construing for the motives which plunged into the Aceldama of this blood-washed tragedy the sorely-urged and broken-hearted Lady Macbeth?

Bob Burke's Duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th.

CHAPTER I.

HOW BOB WAS IN LOVE WITH MISS THEODOSIA MACNAMARA.

"When the 48th were quartered in Mallow I was there on a visit to one of the Purcells who abound in that part of the world, and, being some sixteen or seventeen years younger than I am now, thought I might as well fall in love with Miss Theodosia Macnamara. She was a fine grown girl, full of flesh and blood, rose five foot nine at least when shod, had many excellent points, and stepped out slappingly upon her pasterns. She was somewhat of a roarer, it must be admitted, for you could hear her from one end of the Walk to the other; and I am told that, as she has grown somewhat aged, she shows symptoms of vice; but I knew nothing of the latter, and did not mind the former, because I never had a fancy for your nimini-pimini young ladies, with their mouths squeezed into the shape and dimensions of a needle's eye. I always suspect such damsels as having a very portentous design against mankind in general.

"She was at Mallow for the sake of the Spa, it being understood that she was consumptive, though I'll answer for it her lungs were not touched; and I never saw any signs of consumption about her, except at meal times, when her consumption was undoubtedly great. However, her mother, a very nice middle-aged woman—she was of the O'Regans of the West, and a perfect lady in her manners,

with a very remarkable red nose, which she attributed to a cold which had settled in that part, and which cold she was always endeavouring to cure with various balsamic preparations taken inwardly—maintained that her poor chicken, as she called her, was very delicate, and required the air and water of Mallow to cure her. Theodosia (she was so named after some of the Limerick family) or, as we generally called her, Dosy, was rather of a sanguine complexion, with hair that might be styled auburn, but which usually received another name. Her nose was turned up, as they say was that of Cleopatra; and her mouth, which was never idle, being always employed in eating, drinking, shouting, or laughing, was of considerable dimensions. Her eyes were piercers, with a slight tendency to a cast; and her complexion was equal to a footman's plush breeches, or the first tinge of the bloom of morning bursting through a summer cloud, or what else verse-making men are fond of saying. I remember a young man who was in love with her writing a song about her, in which there was one or other of the similes above mentioned, I forget which. The verses were said to be very clever, as no doubt they were; but I do not recollect them, never being able to remember poetry. Dosy's mother used to say that it was a hectic flush. If so, it was a very permanent flush, for it never left her cheeks for a moment, and, had it not belonged to a young lady in a galloping consumption, would have done honour to a dairymaid.

"Pardon these details, gentlemen," said Bob Burke, sighing; "but one always thinks of the first loves. Tom Moore says that 'there's nothing half so sweet in life as young love's dram;' and talking of that, if there's anything left in the brandy bottle, hand it over to me. Here's to the days gone by! They will never come again. Dear Dosy, you and I had some fun together. I see her now with her red hair escaping from under her hat, in a pea-green habit, a stiff cutting whip in her hand, licking it into Tom the Devil, a black horse that would have carried a sixteen-

stoner over a six-foot wall, following Will Wrixon's hounds at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and singing out 'Go it, my trumps!' These are the recollections that bring tears in a man's eyes."

There were none visible in Bob's; but, as he here finished his dram, it is perhaps a convenient opportunity for concluding a chapter.

CHAPTER II.

HOW ENSIGN BRADY WENT TO DRINK TEA WITH MISS THEODOSIA MACNAMARA.

"THE day of that hunt was the very day that led to my duel with Brady. He was a long, straddling, waddle-mouthed chap, who had no more notion of riding a hunt than a rhinoceros. He was mounted on a showy-enough-looking mare, which had been nerved by Rodolphus Bootiman, the horse-doctor, and though 'a good 'un to look at, was a rum 'un to go;' and before she was nerved, all the work had been taken out of her by long Lanty Philpot, who sold her to Brady after dinner for fifty pounds, she being not worth twenty in her best day, and Brady giving his bill at three months for the fifty. My friend the ensign was no judge of a horse, and the event showed that my cousin Lanty was no judge of a bill, not a cross of the fifty having been paid from that day to this, and it is out of the question now, it being long past the statute of limitations, to say nothing of Brady having since twice taken the benefit of the Act. So both parties jockeyed one another, having that pleasure, which must do them instead of profit.

"She was a bay chestnut, and nothing would do Brady but he must run her at a little gap which Miss Dosy was going to clear, in order to show his gallantry and agility; and certainly I must do him the credit to say that he did get his mare *on* the gap, which was no small feat; but there she broke down, and off went Brady, neck and crop, into

as fine a pool of stagnant green mud as you would ever wish to see. He was ducked regularly in it, and he came out, if not in the jacket, yet in the colours of the Rifle Brigade, looking rueful enough at his misfortune, as you may suppose. But he had not much time to think of the figure he cut, for before he could well get up who should come right slap over him but Miss Dosy herself upon Tom the Devil, having cleared the gap and a yard beyond the pool in fine style. Brady ducked, and escaped the horse, a little fresh daubing being of less consequence than the knocking out of his brains, if he had any; but he did not escape a smart rap from a stone which one of Tom's heels flung back with such unlucky accuracy as to hit Brady right in the mouth, knocking out one of his eye teeth (which I do not recollect). Brady clapped his hand to his mouth, and bawled, as any man might do in such a case, so loud that Miss Dosy checked Tom for a minute to turn round, and there she saw him making the most horrid faces in the world, his mouth streaming with blood, and himself painted green from head to foot, with as pretty a coat of shining slime as was to be found in the province of Munster. 'That's the gentleman you just leapt over, Miss Dosy,' said I, for I had joined her; 'and he seems to be in some confusion.' 'I am sorry,' said she, 'Bob, that I should have in any way offended him or any other gentleman by leaping over him, but I can't wait now. Take him my compliments, and tell him I should be happy to see him at tea at six o'clock this evening, in a different suit.' Off she went, and I rode back with her message (by which means I was thrown out), and (would you believe it?) he had the ill manners to say 'the h——;' but I shall not repeat what he said. It was impolite to the last degree, not to say profane: but perhaps he may be somewhat excused under his peculiar circumstances. There is no knowing what even Job himself might have said immediately after having been thrown off his horse into a green pool, with his eye-tooth knocked out, his mouth full of mud and blood, on being asked to a tea-party.

"He—Brady, not Job—went, nevertheless; for on our return to Miss Dosy's lodging we found a triangular note, beautifully perfumed, expressing his gratitude for her kind invitation, and telling her not to think of the slight accident which had occurred. How it happened, he added, he could not conceive, his mare never having broken down with him before—which was true enough, as that was the first day he ever mounted her—and she having been bought by himself at a sale of the Earl of Darlington's horses last year, for two hundred guineas. She was a great favourite, he went on to say, with the Earl, who often rode her, and ran at Doncaster by the name of Miss Russell. All this latter part of the note was not quite so true, but then it must be admitted that when we talk about horses we are not tied down to be exact to a letter. If we were, God help Tattersall's!

"To tea, accordingly, the ensign came at six, wiped clean, and in a different set-out altogether from what he appeared in on emerging from the ditch. He was, to make use of a phrase introduced from the ancient Latin into the modern Greek, togged up in the most approved style of his Majesty's 48th Foot. Bright was the scarlet of his coat; deep the blue of his facings."

"I beg your pardon," said Antony Harrison, here interrupting the speaker. "The 48th are not royals, and you ought to know that no regiment but those which are royal sport blue facings. I remember once upon a time, in a coffee-shop, detecting a very smart fellow who wrote some clever things in a magazine published in Edinburgh by one Blackwood, under the character of a military man, not to be anything of the kind, by his talking about ensigns in the Fusileers—all the world knowing that in the Fusileers there are no ensigns, but in their place second lieutenants. Let me set you right there, Bob. The facings your friend Brady exhibited to the wondering gaze of the Mallow tea-table must have been buff—pale buff."

"Buff, black, blue, brown, yellow, Pompadour, brick-

dust, no matter what they were," continued Burke, in no wise pleased by the interruption; "they were as bright as they could be made, and so was all the lace, and other traps which I shall not specify more minutely, as I am in presence of so sharp a critic. He was, in fact, in full dress—as you know is done in country quarters—and, being not a bad plan and elevation of a man, looked well enough. Miss Dosy, I perceived, had not been perfectly ignorant of the rank and condition of the gentleman over whom she had leaped, for she was dressed in her purple satin body and white skirt, which she always put on when she wished to be irresistible, and her hair was suffered to flow in long ringlets down her fair neck—and, by Jupiter, it was fair as a swan's, and as majestic too—and no mistake. Yes! Dosy Macnamara looked divine that evening.

"Never mind! Tea was brought in by Mary Keefe, and it was just as all other teas have been and will be. Do not, however, confound it with the wafer-sliced and hot-watered abominations which are inflicted, perhaps justly, on the wretched individuals who are guilty of haunting *soirées* and *conversaziones* in this good and bad city of London. The tea was congou or souchong, or some other of these Chinese affairs, for anything I know to the contrary; for, having dined at the house, I was mixing my fifth tumbler when tea was brought in, and Mrs. Macnamara begged me not to disturb myself, and, she being a lady for whom I had a great respect, I complied with her desire; but there was a potato-cake, an inch thick and two feet in diameter, which Mrs. Macnamara informed me in a whisper was made by Dosy after the hunt.

"'Poor chicken,' she said, 'if she had the strength, she has the willingness; but she is so delicate. If you saw her handling the potatoes to-day.'

"'Madam,' said I, looking tender, and putting my hand on my heart, 'I wish I was a potato!'

CHAPTER III.

HOW ENSIGN BRADY ASTONISHED THE NATIVES AT MISS THEODOSIA MACNAMARA'S.

"I THOUGHT this was an uncommonly pathetic wish, after the manner of the Persian poet Hafiz; but it was scarcely out of my mouth when Ensign Brady, taking a cup of tea from Miss Dosy's hand, looking upon me with an air of infinite condescension, declared that I must be the happiest of men, as my wish was granted before it was made. I was preparing to answer, but Miss Dosy laughed so loud that I had not time, and my only resource was to swallow what I had just made. The ensign followed up his victory without mercy.

"'Talking of potatoes, Miss Theodosia,' said he, looking at me, 'puts me in mind of truffles. Do you know this most exquisite cake of yours much resembles a *gateau aux truffes?* By Gad! how Colonel Thornton, Sir Harry Millicent, Lord Mortgageshire, and that desperate fellow, the Honourable and Reverend Dick Sellenger, and I, used to tuck in truffles when we were quartered in Paris. Mortgageshire—an uncommon droll fellow; I used to call his lordship Morty—he called me Brad—we were on such terms; and we used to live together in the Rue de la Paix, that beautiful street close by the Place Vendôme, where there's the pillar. You have been at Paris, Miss Macnamara?' asked the ensign, filling his mouth with a half-pound bite of the potato-cake at the same moment.

"Dosy confessed that she had never travelled into any foreign parts except the kingdom of Kerry; and, on the same question being repeated to me, I was obliged to admit that I was in a similar predicament. Brady was triumphant.

"'It is a loss to any man,' said he, 'not to have been in Paris. I know that city well, and so I ought; but I did many naughty things there.'

"'O fie!' said Mrs. Macnamara.

"'O madam,' continued Brady, 'the fact is that the Paris ladies were rather too fond of us English. When I say English I mean Scotch and Irish as well; but, nevertheless, I think Irishmen had more good luck than the natives of the other two islands.'

"'In my geography book,' said Miss Dosy, 'it is put down only as one island, consisting of England, capital London, on the Thames, in the south; and Scotland, capital Edinburgh, on the Forth, in the north; population'——

"'Gad! you are right,' said Brady, 'perfectly right, Miss Macnamara. I see you are quite a blue. But, as I was saying, it is scarcely possible for a good-looking young English officer to escape the French ladies. And then I played rather deep; on the whole, however, I think I may say I won. Mortgageshire and I broke Frascati's one night —we won a hundred thousand francs at rouge, and fifty-four thousand at roulette. You would have thought the croupiers would have fainted; they tore their hair with vexation. The money, however, soon went again—we could not keep it. As for wine, you have it cheap there, and of a quality which you cannot get in England. At Very's, for example, I drank chambertin—it is a kind of claret—for three francs two sous a bottle, which was beyond all comparison far superior to what I drank, a couple of months ago, at the Duke of Devonshire's, though his Grace prides himself on that very wine, and sent to a particular binn for a favourite specimen, when I observed to him I had tasted better in Paris. Out of politeness I pretended to approve of his Grace's choice; but I give you my honour —only I would not wish it to reach his Grace's ears—it was not to be compared to what I had at Very's for a moment.'

"So flowed on Brady for a couple of hours. The Tooleries, as he thought proper to call them; the Louvre, with its pictures, the removal of which he deplored as a matter of taste, assuring us that he had used all his

influence with the Emperor of Russia and the Duke of Wellington to prevent it, but in vain; the Boulevards, the opera, the theatres, the Champs Elysées, the Montagnes Russes—everything, in short, about Paris was depicted to the astonished mind of Miss Dosy. Then came London—where he belonged to I do not know how many clubs, and cut a most distinguished figure in the fashionable world. He was of the Prince Regent's set, and assured us on his honour that there was never anything so ill-founded as the stories afloat to the discredit of that illustrious person. But on what happened at Carlton House he felt obliged to keep silence, the Prince being remarkably strict in exacting a promise from every gentleman whom he admitted to his table not to divulge anything that occurred there, a violation of which promise was the cause of the exclusion of Brummell. As for the Princess of Wales he would rather not say anything.

"And so forth. Now, in those days of my innocence, I believed these stories as gospel, hating the fellow all the while from the bottom of my heart, as I saw that he made a deep impression on Dosy, who sat in open-mouthed wonder, swallowing them down as a common-councilman swallows turtle. But times are changed. I have seen Paris and London since, and I believe I know both villages as well as most men, and the deuce a word of truth did Brady tell in his whole narrative. In Paris, when not in quarters (he had joined some six or eight months after Waterloo), he lived *au cinquantième* in a dog-hole in the Rue Git-le-Cœur (a street at what I may call the Surrey side of Paris) among carters and other such folk; and in London I discovered that his principal domicile was in one of the courts now demolished to make room for the fine new gimcrackery at Charing Cross. It was in Round Court, at a pieman's of the name of Dudfield."

"Dick Dudfield?" said Jack Ginger. "I knew the man well—a most particular friend of mine. He was a duffer besides being a pieman, and was transported some years

ago. He is now a flourishing merchant in Australasia, and will, I suppose, in due time be grandfather to a member of Congress."

"There it was that Brady lived then," continued Bob Burke, "when he was hobnobbing with Georgius Quartus, and dancing at Almack's with Lady Elizabeth Conynghame. Faith, the nearest approach he ever made to royalty was when he was put into the King's own Bench, where he sojourned many a long day. What an ass I was to believe a word of such stuff! But, nevertheless, it goes down with the rustics to the present minute. I sometimes sport a duke or so myself, when I find myself among yokels, and I rise vastly in estimation by so doing. What do we come to London or Paris for, but to get some touch of knowing how to do things properly? It would be devilish hard, I think, for Ensign Brady, or Ensign Brady's master, to do me nowadays by flamming off titles of high life."

The company did no more than justice to Mr. Burke's experience, by unanimously admitting that such a feat was all but impossible.

"I was," he went on, "a good deal annoyed at my inferiority, and I could not help seeing that Miss Dosy was making comparisons that were rather odious, as she glanced from the gay uniform of the ensign on my habiliments, which having been perpetrated by a Mallow tailor with a hatchet, or pitchfork, or pickaxe, or some such tool, did not stand the scrutiny to advantage. I was, I think, a better-looking fellow than Brady. Well, well, laugh if you like. I am no beauty, I know; but, then, consider that what I am talking of was sixteen years ago, and more; and a man does not stand the battering I have gone through for these sixteen years with impunity. Do you call the thirty or forty thousand tumblers of punch, in all its varieties, that I have since imbibed, nothing?"

"Yes," said Jack Ginger with a sigh, "there was a song we used to sing on board the *Brimstone*, when cruising about the Spanish main—

'If Mars leaves his scars, jolly Bacchus as well
Sets his trace on the face, which a toper will tell;
But which a more merry campaign has pursued,
The shedder of wine, or the shedder of blood?'

I forget the rest of it. Poor Ned Nixon! It was he who made that song; he was afterwards bit in two by a shark, having tumbled overboard in the cool of the evening, one fine summer day, off Port Royal."

"Well, at all events," said Burke, continuing his narrative, "I thought I was a better-looking fellow than my rival, and was fretted at being sung down. I resolved to outstay him, and, though he sat long enough, I, who was more at home, contrived to remain after him, but it was only to hear him extolled.

"'A very nice young man,' said Mrs. Macnamara.

"'An extreme nice young man,' responded Miss Theodosia.

"'A perfect gentleman in his manners; he puts me quite in mind of my uncle, the late Jerry O'Regan,' observed Mrs. Macnamara.

"'Quite the gentleman in every particular,' ejaculated Miss Theodosia.

"'He has seen a great deal of the world for so young a man,' remarked Mrs. Macnamara.

"'He has mixed in the best society, too,' cried Miss Theodosia.

"'It is a great advantage to a young man to travel,' quoth Mrs. Macnamara.

"'And a very great disadvantage to a young man to be always sticking at home,' chimed in Miss Theodosia, looking at me; "it shuts them out from all chances of the elegance which we have just seen displayed by Ensign Brady of the 48th Foot.'

"'For my part,' said I, 'I do not think him such an elegant fellow at all. Do you remember, Dosy Macnamara, how he looked when he got up out of the green puddle to-day?'

"'Mr. Burke,' said she, 'that was an accident that might happen any man. You were thrown yourself this day week, on clearing Jack Falvey's wall, so you need not reflect on Mr. Brady.'

"'If I was,' said I, 'it was as fine a leap as ever was made; and I was on my mare in half a shake afterwards. Bob Buller of Ballythomas, or Jack Pendergast, or Fergus O'Connor, could not have rode it better. And you too'——

"'Well,' said she, 'I am not going to dispute with you. I am sleepy, and must get to bed.'

"'Do, poor chicken,' said Mrs. Macnamara soothingly; 'and, Bob, my dear, I wish it was in your power to go travel, and see the Booleries and the Toolleyvards, and the rest, and then you might be, in course of time, as genteel as Ensign Brady.'

"'Heigho!' said Miss Dosy, ejecting a sigh. 'Travel, Bob, travel.'

"'I will,' said I at once, and left the house in the most abrupt manner, after consigning Ensign Brady to the particular attention of Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megæra, all compressed into one emphatic monosyllable.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW BOB BURKE, AFTER AN INTERVIEW WITH BARNEY PULVERTAFT, ASCERTAINED THAT HE WAS DESPERATELY IN LOVE WITH MISS THEODOSIA MACNAMARA.

"On leaving Dosy's lodgings I began to consult the state of my heart. Am I really, said I, so much in love as to lose my temper if this prating ensign should carry off the lady? I was much puzzled to resolve the question. I walked up and down the Spa Walk, whiffing a cigar, for a quarter of an hour, without being able to come to a decision. At last, just as the cigar was out, my eye caught

a light in the window of Barney Pulvertaft the attorney—old Six-and-Eightpence, as we used to call him. I knew he was the confidential agent of the Macnamaras; and, as he had carried on sixteen lawsuits for my father, I thought I had a claim to learn something about the affairs of Miss Dosy. I understood she was an heiress, but had never until now thought of inquiring into the precise amount of her expectancies. Seeing that the old fellow was up, I determined to step over, and found him in the middle of law-papers, although it was then rather late, with a pot-bellied jug of the bee-hive pattern by his side, full of punch, or rather, I should say, half full, for Six-and-Eightpence had not been idle. His snuff-coloured wig was cocked on one side of his head, his old velveteen breeches open at the knee, his cravat off, his shirt unbuttoned, his stockings half down his lean legs, his feet in a pair of worsted slippers. The old fellow was, in short, relaxed for the night; but he had his pen in his hand.

"'I am only filling copies of *capiases*, Bob,' said he; 'light and pleasant work, which does not distress one in an evening. There are a few of your friends booked here. What has brought you to me so late to-night? But your father's son is always welcome. Ay, there were few men like your father. Never staggered in a lawsuit in his life; saw it always out to the end, drove it from court to court. If he was beat, why, so much the worse, but he never fretted; if he won, faith! he squeezed the opposite party well. Ay, he was a good-hearted, honest, straightforward man. I wish I had a hundred such clients. So here's his memory anyhow!

"Six-and-Eightpence had a good right to give the toast, as what constituted the excellence of my father in his eyes had moved most of the good acres of Ballyburke out of the family into the hands of the lawyers; but from filial duty I complied with the attorney's request the more readily, because I well knew, from long experience, that his skill in punch-making was unimpeachable. So we talked about my

father's old lawsuits, and I got Barney into excellent humour by letting him tell me of the great skill and infinite adroitness which he had displayed upon a multiplicity of occasions. It was not, however, until we were deep in the second jug, and Six-and-Eightpence was beginning to show symptoms of being *cut*, that I ventured to introduce the subject of my visit. I did it as cautiously as I could, but the old fellow soon found out my drift.

"'No,' hiccuped he, 'Bob, 'twon't—'twon't—do. Close as green—green wax. Never te-tell profess-profess-professional secrets. Know her expec—hiccup—tances to a ten-ten-penny. So you are after—after—her? Ah, Bo-bob! She'll be a ca-catch—let not a wo-word from me. No—never. Bar-ney Pe-pulverta-taft is game to the last. Never be-betrayed ye-your father. God rest his soul—he was a wo-worthy man.'

"On this recollection of the merits of my sainted sire the attorney wept; and in spite of all his professional determinations, whether the potency of the fluid or the memory of the deceased acted upon him, I got at the facts. Dosy had not more than a couple of hundred pounds in the world—her mother's property was an annuity which expired with herself; but her uncle by the father's side, Mick Macnamara of Kawleash, had an estate of at least five hundred a year, which, in case of his dying without issue, was to come to her, besides a power of money saved; Mick being one who, to use the elegant phraseology of my friend the attorney, would skin a flea for the sake of selling the hide. All this money, ten thousand pounds, or something equally musical, would in all probability go to Miss Dosy; the £500 a year was hers by entail. Now, as her uncle was eighty-four years old, unmarried, and in the last stage of the palsy, it was a thing as sure as the bank that Miss Dosy was a very rich heiress indeed.

"'So—so,' said Six-and-Eightpence—'this—this—is strictly confiddle-confid-confiddledential. Do—do not say a word about it. I ought not to have to-told it—but, you

do-dog, you wheedled it out of me. Da-dang it, I co-could not ref-refuse your father's so-son. You are ve-very like him—as I sa-saw him sitting many a ti-time in that cha-chair. But you nev-never will have his spu-spunk in a sho-shoot (suit). There, the lands of Arry-arry-arry-bally-bally-be-beg-clock-clough-macde-de-duagh — confound the wo-word—of Arryballybegcloughmacduagh, the finest be-bog in the co-country, are ye-yours; but you haven't spu-spunk to go into Cha-chancery for it, like your worthy fa-father, Go-god rest his soul. Blow out that se-second ca-candle, Bo-bob, for I hate waste.'

"There's but one in the room, Barney,' said I.

"'You mean to say,' hiccuped he, 'that I am te-te-tipsy? Well, well, ye-young fe-fellows, well, I am their je-joke. However, as the je-jug is out, you must be je-jogging. Early to bed, and early to rise, is the way to be ——. However, le-lend me your arm up the sta-stairs, for they are very slip-slippery to-night.'

"I conducted the attorney to his bedchamber, and safely stowed him into bed, while he kept stammering forth praises on my worthy father, and upbraiding me with want of spunk in not carrying on a Chancery suit begun by him some twelve years before for a couple of hundred acres of bog, the value of which would scarcely have amounted to the price of the parchment expended on it. Having performed this duty, I proceeded homewards, labouring under a variety of sensations.

"How delicious is the feeling of love when it first takes full possession of a youthful bosom! Before its balmy influence vanish all selfish thoughts, all grovelling notions. Pure and sublimated, the soul looks forward to objects beyond self, and merges all ideas of personal identity in aspirations of the felicity to be derived from the being adored. A thrill of rapture pervades the breast; an intense but bland flame permeates every vein—throbs in every pulse. Oh, blissful period! brief in duration, but crowded with thoughts of happiness never to recur again! As I

gained the Walk, the moon was high and bright in heaven, pouring a flood of mild light over the trees. The stars shone with sapphire lustre in the cloudless sky; not a breeze disturbed the deep serene. I was alone. I thought of my love—of what else could I think? What I had just heard had kindled my passion for the divine Theodosia into a quenchless blaze. Yes, I exclaimed aloud, I *do* love her. Such an angel does not exist on the earth. What charms! What innocence! What horsewomanship! Five hundred a year certain! Ten thousand pounds in perspective! I'll repurchase the lands of Ballyburke; I'll rebuild the hunting-lodge in the Galtees; I'll keep a pack of hounds, and live a sporting life. Oh, dear, divine Theodosia, how I *do* adore you! I'll shoot that Brady, and no mistake. How dare he interfere where my affections are so irrevocably fixed?

"Such were my musings. Alas! How we are changed as we progress through the world! That breast becomes arid which once was open to every impression of the tender passion. The rattle of the dice-box beats out of the head the rattle of the quiver of Cupid; and the shuffling of the cards renders the rustling of his wings inaudible. The necessity of looking after a tablecloth supersedes that of looking after a petticoat; and we more willingly make an assignation with a mutton-chop than with an angel in female form. The bonds of love are exchanged for those of the conveyancer; bills take the place of billets; and we do not protest, but are protested against, by a three-and-sixpenny notary. Such are the melancholy effects of age. I knew them not then. I continued to muse full of sweet thoughts, until gradually the moon faded from the sky—the stars went out—and all was darkness. Morning succeeded to night, and on awaking I found that, owing to the forgetfulness in which the thoughts of the fair Theodosia had plunged me, I had selected the bottom step of old Barney Pulvertaft's door as my couch, and was awakened from repose in consequence of his servant-maid (one Norry

Mulcahy) having emptied the contents of her—washing-tub over my slumbering person.

CHAPTER V.

HOW BOB BURKE, AFTER CONSULTATION WITH WOODEN-LEG WADDY, FOUGHT THE DUEL WITH ENSIGN BRADY FOR THE SAKE OF MISS THEODOSIA MACNAMARA.

"At night I had fallen asleep fierce in the determination of exterminating Brady; but with the morrow cool reflection came, made probably cooler by the aspersion I had suffered. How could I fight him when he had never given me the slightest affront? To be sure, picking a quarrel is not hard, thank God, in any part of Ireland; but, unless I was quick about it, he might get so deep into the good graces of Dosy, who was as flammable as tinder, that even my shooting him might not be of any practical advantage to myself. Then, besides, he might shoot me; and, in fact, I was not by any means so determined in the affair at seven o'clock in the morning as I was at twelve o'clock at night. I got home, however, dressed, shaved, &c., and turned out. 'I think,' said I to myself, 'the best thing I can do is to go and consult Wooden-leg Waddy; and, as he is an early man, I shall catch him now.' The thought was no sooner formed than executed; and in less than five minutes I was walking with Wooden-leg Waddy in his garden at the back of his house, by the banks of the Blackwater.

"Waddy had been in the Hundred-and-First, and had seen much service in that distinguished corps."

"I remember it well during the war," said Anthony Harrison; "we used to call it the Hungry-and-Worst; but it did its duty on a pinch nevertheless."

"No matter," continued Burke; "Waddy had served a good deal, and lost his leg somehow, for which he had a pension besides his half-pay, and he lived in ease and affluence among the bucks of Mallow. He was a great

hand at settling and arranging duels, being what we generally call in Ireland a *judgmatical* sort of man—a word which, I think, might be introduced with advantage into the English vocabulary. When I called on him, he was smoking his meerschaum as he walked up and down his garden in an old undress coat, and a fur cap on his head. I bade him good morning; to which salutation he answered by a nod and a more prolonged whiff.

"'I want to speak to you, Wooden-leg,' said I, 'on a matter which nearly concerns me.' On which I received another nod and another whiff in reply.

"'The fact is,' said I, 'that there is an Ensign Brady of the 48th quartered here, with whom I have some reason to be angry, and I am thinking of calling him out. I have come to ask your advice whether I should do so or not. He has deeply injured me by interfering between me and the girl of my affections. What ought I to do in such a case?'

"'Fight him, by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'But the difficulty is this: he has offered me no affront, direct or indirect; we have no quarrel whatever; and he has not paid any addresses to the lady. He and I have scarcely been in contact at all. I do not see how I can manage it immediately with any propriety. What then can I do now?'

"'Do not fight him by any means," said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'Still these are the facts of the case. He, whether intentionally or not, is coming between me and my mistress, which is doing me an injury perfectly equal to the grossest insult. How should I act?'

"'Fight him by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'But then I fear if I were to call him out on a groundless quarrel, or one which would appear to be such, that I should lose the good graces of the lady, and be laughed at by my friends, or set down as a quarrelsome and dangerous companion.'

"'Do not fight him then by any means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'Yet, as he is a military man, he must know enough of the etiquette of these affairs to feel perfectly confident that he has affronted me; and the opinion of a military man, standing, as of course he does, in the rank and position of a gentleman, could not, I think, be overlooked without disgrace.'

"'Fight him by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'But then, talking of gentleman, I own he is an officer of the 48th; but his father is a fish-tackle seller in John Street, Kilkenny, who keeps a three-halfpenny shop where you may buy everything, from a cheese to a cheese-toaster, from a felt hat to a pair of brogues, from a pound of brown soap to a yard of huckaback towels. He got his commission by his father's retiring from the Ormonde interest, and acting as whipper-in to the sham freeholders from Castlecomer; and I am, as you know, of the best blood of the Burkes—straight from the De Burgos themselves; and, when I think of that, I really do not like to meet this Mr Brady.'

"'Do not fight him by any means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy."

"This advice of your friend Waddy to you," said Tom Meggot, interrupting Burke, "much resembles that which Pantagruel gave Panurge on the subject of his marriage, as I heard a friend of mine, Percy, of Gray's Inn, reading to me the other day."

"I do not know the people you speak of," continued Bob; "but such was the advice which Waddy gave me.

"'Why,' said I, 'Wooden-leg, my friend, this is like playing battledore and shuttlecock; what is knocked forward with one hand is knocked back with the other. Come, tell me what I ought to do.'

"'Well,' said Wooden-leg, taking the meerschaum out of his mouth, '*in dubiis suspice*, &c. Let us decide it by tossing a halfpenny. If it comes down *head*, you fight; if *harp*, you do not. Nothing can be fairer.'

"I assented.

"'Which,' said he, 'is it to be—two out of three, as at Newmarket, or the first toss to decide?'

"'Sudden death,' said I, 'and there will soon be an end of it.'

"Up went the halfpenny, and we looked with anxious eyes for its descent, when, unluckily, it stuck in a gooseberry bush.

"'I don't like that,' said Wooden-leg Waddy; 'for it's a token of bad luck. But here goes again.'

"Again the copper soared to the sky, and down it came —*head.*

"'I wish you joy, my friend,' said Waddy; 'you are to fight. That was my opinion all along, though I did not like to commit myself. I can lend you a pair of the most beautiful duelling pistols ever put into a man's hand—Wogden's, I swear. The last time they were out, they shot Joe Brown of Mount Badger as dead as Harry the Eighth.'

"'Will you be my second?' said I.

"'Why, no,' replied Wooden-leg, 'I cannot; for I am bound over by a rascally magistrate to keep the peace, because I barely broke the head of a blackguard bailiff, who came here to serve a writ on a friend of mine, with one of my spare legs. But I can get you a second at once. My nephew, Major Mug, has just come to me on a few days' visit, and, as he is quite idle, it will give him some amusement to be your second. Look up at his bedroom—you see he is shaving himself.'

"In a short time the Major made his appearance, dressed with a most military accuracy of costume. There was not a speck of dust on his well-brushed blue surtout; not a vestige of hair, except the regulation whiskers, on his closely-shaven countenance. His hat was brushed to the most glossy perfection; his boots shone in jetty glow of Day and Martin. There was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his hard and weather-beaten face, and, as he stood rigidly upright, you would have sworn that every sinew and muscle of his body was as stiff as whipcord. He saluted us in military

style, and was soon put in possession of the case. Wooden-leg Waddy insinuated that there were hardly as yet grounds for a duel.

"'I differ,' said Major Mug, 'decidedly. The grounds are ample. I never saw a clearer case in my life, and I have been principal or second in seven-and-twenty. If I collect your story rightly, Mr. Burke, he gave you an abrupt answer in the field, which was highly derogatory to the lady in question, and impertinently rude to yourself?'

"'He certainly,' said I, 'gave me what we call a short answer; but I did not notice it at the time, and he has since made friends with the young lady.'

"'It matters nothing,' observed Major Mug, 'what you may think, or she may think. The business is now in *my* hands, and I must see you through it. The first thing to be done is to write him a letter. Send out for paper; let it be gilt-edged, Waddy, that we may do the thing genteelly. I'll dictate, Mr Burke, if you please.'

"And so he did. As well as I can recollect, the note was as follows:—

"'SPA WALK, MALLOW, *June* 3, 18—
'*Eight o'clock in the morning.*

"'SIR,—A desire for harmony and peace, which has at all times actuated my conduct, prevented me yesterday from asking you the meaning of the short and contemptuous message which you commissioned me to deliver to a certain young lady of our acquaintance, whose name I do not choose to drag into a correspondence. But, now that there is no danger of its disturbing any one, I must say that in your desiring me to tell that young lady she might consider herself as d—d, you were guilty of conduct highly unbecoming of an officer and a gentleman, and subversive of the discipline of the hunt.—I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"'ROBERT BURKE.

"'P.S.—This note will be delivered to you by my friend, Major Mug, of the 3d West Indian; and you will, I trust,

see the propriety of referring him to another gentleman without further delay.'

"That, I think, is neat,' said the Major. 'Now seal it with wax, Mr. Burke, with wax, and let the seal be your arms. That's right. Now direct it.'

"'Ensign Brady?'

"'No, no; the right thing would be, "Mr. Brady, Ensign, 48th Foot," but custom allows "Esquire." That will do—"Thady Brady, Esq., Ensign, 48th Foot, Barracks, Mallow." He shall have it in less than a quarter of an hour.'

"The Major was as good as his word, and in about half an hour he brought back the result of his mission. The Ensign, he told us, was extremely reluctant to fight, and wanted to be off, on the ground that he had meant no offence, did not even remember having used the expression, and offered to ask the lady if she conceived for a moment he had any idea of saying anything but what was complimentary to her.

"'In fact,' said the Major, 'he at first plumply refused to fight; but I soon brought him to reason. "Sir," said I, "you either consent to fight or refuse to fight. In the first case, the thing is settled to hand, and we are not called upon to inquire if there was an affront or not; in the second case, your refusal to comply with a gentleman's request is of itself an offence for which he has a right to call you out. Put it, then, on any grounds, you must fight him. It is perfectly indifferent to me what the grounds may be; and I have only to request the name of your friend, as I too much respect the coat you wear to think that there can be any other alternative." This brought the chap to his senses, and he referred me to Captain Codd of his own regiment, at which I felt much pleased, because Codd is an intimate friend of my own, he and I having fought a duel three years ago in Falmouth, in which I lost the tip of this little finger, and he his left whisker. It was a near touch. He is as honourable a man as ever paced a

ground; and I am sure he will no more let his man off the field until business is done than I would myself.'

"I own," continued Burke, "I did not half relish this announcement of the firm purpose of our seconds; but I was in for it, and could not get back. I sometimes thought Dosy a dear purchase at such an expense; but it was no use to grumble. Major Mug was sorry to say that there was a review to take place immediately, at which the Ensign must attend, and it was impossible for him to meet me until the evening; 'but,' added he, 'at this time of the year it can be of no great consequence. There will be plenty of light till nine, but I have fixed *seven*. In the meantime you may as well divert yourself with a little pistol-practice; but do it on the sly, as, if they were shabby enough to have a trial, it would not tell well before the jury.'

"Promising to take a quiet chop with me at five, the Major retired, leaving me not quite contented with the state of affairs. I sat down, and wrote a letter to my cousin, Phil Purdon of Kanturk, telling him what I was about, and giving directions what was to be done in the case of any fatal event. I communicated to him the whole story—deplored my unhappy fate in being thus cut off in the flower of my youth—left him three pair of buckskin breeches—and repented my sins. This letter I immediately packed off by a special messenger, and then began half a dozen others, of various styles of tenderness and sentimentality, to be delivered after my melancholy decease. The day went off fast enough I assure you, and at five the Major and Wooden-leg Waddy arrived in high spirits.

"'Here, my boy,' said Waddy, handing me the pistols, 'here are the flutes; and pretty music, I can tell you, they make.'

"'As for dinner,' said Major Mug, 'I do not much care; but, Mr. Burke, I hope it is ready, as I am rather hungry. We must dine lightly, however, and drink not much. If we come off with flying colours, we may crack a bottle together by and by. In case you shoot Brady, I have every-

thing arranged for our keeping out of the way until the thing blows over; if he shoot you, I'll see you buried. Of course, you would not recommend anything so ungenteel as a prosecution. No. I'll take care it shall all appear in the papers, and announce that Robert Burke, Esq., met his death with becoming fortitude, assuring the unhappy survivor that he heartily forgave him, and wished him health and happiness.'

"'I must tell you,' said Wooden-leg Waddy, 'it's all over Mallow, and the whole town will be on the ground to see it. Miss Dosy knows of it, and is quite delighted. She says she will certainly marry the survivor. I spoke to the magistrate to keep out of the way, and he promised that, though it deprived him of a great pleasure, he would go and dine five miles off—and know nothing about it. But here comes dinner. Let us be jolly.'

"I cannot say that I played on that day as brilliant a part with the knife and fork as I usually do, and did not sympathise much in the speculations of my guests, who pushed the bottle about with great energy, recommending me, however, to refrain. At last the Major looked at his watch, which he had kept lying on the table before him from the beginning of dinner, started up, clapped me on the shoulder and, declaring it only wanted six minutes and thirty-five seconds of the time, hurried me off to the scene of action, a field close by the Castle.

"There certainly was a miscellaneous assemblage of the inhabitants of Mallow, all anxious to see the duel. They had pitted us like game-cocks, and bets were freely taken as to the chances of our killing one another, and the particular spots. One betted on my being hit in the jaw, another was so kind as to lay the odds on my knee. A tolerably general opinion appeared to prevail that one or other of us was to be killed; and much good-humoured joking took place among them while they were deciding which. As I was double the thickness of my antagonist, I was clearly the favourite for being shot, and I heard one

fellow near me say, 'Three to two on Burke, that he's shot first—I bet in ten-pennies.'

"Brady and Codd soon appeared, and the preliminaries were arranged with much punctilio between our seconds, who mutually and loudly extolled each other's gentleman-like mode of doing business. Brady could scarcely stand with fright, and I confess that I did not feel quite as Hector of Troy or the Seven Champions of Christendom are reported to have done on several occasions. At last the ground was measured—the pistols handed to the principals —the handkerchief dropped—whiz! went the bullet within an inch of my ear—and crack! went mine exactly on Ensign Brady's waistcoat pocket. By an unaccountable accident there was a five-shilling piece in that very pocket, and the ball glanced away, while Brady doubled himself down, uttering a loud howl that might be heard half a mile off. The crowd was so attentive as to give a huzza for my success.

"Codd ran up to his principal, who was writhing as if he had ten thousand colics, and soon ascertained that no harm was done.

"'What do you propose,' said he to my second—'What do you propose to do, Major?'

"As there is neither blood drawn nor bone broken,' said the Major, 'I think that shot goes for nothing.'

"'I agree with you,' said Captain Codd.

"'If your party will apologise,' said Major Mug, 'I'll take my man off the ground.'

"'Certainly,' said Captain Codd, 'you are quite right, Major, in asking the apology; but you know that it is my duty to refuse it.'

"'You are correct, Captain,' said the Major. 'I then formally require that Ensign Brady apologise to Mr. Burke.'

"'As I formally refuse it,' said Captain Codd.

"'We must have another shot, then,' said the Major.

"'Another shot, by all means,' said the Captain.

"'Captain Codd,' said the Major, 'you have shown

yourself in this, as in every transaction of your life, a perfect gentleman.'

"'He who would dare to say,' replied the Captain, 'that Major Mug is not among the most gentlemanlike men in the service would speak what is untrue.'

"Our seconds bowed, took a pinch of snuff together, and proceeded to load the pistols. Neither Brady nor I was particularly pleased at these complimentary speeches of the gentlemen, and I am sure, had we been left to ourselves, would have declined the second shot. As it was, it appeared inevitable.

"Just, however, as the process of loading was completing, there appeared on the ground my cousin Phil Purdon, rattling in on his black mare as hard as he could lick. When he came in sight he bawled out:

"'I want to speak to the plaintiff in this action—I mean to one of the parties in this duel. I want to speak to you, Bob Burke.'

"'The thing is impossible, sir,' said Major Mug.

"'Perfectly impossible, sir,' said Captain Codd.

"'Possible or impossible is nothing to the question,' shouted Purdon; 'Bob, I *must* speak to you.'

"'It is contrary to all regulation,' said the Major.

"'Quite contrary,' said the Captain.

"Phil, however, persisted, and approached me. 'Are you fighting about Dosy Mac?' said he to me in a whisper.

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'And she is to marry the survivor, I understand?'

"'So I am told,' said I.

"'Back out, Bob, then; back out, at the rate of a hunt. Old Mick Macnamara is married.'

"'Married!' I exclaimed.

"'Poz,' said he. 'I drew the articles myself. He married his housemaid, a girl of eighteen; and'—here he whispered.

"'What,' I cried, 'six months!'

"'Six months,' said he, 'and no mistake.'

"'Ensign Brady,' said I, immediately coming forward, 'there has been a strange misconception in this business. I here declare, in presence of this honourable company, that you have acted throughout like a man of honour and a gentleman; and you leave the ground without a stain on your character.'

"Brady hopped three feet off the ground with joy at the unexpected deliverance. He forgot all etiquette, and came forward to shake me by the hand.

"'My dear Burke,' said he, 'it must have been a mistake. Let us swear eternal friendship.'

"'For ever,' said I, 'I resign you Miss Theodosia.'

"'You are too generous,' he said, 'but I cannot abuse your generosity.'

"'It is unprecedented conduct,' growled Major Mug. 'I'll never be second to a *Pekin* again.'

"'*My* principal leaves the ground with honour,' said Captain Codd, looking melancholy nevertheless.

"'Humph!' grunted Wooden-leg Waddy, lighting his meerschaum.

"The crowd dispersed much displeased, and I fear my reputation for valour did not rise among them. I went off with Purdon to finish a jug at Carmichael's, and Brady swaggered off to Miss Dosy's. His renown for valour won her heart. It cannot be denied that I sunk deeply in her opinion. On that very evening Brady broke his love, and was accepted. Mrs. Mac. opposed, but the red-coat prevailed.

"'He may rise to be a general,' said Dosy, 'and be a knight, and then I will be Lady Brady.'

"'Or if my father should be made an earl, angelic Theodosia, you would be Lady Thady Brady,' said the ensign.

"'Beautiful prospect!' cried Dosy. 'Lady Thady Brady! What a harmonious sound!'

"But why dally over the detail of my unfortunate loves? Dosy and the ensign were married before the accident which

had befallen her uncle was discovered; and, if they be not happy, why, you and I may. They have had eleven children, and, I understand, he now keeps a comfortable eating-house close by Cumberland basin in Bristol. Such was my duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th."

"Your fighting with Brady puts me in mind that the finest duel I ever saw," said Joe Macgillycuddy, "was between a butcher and a bull-dog, in the Diamond of Derry."

"I am obliged to you for your comparison," said Burke, "but I think it is now high time for dinner, and your beautiful story will keep. Has anybody the least idea where 'dinner is to be raised?'

To this no answer was returned; and we all began to reflect with the utmost intensity.

A Vision of Purgatory.

THE churchyard of Inistubber is as lonely a one as you would wish to see on a summer's day or avoid on a winter's night. It is situated in a narrow valley, at the bottom of three low, barren, miserable hills, on which there is nothing green to meet the eye—tree or shrub, grass or weed. The country beyond these hills is pleasant and smiling: rich fields of corn, fair clumps of oaks, sparkling streams of water, houses beautifully dotting the scenery, which gently undulates round and round as far as the eye can reach; but once across the north side of Inistubber Hill, and you look upon desolation. There is nothing to see but, down in the hollow, the solitary churchyard with its broken wall, and the long lank grass growing over the gravestones, mocking with its melancholy verdure the barrenness of the rest of the landscape. It is a sad thing to reflect that the only green spot in the prospect springs from the grave!

Under the east window is a mouldering vault of the De Lacys, a branch of a family descended from one of the conquerors of Ireland; and there they are buried when the allotted time calls them to the tomb. On these occasions a numerous cavalcade, formed from the adjoining districts in all the pomp and circumstance of woe, is wont to fill the deserted churchyard, and the slumbering echoes are awakened to the voice of prayer and wailing, and charged with the sigh that marks the heart bursting with grief, or the laugh escaping from the bosom mirth-making under the cloak of mourning. Which of these feelings was predominant when Sir Theodore de Lacy died is not written in history; nor is it necessary to inquire. He had lived

a jolly, thoughtless life, rising early for the hunt, and retiring late from the bottle; a good-humoured bachelor who took no care about the management of his household, provided that the hounds were in order for his going out, and the table ready on his coming in; as for the rest, an easy landlord, a quiet master, a lenient magistrate (except to poachers), and a very excellent foreman of a grand jury. He died one evening while laughing at a story which he had heard regularly thrice a week for the last fifteen years of his life; and his spirit mingled with the claret.

In former times, when the De Lacys were buried, there was a grand breakfast, and all the party rode over to the church to see the last rites paid. The keeners lamented; the country people had a wake before the funeral and a dinner after it—and there was an end. But with the march of mind came trouble and vexation. A man has now-a-days no certainty of quietness in his coffin—unless it be a patent one. He is laid down in the grave and, the next morning, finds himself called upon to demonstrate an interesting fact! No one, I believe, admires this ceremony; and it is not to be wondered at that Sir Theodore de Lacy held it in especial horror. "I'd like," he said one evening, "to catch one of the thieves coming after me when I'm dead. By the God of War, I'd break every bone in his body! But," he added with a sigh, "as I suppose I'll not be able to take my own part then, upon you I leave it, Larry Sweeney, to watch me three days and three nights after they plant me under the sod. There's Doctor Dickenson there—I see the fellow looking at me. Fill your glass, Doctor: here's your health! And shoot him, Larry (do you hear?), shoot the doctor like a cock if he ever comes stirring up my poor old bones from their roost of Inistubber."

"Why, then," Larry answered, accepting the glass which followed this command, "long life to both your honours; and it's I that would like to be putting a bullet into Dr. Dickenson—Heaven between him and harm!—for wanting your honour away, as if you was a horse's head, to a bon-

fire. There's nothing, I 'shure you, gintlemin, poor as I am, that would give me greater pleasure."

"We feel obliged, Larry," said Sir Theodore, "for your good wishes."

"Is it I pull you out of the grave, indeed?" continued the whipper-in (for such he was); "I'd let nobody pull your honour out of any place, saving 'twas Purgatory; and out of that I'd pull you myself, if I saw you going *there*."

"I am of opinion, Larry," said Dr. Dickenson, "you'd turn tail if you saw Sir Theodore on that road. You might go farther and fare worse, you know."

"Turn tail!" replied Larry. "It's I that wouldn't—I appale to St. Patrick himself over beyond"—pointing to a picture of the Prime Saint of Ireland which hung in gilt daubery behind his master's chair, right opposite to him.

To Larry's horror and astonishment the picture, fixing its eyes upon him, winked with the most knowing air, as if acknowledging the appeal.

"What makes you turn so white, then, at the very thought?" said the doctor, interpreting the visible consternation of our hero in his own way.

"Nothing particular," answered Larry; "but a wakeness has come strong over me, gintlemin; and, if you have no objection, I'd like to go into the air for a bit."

Leave was of course granted, and Larry retired amid the laughter of the guests: but, as he retreated, he could not avoid casting a glance on the awful picture; and again the Saint winked, with a most malicious smile. It was impossible to endure the repeated infliction, and Larry rushed down the stairs in an agony of fright and amazement.

"May be," thought he, "it might be my own eyes that wasn't quite steady—or the flame of the candle. But no! He winked at me as plain as ever I winked at Judy Donaghue of a May morning. What he manes by it I can't say; but there's no use of thinking about it; no, nor of talking neither, for who'd believe me if I tould them of it?"

The next evening Sir Theodore died, as has been mentioned, and in due time thereafter was buried, according to the custom of the family, by torchlight in the churchyard of Inistubber. All was fitly performed; and although Dickenson had no design upon the jovial knight—and, if he had not, there was nobody within fifteen miles that could be suspected of such an outrage—yet Larry Sweeney was determined to make good his promise of watching his master. "I'd think little of telling a lie to him, by the way of no harm, when he was alive," said he, wiping his eyes as soon as the last of the train had departed, leaving him with a single companion in the lonely cemetery; "but now that he's dead—God rest his soul!—I'd scorn it. So Jack Kinaley, as behoves my first cousin's son, stay you with me here this blessed night, for betune you and I it ain't lucky to stay by one's self in this ruinated old rookery, where ghosts (God help us!) is as thick as bottles in Sir Theodore's cellar."

"Never you mind that, Larry," said Kinaley, a discharged soldier who had been through all the campaigns of the Peninsula: "never mind, I say, such botherations. Hain't I lain in bivouack on the field at Salamanca, and Tallawora, and the Pyrumnees, and many another place beside, when there was dead corpses lying about in piles, and there was no more ghosts than kneebuckles in a ridgemint of Highlanders. Here! Let me prime them pieces, and hand us over the bottle. We'll stay snug under this east window, for the wind's coming down the hill, and I defy"——

"None of that bould talk, Jack," said his cousin. "As for what ye saw in foreign parts, of dead men killed a-fighting, sure that's nothing to the dead—God rest 'em!—that's here. There, you see, they had company, one with the other, and, being killed fresh-like that morning, had no heart to stir; but here, faith! 'tis a horse of another colour."

"May be it is," said Jack; "but the night's coming on; so I'll turn in. Wake me if you see anything; and, after I've got my two hours' rest, I'll relieve you."

With these words the soldier turned on his side under shelter of a grave, and, as his libations had been rather copious during the day, it was not long before he gave audible testimony that the dread of supernatural visitants had had no effect in disturbing the even current of his fancy.

Although Larry had not opposed the proposition of his kinsman, yet he felt by no means at ease. He put in practice all the usually recommended nostrums for keeping away unpleasant thoughts. He whistled; but the echo sounded so sad and dismal that he did not venture to repeat the experiment. He sang; but, when no more than five notes had passed his lips, he found it impossible to get out a sixth, for the chorus reverberated from the ruinous walls was destruction to all earthly harmony. He cleared his throat; he hummed; he stamped; he endeavoured to walk. All would not do. He wished sincerely that Sir Theodore had gone to Heaven—he dared not suggest even to himself, just then, the existence of any other region—without leaving on him the perilous task of guarding his mortal remains in so desperate a place. Flesh and blood could hardly resist it! Even the preternatural snoring of Jack Kinaley added to the horrors of his position; and, if his application to the spirituous soother of grief beside him was frequent, it is more to be deplored on the score of morality than wondered at on the score of metaphysics. He who censures our hero too severely has never watched the body of a dead baronet in the churchyard of Inistubber at midnight. "If it was a common, dacent, quite, well-behaved churchyard a'self," thought Larry half aloud; "but when 'tis a place like this forsaken ould berrin' ground, which is noted for villainy"——

"For what, Larry?" inquired a gentleman stepping out of a niche which contained the only statue time had spared. It was the figure of Saint Colman, to whom the church was dedicated. Larry had been looking at the figure as it shone forth in ebon and ivory in the light and shadow of the now high-careering moon.

"For what, Larry?" said the gentleman; "for what do you say the churchyard is noted?"

"For nothing at all, please your honour," replied Larry, "except the height of gentility."

The stranger was about four feet high, dressed in what might be called glowing garments if, in spite of their form, their rigidity did not deprive them of all claim to such an appellation. He wore an antique mitre upon his head; his hands were folded upon his breast; and over his right shoulder rested a pastoral crook. There was a solemn expression in his countenance, and his eye might truly be called stony. His beard could not well be said to wave upon his bosom; but it lay upon it in ample profusion, stiffer than that of a Jew on a frosty morning after mist. In short, as Larry soon discovered to his horror on looking up at the niche, it was no other than Saint Colman himself, who had stept forth indignant, in all probability, at the stigma cast by the watcher of the dead on the churchyard of which his Saintship was patron.

He smiled with a grisly solemnity—just such a smile as you might imagine would play round the lips of a milestone (if it had any)—at the recantation so quickly volunteered by Larry. "Well," said he, "Lawrence Sweeney"——

"How well the old rogue," thought Larry, "knows my name!"

"Since you profess yourself such an admirer of the merits of the churchyard of Inistubber, get up and follow me, till I show you the civilities of the place, for I'm master here, and must do the honours."

"Willingly would I go with your worship," replied our friend; "but you see here I am engaged to Sir Theodore, who, though a good master, was a mighty passionate man when everything was not done as he ordered it; and I am feared to stir."

"Sir Theodore," said the saint, "will not blame you for following me. I assure you he will not."

"But then"—— said Larry.

"Follow me!" cried the saint in a hollow voice; and, casting upon him his stony eye, drew poor Larry after him, as the bridal guest was drawn by the lapidary glance of the Ancient Mariner, or, as Larry himself afterwards expressed it, "as a jaw-tooth is wrinched out of an ould woman with a pair of pinchers."

The saint strode before him in silence, not in the least incommoded by the stones and rubbish which at every step sadly contributed to the discomfiture of Larry's shins, who followed his marble conductor into a low vault situated at the west end of the church. In accomplishing this, poor Larry contrived to bestow upon his head an additional organ, the utility of which he was not craniologist enough to discover.

The path lay through coffins piled up on each side of the way in various degrees of decomposition; and excepting that the solid footsteps of the saintly guide, as they smote heavily on the floor of stone, broke the deadly silence, all was still. Stumbling and staggering along, directed only by the casual glimpses of light afforded by the moon where it broke through the dilapidated roof of the vault and served to discover only sights of woe, Larry followed. He soon felt that he was descending, and could not help wondering at the length of the journey. He began to entertain the most unpleasant suspicions as to the character of his conductor; but what could he do? Flight was out of the question, and to think of resistance was absurd. "Needs must, they say," thought he to himself, "when the Devil drives. I see it's much the same when a Saint leads."

At last the dolorous march had an end; and, not a little to Larry's amazement, he found that his guide had brought him to the gate of a lofty hall before which a silver lamp, filled with naphtha, "yielded light as from a sky." From within loud sounds of merriment were ringing; and it was evident, from the jocular harmony and the tinkling of glasses, that some subterranean catch-club were not idly employed over the bottle.

"Who's there?" said a porter, roughly responding to the knock of Saint Colman.

"Be so good," said the saint mildly, "my very good fellow, as to open the door without further questions, or I'll break your head. I'm bringing a gentleman here on a visit, whose business is pressing."

"May be so," thought Larry; "but what that business may be is more than I can tell."

The porter sulkily complied with the order, after having apparently communicated the intelligence that a stranger was at hand; for a deep silence immediately followed the tipsy clamour, and Larry, sticking close to his guide, whom he now looked upon almost as a friend when compared with these underground revellers to whom he was about to be introduced, followed him through a spacious vestibule, which gradually sloped into a low-arched room where the company was assembled.

And a strange-looking company it was. Seated round a long table were three and twenty grave and venerable personages, bearded, mitred, stoled and croziered,—all living statues of stone, like the saint who had walked out of his niche. On the drapery before them were figured the images of the sun, moon and stars—the inexplicable bear—the mystic temple built by the hand of Hiram—and other symbols of which the uninitiated know nothing. The square, the line, the trowel were not wanting, and the hammer was lying in front of the chair. Labour, however, was over, and, the time for refreshment having arrived, each of the stony brotherhood had a flagon before him; and when we mention that the saints were Irish, and that St. Patrick in person was in the chair, it is not to be wondered at that the mitres, in some instances, hung rather loosely on the side of the heads of some of the canonized compotators. Among the company were found St. Senanus of Limerick, St. Declan of Ardmore, St. Canice of Kilkenny, St. Finbar of Cork, St. Michan of Dublin, St. Brandon of Kerry, St. Fachnan of Ross, and others of that holy brother-

hood. A vacant place, which completed the four-and-twentieth, was kept for St. Colman, who, as everybody knows, is of Cloyne; and he, having taken his seat, addressed the President to inform him that he had brought the man.

The man (Larry himself) was awestruck with the company in which he so unexpectedly found himself, and trembled all over when, on the notice of his guide, the eight-and-forty eyes of stone were turned directly upon himself.

"You have just nicked the night to a shaving, Larry," said St. Patrick. "This is our chapter-night, and myself and brethren are here assembled on merry occasion!—You know who I am?"

"God bless your Riverince!" said Larry, "it's I that do well. Often did I see your picture hanging over the door of places where it is"—lowering his voice—"pleasanter to be than here, buried under an ould church."

"You may as well say it out, Larry," said St. Patrick. "And don't think I'm going to be angry with you about it, for I was once flesh and blood myself. But you remember the other night saying that you would think nothing of pulling your master out of Purgatory if you could get at him there, and appealing to me to stand by your words."

"Y-e-e-s," said Larry most mournfully, for he recollected the significant look he had received from the picture.

"And," continued St. Patrick, "you remember also that, I gave you a wink, which, you know, is as good any day as a nod—at least, to a blind horse."

"I'm sure your Riverince," said Larry with a beating heart, "is too much of a gintleman to hold a poor man hard to every word he may say of an evening; and therefore"——

"I was thinking so," said the saint. "I guessed you'd prove a poltroon when put to the push. What do you think, my brethren, I should do to this fellow?"

A hollow sound burst from the bosoms of the unanimous assembly. The verdict was short but decisive:

"Knock out his brains!"

And, in order to suit the action to the word, the whole four-and-twenty rose at once, and, with their immovable eyes fixed firmly on the face of our hero—who, horror-struck with the sight as he was, could not close his—they began to glide slowly but regularly towards him, bending their line into the form of a crescent so as to environ him on all sides. In vain he fled to the door; its massive folds resisted mortal might. In vain he cast his eyes around in quest of a loop-hole of retreat—there was none. Closer and closer pressed on the slowly-moving phalanx, and the uplifted croziers threatened soon to put their sentence into execution. Supplication was all that remained—and Larry sank upon his knees.

"Ah then!" said he; "gintlemin and ancient ould saints as you are, don't kill the father of a large small family who never did hurt to you or yours. Sure, if 'tis your will that I should go to—— no matter who, for there's no use in naming his name—might I not as well make up my mind to go there alive and well, stout and hearty, and able to face him, as with my head knocked into bits, as if I had been after a fair or a patthren?"

"You say right," said St. Patrick, checking with a motion of his crozier the advancing assailants, who thereupon returned to their seats. "I'm glad to see you coming to reason. Prepare for your journey."

"And how, please your Saintship, am I to go?" asked Larry.

"Why," said St. Patrick, "as Colman here has guided you so far, he may guide you further. But as the journey is into foreign parts, where you arn't likely to be known, you had better take this letter of introduction, which may be of use to you."

"And here, also, Lawrence," said a Dublin saint (perhaps Michan), "take you this box also, and make use of it as he to whom you speak shall suggest."

"Take a hold, and a firm one," said St. Colman, "Lawrence, of my cassock, and we'll start."

"All right behind?" cried St. Patrick.

"All right!" was the reply.

In an instant vault, table, saints, bell, church faded into air; a rustling hiss of wings was all that was heard, and Larry felt his cheek swept by a current, as if a covey of birds of enormous size were passing him. [It was in all probability the flight of the saints returning to Heaven; but on that point nothing certain has reached us up to the present time of writing.] He had not a long time to wonder at the phenomenon, for he himself soon began to soar, dangling in mid-sky to the skirt of the cassock of his sainted guide. Earth, and all that appertains thereto, speedily passed from his eyes, and they were alone in the midst of circumfused ether, glowing with a sunless light. Above, in immense distance, was fixed the firmament, fastened up with bright stars, fencing around the world with its azure wall. They fled far before any distinguishable object met their eyes. At length a long white streak, shining like silver in the moonbeam, was visible to their sight.

"That," said St. Colman, "is the Limbo which adjoins the earth, and is the highway for ghosts departing the world. It is called in Milton, a book which I suppose, Larry, you never have read"——

"And how could I, please your worship," said Larry, "seein' I don't know a B from a bull's foot?"

"Well, it is called in Milton the Paradise of Fools; and, if it were indeed peopled by all of that tribe who leave the world, it would contain the best company that ever figured on the earth. To the north you see a bright speck?"

"I do."

"That marks the upward path—narrow and hard to find. To the south you may see a darksome road—broad, smooth, and easy of descent. That is the lower way. It is thronged with the great ones of the world; you may see

their figures in the gloom. Those who are soaring upwards are wrapt in the flood of light flowing perpetually from that single spot, and you cannot see them. The silver path on which we enter is the Limbo. Here I part with you. You are to give your letter to the first person you meet. Do your best; be courageous, but observe particularly that you profane no holy name, or I will not answer for the consequences."

His guide had scarcely vanished when Larry heard the tinkling of a bell in the distance; and, turning his eyes in the quarter whence it proceeded, he saw a grave-looking man in black, with eyes of fire, driving before him a host of ghosts with a switch, as you see turkeys driven on the western road at the approach of Christmas. They were on the highway to Purgatory. The ghosts were shivering in the thin air, which pinched them severely now that they had lost the covering of their bodies. Among the group Larry recognised his old master, by the same means that Ulysses, Æneas, and others recognised the bodiless forms of *their* friends in the regions of Acheron.

"What brings a living person," said the man in black, "on this pathway? I shall make legal capture of you, Larry Sweeney, for trespassing. You have no business here."

"I have come," said Larry, plucking up courage, "to bring your honour's glory a letter from a company of gintlemin with whom I had the pleasure of spending the evening underneath the ould church of Inistubber."

"A letter?" said the man in black. "Where is it?"

"Here, my lord," said Larry.

"Ho!" cried the black gentleman on opening it; "I know the handwriting. It won't do, however, my lad;—I see they want to throw dust in my eyes."

"Whew!" thought Larry. "That's the very thing. 'Tis for that the ould Dublin boy gave me the box. I'd lay a tenpenny to a brass farthing that it's filled with Lundy-foot."

Opening the box, therefore, he flung its contents right

into the fiery eyes of the man in black, while he was still occupied in reading the letter;—and the experiment was successful.

"Curses! Tche—tche—tche—Curses on it!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands before his eyes, and sneezing most lustily.

"Run, you villains, run," cried Larry to the ghosts; "run, you villains, now that his eyes are off you. O master, master! Sir Theodore, jewel! Run to the right-hand side, make for the bright speck, and God give you luck!"

He had forgotten his injunction. The moment the word was uttered he felt the silvery ground sliding from under him; and with the swiftness of thought he found himself on the flat of his back, under the very niche of the old church wall whence he had started, dizzy and confused with the measureless tumble. The emancipated ghosts floated in all directions, emitting their shrill and stridulous cries in the gleaming expanse. Some were again gathered by their old conductor; some, scudding about at random, took the right-hand path, others the left. Into which of them Sir Theodore struck is not recorded; but, as he had heard the direction, let us hope that he made the proper choice.

Larry had not much time given him to recover from his fall, for almost in an instant he heard an angry snorting rapidly approaching; and, looking up, whom should he see but the gentleman in black, with eyes gleaming more furiously than ever, and his horns (for in his haste he had let his hat fall) relieved in strong shadow against the moon? Up started Larry;—away ran his pursuer after him. The safest refuge was, of course, the church. Thither ran our hero,

> As darts the dolphin from the shark,
> Or the deer before the hounds;

and after him—fiercer than the shark, swifter than the hounds—fled the black gentleman. The church is cleared, the chancel entered; and the hot breath of his pursuer glows upon the outstretched neck of Larry. Escape is im-

possible; the extended talons of the fiend have clutched him by the hair.

"You are mine!" cried the demon. "If I have lost any of my flock, I have at least got you!"

"O St. Patrick!" exclaimed our hero in horror. "O St. Patrick, have mercy upon me, and save me!"

"I tell you what, Cousin Larry," said Kinaley, chucking him up from behind a gravestone where he had fallen; "all the St. Patricks that ever were born would not have saved you from ould Tom Picton if he caught you sleeping on your post as I've caught you now. By the word of an ould soldier he'd have had the provost-marshal upon you, and I'd not give twopence for the loan of your life. And then, too, I see you have drunk every drop in the bottle. What can you say for yourself?"

"Nothing at all" said Larry, scratching his head; "but it was an unlucky dream, and I'm glad it's over."

"The Soldier Boy."

I GIVE my soldier-boy a blade
In fair Damascus fashioned well:
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not; but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done;
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun:
For country's claim, at honour's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
Are gone with all their flame and noise:
And still the gleaming sword remains.
So, when in dust I low am laid,
Remember, by those heartfelt strains,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

To My Daughters.

O my darling little daughters!
O my daughters, lov'd so well!
Who by Brighton's breezy waters
For a time have gone to dwell.
Here I come with spirit yearning,
With your sight my eyes to cheer,
When this sunny day returning
Brings my forty-second year.

Knit to me in love and duty
Have you been, sweet pets of mine!
Long in health and joy and beauty
May it be your lot to shine!
And at last when, God commanding,
I shall leave you both behind,
May I feel, with soul expanding,
I shall leave you good and kind!

May I leave my Nan and Pigeon
Mild of faith, of purpose true,
Full of faith and meek religion,
With many joys and sorrows few!
Now I part with fond caressing,
Part you now, my daughters dear:
Take, then take your father's blessing
In his forty-second year.

Maxims of O'Doherty.

Introduction.

I have often thought that the world loses much valuable information from the laziness or diffidence of people who have it in their power to communicate facts and observations resulting from their own experience, and yet neglect doing so. The idlest or most unobservant has seen, heard, or thought something which might conduce to the general stock of knowledge. A single remark may throw light on a doubtful or a knotty point; a solitary fact, observed by a careless individual, and which may have escaped the notice of other observers, however acute, may suffice to upset or to establish a theory.

For my part, my life has been abundantly checkered. I have mixed in society of all kinds, high and low. I have read much, written much, and thought a little;—very little, it is true, but, still, more than nine-tenths of people who write books. I am still in the prime of my life, and, I believe, in the vigour of my intellect. I intend, therefore, to write down as they occur to me, without binding myself to any order, whether expressed or understood, any general reflections that may occur on men and manners, on the modes of thought and action, on the hopes, fears, wishes, doubts, loves, and hatreds of mankind. It is probable that what I shall write will not be worth reading. I cannot help that. All my bargain is that I shall give genuine reflection, and narrate nothing but what I have seen and heard.

I was one day in the Salopian Coffee-house near Charing Cross, taking a bowl of ox-tail soup, when a venerable and

imposing-looking gentleman came in. The coffee-room of that house is small, and it so happened that every box was occupied—that is, had a gentleman or two in it. The elderly gentleman looked about a little confused, and everybody in the room gazed at him, without offering him a share of any table. Such is the politeness and affability of the English. I instantly rose, and requested him to be seated opposite me. He complied with a bow; and, after he had ordered what he wanted, we fell into conversation. He was a thoughtful man, who delivered his sentences in a weighty and well-considered style. He did not say much, but what he did say was marked with the impress of thought. I found, indeed, that he was a man of only one reflection; but that was a great one. He cast his eye solemnly over the morning paper, which happened to contain the announcement of many bankruptcies. This struck the key-note of his one reflection. "Sir," said he to me, laying down the paper, and taking his spoon cautiously between his fingers, without making any attempt to lift it to his mouth, "sir, I have now lived in this world sixty-three years, through at least forty of which I have not been a careless or inattentive spectator of what has been passing around me; and I have uniformally found, when a man lives annually on a sum *less* than his year's income—say, five hundred, or five thousand, or five hundred thousand pounds—for the sum makes no difference—that *that* man's accounts are clear at the end of the twelvemonth, and that he does not run into debt. On the contrary, I have uniformly found, when a man lives annually on a sum *more* than his year's income—say, five hundred, five thousand, or five hundred thousand pounds—for the sum makes no difference—that *that* man's accounts are liable, at the end of the twelvemonth, to get into confusion, and that it must end by his running into debt. Believe me, sir, that such is the result of my forty and odd years' experience in the world."

The oracular gravity in which this sentence was delivered —for he paused between every word, I might say between

every syllable, and kept the uplifted spoon all the time in suspense between the plate of mulligatawny and his lip, which did not receive the savoury contents until the last syllable died away—struck me with peculiar emphasis, and I puzzled my brain to draw out if possible something equally profound to give in return. Accordingly, after looking straight across at him for a minute, with my head firmly imbedded on my hands while my elbows rested on the table, I addressed him thus: "Sir," said I, "I have only lived thirty-three years in the world, and cannot, of course, boast of the vast experience which you have had; neither have my reasoning faculties been exerted so laboriously as yours appear to have been; but from twenty years' consideration I can assure you that I have observed it as a general rule, admitting of no exception, and thereby in itself forming an exception to a general rule, that if a man walks through Piccadilly, or the Strand, or Oxford Street—for the street makes no difference, provided it be of sufficient length —without an umbrella or other defence against a shower, during a heavy fall of rain, he is inevitably wet; while, on the contrary, if a man walks through Piccadilly, or the Strand, or Oxford Street—for the street makes no difference—during fine dry weather, he runs no chance whatever of being wet to the skin. Believe me, sir, that such is the result of my twenty and odd years' experience in the world."

The elderly gentleman had by this time finished his soup. "Sir," said he, "I agree with you. I like to hear rational conversation. Be so good as to give me your card. Here is mine. Name an early day to dine with me. Waiter, what's to pay? Will you, sir, try my snuff? I take thirty-seven. I wish you, sir, a good morning." So saying, he quitted the box, leaving me to ruminate upon the discovery made by a man who had lived sixty-three years in the world, and had observed its ways for forty and odd years of that period. I thought with myself that I too, if I set about it seriously to reflect, might perhaps come to something as striking and original; and have accordingly set about this

little work, which I dedicate to your kindness, gentle reader. If from it you can extract even one observation conducive towards making you a better or a happier man, the end has been answered which was proposed to himself by, gentle reader, your most obedient and very humble servant,

MORGAN ODOHERTY.

SALOPIAN, *May* 1, 1824, *P.T.T.*

MAXIM FIRST.

IF you intend to drink much *after* dinner, never drink much *at* dinner, and particularly avoid mixing wines. If you begin with Sauterne, for example, stick to Sauterne, though, on the whole, red wines are best. Avoid malt liquor most cautiously; for nothing is so apt to get into the head unawares, or, what is almost as bad, to fill the stomach with wind. Champagne, on the latter account, is bad. Port, three glasses at dinner—claret, three bottles after: behold the fair proportion, and the most excellent wines.

MAXIM SECOND.

It is laid down in fashionable life that you must drink champagne after white cheese—water after red. This is mere nonsense. The best thing to be drunk after cheese is strong ale, for the taste is more coherent. We should always take our ideas of those things from the most constant practitioners. Now, you never hear of a drayman, who lives almost entirely on bread and cheese, thinking of washing it down with water, far less with champagne. He knows what is better. As for champagne, there is a reason against drinking it after cheese, which I could give if it were cleanly. It is not so, and therefore I am silent concerning it; but it is true.

N.B.—According to apophthegm the first, ale is to be

avoided in case a wet night is expected—as should cheese also. I recommend ale only when there is no chance of a man's getting a skinful.

MAXIM THIRD.

A punster, during dinner, is a most inconvenient animal. He should, therefore, be immediately discomfited. The art of discomfiting a punster is this: Pretend to be deaf; and after he has committed his pun, and just before he expects people to laugh at it, beg his pardon, and request him to repeat it again. After you have made him do this three times, say: Oh! that is a pun, I believe. I never knew a punster venture a third exhibition under similar treatment. It requires a little nicety, so as to make him repeat it in proper time. If well done, the company laugh at the punster, and then he is ruined for ever.

MAXIM FOURTH.

A fine singer, after dinner, is a still greater bore, for he stops the wine. This we pardon in a slang or drinking song, for such things serve as shoeing-horns to draw on more bottles, by jollifying your host; so that, though the supply may be slow, it is more copious in the end; but a fine song-singer only serves to put people in mind of tea. You, therefore, not only lose the circulation of the bottle while he is getting through his crotchets and quavers, but he actually tends to cut off the final supply. He then by all means is to be discouraged. These fellows are always most insufferably conceited, so that it is not very easy to keep them down, but it is possible nevertheless. One of the best rules is, as soon as he has sung the first verse, and while he is taking breath for the second, applaud him most vociferously, as if all was over; and say to the gentleman farthest from you at table, that you admire the conclusion of this song very much. It is ten to one but his musical pride will take affront, and he will refuse to sing any more, saying or muttering something savage about your want of

taste or politeness. For that, of course, you will not care three straws, having extinguished him. If the company press him to go on, you are safe, for he will then decidedly grow restive to show his importance, and you will escape his songs for the rest of the evening.

Or, after he has really done, and is sucking in the bravo of the people at table, stretch across to him and say: You sung that very well, Mr. a-a-a; very well indeed; but did you *not* (laying a most decided emphasis upon the *not*), did you *not* hear Mr. Incledon, or Mr Braham (or anybody else whom you think most annoying to him) sing in some play, pantomime, or something? When he answers, No, in a pert, snappish style—for all these people are asses—resume your most erect posture, and say quite audibly to your next neighbour: *So I thought.* This twice repeated is a dose.

MAXIM FIFTH.

Brougham the politician is to be hated, but not so every Brougham. In this apophthegm I particularly have an eye to John Waugh Brougham, Esq., wine-merchant, or οινοπωλης, in the court of the Pnyx, Athens, and partner of Samuel Anderson, Esq.—a man for whom I have a particular regard. This Mr. Brougham has had the merit of reintroducing among the αυτοχθονες of Attica the custom of drinking *Vin de Bordeaux* from the tap; a custom which, more especially in hot weather, is deserving of much commendation and diligent observance. One gets the tipple much cheaper in this way; and I have found, by personal experience, that the headache, of which copious potation of this potable is productive, yields at once to a dose of the Seidlitz, whereas that arising from old-bottled claret not unfrequently requires a touch of the Glauber—an offensive salt, acting harshly and ungenteelly upon the inner Adam.

MAXIM SIXTH.

A Whig is an ass.

MAXIM SEVENTH.

Tap claret tastes best out of a pewter pot. There is something solemn and affecting in these renewals of the antique observances of the symposium. I never was so pleasantly situated as the first time I saw on the board of friend Francis Jeffrey, Esq., editor of a periodical work published in Athens, a man for whom I have a particular regard, an array of these venerable concerns, inscribed "More Majorum." Mr. Hallam furnished the classic motto to Mr. Jeffrey, who is himself as ignorant of Latin as Mr. Cobbett; for he understood the meaning to be "more in the jorum," until Mr. Pillans expounded to him the real meaning of Mr. Hallam.

MAXIM EIGHTH.

A story-teller is so often a mighty pleasant fellow that it may be deemed a difficult matter to decide whether he ought to be stopped or not. In case, however, that it be required, far the best way of doing it is this: After he has discharged his first tale, say across to some confederate (for this method requires confederates, like some jugglers' tricks): *Number one.* As soon as he has told a second, in like manner say: *Number two.* Perhaps he may perceive it, and if so he stops: if not, the very moment his third story is told, laugh out quite loud, and cry to your friend: "I trouble you for the sovereign. You see I was right, when I betted that he would tell these three stories exactly in that order, in the first twenty minutes after his arrival in the room." Depend on it he is mum after that.

MAXIM NINTH.

If your host is curious in wines, he deserves much encouragement, for the mere operation of tasting seven or eight kinds of wine goes far toward pouching for you an additional bottle. However, it may happen that he is

becoming a bore by bamming you with stuff of wine which he says is sherry of God knows how long, or hock of the days of Noah, and it all the while the rinsing of wine-tubs. That must be put down with the utmost severity. Good manners will not permit you to tell him the truth, and rebel at once under such unworthy treatment: but if you wear a stiff collar, *à la George Quatre*, much may be done by turning your head round on the top of the vertebræ, and asking him in the most cognoscenti style: "Pray, sir, have you ever tasted sheeraz, the favourite wine of Hafiz, you know?"—Perhaps he may have tasted it, and thereby defeat you by saying so; in which case you must immediately make a double reserve by adding—"For it always puts me in mind of that famous Chinese wine that they make at Yang-poo-tchoo-foo-nim-pang, which strikes me to be most delicious drinking." If you beat him this way two or three times, by mentioning wines he never heard of [and, in order to make quite sure of that, it will be best to mention those which never were in existence], you will outcrow him in the opinion of the company, and he, finding his popularity declining, will not go on with any further display.

MAXIM TENTH.

On the subject of the last apophthegm it must be remarked that you should know that the most famous Rhenish is made at Johannisberg; a very small farm—so small that every drop made on it is consumed by the proprietor, Prince Metternich, or given away to crowned heads. You can always dumfound any panegyrist of his Rhine wine by mentioning this circumstance. "Ay, ay," you may say, "it is pretty passable stuff, but it is *not* Johannisberg. I lived three years in that part of the country, and I flatter myself I am a judge."

MAXIM ELEVENTH.

The Reverend Edward Irving, a man for whom I have a particular regard, is nevertheless a quack. I never saw so horrible a squint; gestures so uncouth, a "tottle of the whole" so abominable. He is a dandy about his hair and his shirt-collar. He is no more an orator than his countryman Joseph is a philosopher. Set down as maxim the eleventh that every popular preacher is a goose.

MAXIM TWELFTH.

The work "De Tribus Impostoribus" never had any existence.—Well, be it so. I intend to supply this deficiency soon, and my trio shall consist of Neddy Irving, Joe Hume, and The Writer Tam; three men for whom I have a particular regard.

MAXIM THIRTEENTH.

Poetry does not sell again in England for thirty years to come. Mark my words. No poetry sells at present, except Scott's and Byron's, and these not much. None of even their later poems have sold. Halidon Hill, Don Juan, &c. &c., are examples of what I mean. Wordsworth's poetry never sold: ditto Southey's: ditto even Coleridge's, which is worth them both put together: ditto John Wilson's: ditto Lamb's: ditto Miss Baillie's: ditto Rogers': ditto Cottle's, of whom Canning singeth:—

> "Great Cottle, not HE whom the ALFRED made famous,
> But JOSEPH, of BRISTOL—the BROTHER of Amos."

There was a pause in poetry-reading from the time of Pope till the time of Goldsmith. Again, there was a dead stop between Goldy and the appearance of the Scots Minstrelsy.

We have now got enough to keep our fancy from starvation for thirty or forty years to come. I hate repletion.

MAXIM FOURTEENTH.

Poetry is like claret; one enjoys it only when it is very new or when it is very old.

MAXIM FIFTEENTH.

If you want good porter in London, you must always inquire where there is a stand of coal-heavers. The gentlemen of the press have voted porter ungenteel of late, after the manner of the Tenth. They deal chiefly in gin and water, at threepence sterling the tumbler; and their chief resorts are the Wrekin, and Offley's Burton ale-house, near Covent Garden, where He of the Trombone and I have occasionally amused ourselves contemplating their orgies. The Finish is a place where they may also be seen now and then—I mean the upper ranks. The Cyder Cellar I do not admire—nor the Eccentric neither—but *chacun à son goût.*

MAXIM SIXTEENTH.

The Londoners have got a great start of the provincials, Irish, Scotch, Yorkshire, &c., in the matter of dinner hours. I consider five or even six o'clock as too early for a man deeply engaged in business. By dining at seven or eight, one gains a whole hour or two of sobriety, for the purpose of transacting the more serious affairs of life. In other words, no man can do anything but drink after dinner; and thus it follows that, the later one dines, the less does one's drinking break in upon that valuable concern, time, of which, whatever may be the case with others, I for one have always had more than of money. A man, however busy, who sits down to dinner as eight strikes, may say to himself with a placid conscience: Come, fair play is a jewel—day is over—nothing but boozing until bed-time.

MAXIM SEVENTEENTH.

John Murray is a first-rate fellow in his way, but he should not publish so many baddish books, written by gentlemen and ladies who have no merit except that of figuring in the elegant coteries of May-fair. There seems to me to be no greater impertinence than that of a man of fashion pretending to understand the real feelings of man. A Byron or so appears once in a hundred years or so perhaps; but then even Byron was always a *roué*, and had seen the froth foam over the side of many a pewter pot ere he attempted to sing Childe Harold's melancholious moods. A man has no conception of the true sentimental sadness of the poetic mind unless he has been blind-drunk once and again, mixing tears with toddy, and the heigho with the hiccup. What can these dandies know who have never even spent a cool morning in The Shades? No good poetry was ever written by a character in silk stockings. Hogg writes in corduroy breeches and top-boots: Coleridge in black breeches and gray worsteds: Sir Walter in rig-and-furrows: Tom Moore in Connemaras, all his good songs—Lalla Rookh, I opine, in economy-silks: Tom Campbell wrote his old affairs bareheaded and without breeches. Ritter Bann, on the contrary, smells of natty stocking pantaloons and a scratch wig: Lord Byron wears cossacks in spite of Almack's: Allan Cunningham sports a leathern apron: William Wordsworth rejoices in velveteens: and Willison Glass the same. It is long since I have seen Dr. Southey, but I understand he has adopted the present fashion of green silk stockings with gold clocks: Barry Cornwall wears a tawny waistcoat of beggar's velvet, with silver frogs, and a sham platina chain twisted through two button holes. Leigh Hunt's yellow breeches are well known; so are my own Wellingtons for that matter.

MAXIM EIGHTEENTH.

Lord Byron recommends hock and soda-water in the crop-sickness. My own opinion is in favour of five drops of laudanum and a teaspoonful of vinegar in a tumbler of fair spring water. Try this: although much may also be said in praise of that maxim which Fielding has inserted in one of his plays—the Covent Garden Tragedy, I think,—videlicet, that "the most grateful of all drinks is

'Cool small-beer unto the waking drunkard.'"

MAXIM NINETEENTH.

Nothing can be more proper than the late parliamentary grant of half a million for the building of new churches.

MAXIM TWENTIETH.

What I said in Maxim Third of stopping punsters must be understood with reservation. Puns are frequently provocative. One day, after dinner with a Nabob, he was giving us Madeira—

London—East India—picked—particular;

then a second thought struck him, and he remembered that he had a few flasks of Constantia in the house, and he produced *one*. He gave us just a glass a-piece. We became clamorous for another, but the old Qui-hi was firm in refusal. "Well, well," says Sydney Smith, a man for whom I have a particular regard, "since we can't double the Cape, we must e'en go back to Madeira." We all laughed—our host most of all—and he too, luckily, had his joke. "Be of Good Hope, you shall double it;" at which we all laughed still more immoderately, and drank the second flask.

MAXIM TWENTY-FIRST.

What stuff for Mrs. Hemans, Miss Porden, &c. &c., to be writing plays and epics! There is no such thing as

female genius. The only good thing that women have written are Sappho's Ode upon Phaon, and Madame de Stael's Corinne; and of these two good things the inspiration is simply and entirely that one glorious feeling in which, and in which alone, woman is the equal of man.

MAXIM TWENTY-SECOND.

There is a kind of mythological Jacobitism going just now which I cannot patronise. You see Barry Cornwall, and other great poets of his calibre, running down Jupiter and the existing dynasty very much, and bringing up old Saturn and the Titans. This they do in order to show off learning and depth, but they know nothing after all of the sky gods. I have long had an idea of writing a dithyrambic in order to show these fellows how to touch off mythology. Here is a sample—

Come to the meeting, there's drinking and eating,
Plenty and famous, your bellies to cram:
Jupiter Ammon, with gills red as salmon,
Twists round his eyebrows the horns of a ram.

Juno the she-cock has harnessed her peacock,
Warming the way with a drop of a dram;
Phœbus Apollo in order will follow,
Lighting the road with his old patent flam.

Cuckoldy Vulcan, despatching a full can,
Limps to the banquet on tottering ham;
Venus her sparrows, and Cupid his arrows,
Sport on th' occasion—fine infant and dam.

Mars, in full armour, to follow his charmer,
Looks as ferocious as Highlander Sam;
Jocus and Comus ride tandem with Momus,
Cheering the road with gibe, banter, and bam.

Madam Latona, the old Roba Bona,
Simpering as mild as a fawn or a lamb,
Drives with Aurora the red-nosed Signora,
With fingers as rosy as raspberry jam.

There is real mythology for you!

MAXIM TWENTY-THIRD.

The English really are, after all, a mighty 'cute people. I never went anywhere when I was first imported that they did not find me out to be an Irishman the moment I opened my mouth. And how think ye? Because I used at first to call always for a *pot* of porter; whereas, in England, they never drink more than a pint at a draught.

MAXIM TWENTY-FOURTH.

I do not agree with Doctor Adam Clarke's translation of כחדרו, in Genesis. I think it must mean a serpent, not an ourang-outang. Bellamy's Ophion is, however, a weak work, which does not answer Clarke, for whom he is evidently no match on the score of learning. There is, after all, no antipathy between serpents and men naturally, as is proved by the late experiments of Monsieur Neille in America.

MAXIM TWENTY-FIFTH.

A man saving his wine must be cut up savagely. Those who wish to keep their expensive wines pretend they do not like them. You meet people occasionally who tell you it is bad taste to give champagne at dinner—at least in *their* opinion—Port and Teneriffe being such superior drinking. Some, again, patronise Cape Madeira, and tell you that the *smack* is very agreeable; adding sometimes in a candid and patriotic tone that, even if it were not, it would become *us* to try to bring it into fashion, it being the only wine grown in his Majesty's dominions.

In Ireland and Scotland they always smuggle in the tumblers or the bowl. Now, I hold that if punch was raised by taxation or otherwise (but Jupiter Ammon avert the day!) to a guinea a bottle, everybody would think it the balmiest, sweetest, dearest, and most splendid of fluids; a fluid to which King Burgundy or Emperor Tokay themselves

should hide their diminished heads; and it is, consequently, a liquor which I quaff most joyously—but *never* when I think it brought in from any other motive than mere affection to itself. I remember dining one day with Lord —— (I spare his name) in the south of Ireland, and my friend Charley Crofts was also of the party. The claret went lazily round the table, and his lordship's toad-eaters hinted that they preferred punch, and called for hot water. My lord gave in, after a humbug show of resistance, and whisky punch was in a few minutes the order of the night. Charley, however, to the annoyance of the host, kept swilling away at the claret, on which Lord —— lost all patience, and said to him: "Charley, you are missing quite a treat. This punch is so excellent."—"Thank ye, my lord," said Charley; "I am a plain man, who does not want trates. I am no epicure, so I stick to the claret."

MAXIM TWENTY-SIXTH.

When a man is drunk, it is no matter upon what he has got drunk.

> He sucks with equal throat, as up to all,
> Tokay from Hungary, or beer the small.—POPE.

MAXIM TWENTY-SEVENTH.

The great superiority of *Blackwood's Magazine* over all other works of our time is that one *can* be allowed to speak one's mind there. There was never yet one word of genuine unsophisticated truth in the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, or indeed in any other of the periodicals—in relation, I mean, to anything that can be called opinion or sentiment. All is conventional mystification, except in Ebony, the jewel, alone. Here alone can a man tell smack out that he is a Tory, an Orangeman, a Radical, a Catholic, anything he pleases to be, to the back-bone. No necessity for conciliatory mincing and paring away of one's own intellect. I love

whisky punch; I say so. I admire Wordsworth and Don Juan; I say so. Southey is a humbug; well, let it be said distinctly. Tom Campbell is in his dotage; why conceal a *fact* like this? I scorn all paltering with the public: I hate all shuffling, equivocating, trick, stuff, nonsense. I write in *Blackwood*, because there Morgan ODoherty can be Morgan ODoherty. If I wrote in the *Quarterly*, I should be bothered (partly with, and partly without, being conscious of it) with a hampering, binding, fettering, nullifying sort of notion that I must make myself, *pro tempore*, a bit of a Gifford; and so of everything else.

MAXIM TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Much is to be said in favour of toasted cheese for supper. It is the cant to say that Welsh rabbit is heavy eating. I know this; but have I really found it to be so in my own case? Certainly not. I like it best in the genuine Welsh way, however—that is, the toasted bread buttered on both sides profusely, then a layer of cold roast beef with mustard and horse-radish, and then, on the top of all, the superstratum of Cheshire *thoroughly* saturated, while in the process of toasting, with cwrw,* or, in its absence, genuine porter, black pepper, and shallot vinegar. I peril myself upon the assertion that this is not a heavy supper for a man who has been busy all day till dinner in reading, writing, walking, or riding —who has occupied himself between dinner and supper in the discussion of a bottle or two of sound wine, or any equivalent—and who proposes to swallow at least three tumblers of something hot ere he resigns himself to the embrace of Somnus. With these provisoes, I recommend toasted cheese for supper. And I bet half-a-crown that Kitchener coincides with me as to this.

* Pronounced *croo*, is the name of ale in Wales.

Maxims of O'Doherty.

PART THE SECOND.

INTRODUCTION.

GENTLE READER,—Few pieces of cant are more common than that which consists in re-echoing the old and ridiculous cry of "variety is charming;" "*toujours perdrix*," &c. &c. &c. I deny the fact. I want no variety. Let things be really good, and I for one am in no danger of wearying of them. For example, to rise every day about half after nine —eat a couple of eggs and muffins, and drink some cups of genuine, sound, clear coffee—then to smoke a cigar or so—read the *Chronicle*—skim a few volumes of some first-rate new novel, or perhaps pen a libel or two in a light sketchy vein—then to take a bowl of strong, rich, invigorating soup —then to get on horseback, and ride seven or eight miles. paying a visit to some amiable, well-bred, accomplished young lady in the course of it, and chattering away an hour with her,

> "Sporting with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair,"

as Milton expresses it—then to take a hot-bath, and dress—then to sit down to a plain substantial dinner, in company with a select party of real good, honest, jolly Tories—and to spend the rest of the evening with them over a pitcher of cool Chateau-Margaux, singing, laughing, speechifying, blending wit and wisdom, and winding up the whole with a devil and a tumbler or two of hot rum-punch.—This, repeated day after day, week after week, month after month,

and year after year, may perhaps appear, to some people, a picture pregnant with ideas of the most sickening and disgusting monotony. Not so with me, however. I am a plain man. I could lead this dull course of uniform unvaried existence for the whole period of the millenniun. Indeed I mean to do so.

Hoping that you, benevolent reader, after weighing matters with yourself in calm contemplation for a few minutes, may be satisfied that the view I have taken is the right one, I now venture to submit to your friendly notice a small additional slice of the same genuine honest cut-and-come-again dish, to which I recently had the honour of introducing you. Do not, therefore, turn up your nose in fashionable fastidiousness; but mix your grog, light your pipe, and—laying out your dexter leg before you in a comfortable manner upon a well-padded chair, or sofa, or footstool (for the stuffing of the cushion, not the form of the furniture, is the point of real importance), and, above all, take particular care that your cravat, braces, waistband, &c. &c. &c., be duly relaxed—proceed, I say, with an easy body, and a well-disposed, humble, and meditative mind, to cast your eye over a few more of those "pebbles" (to use a fine expression of the immortal Burke), which have been rounded and polished by long tossing about in the mighty ocean of the intellect of, gentle reader, your most devoted servant, MORGAN ODOHERTY.

BLUE POSTS, *June* 19, 1824.

MAXIM TWENTY-NINTH.

Whenever there is any sort of shadow of doubt as to the politics of an individual, that individual has reason to be ashamed of his politics; in other words, he is a WHIG. A Tory always deals above board. Your Whig, on the other hand, particularly your Whigling, or young Whig, may have, and in point of fact very often has, his private reasons for wishing to keep the stain of which he is conscious as much

in the shade as may be. It is wonderful how soon such characters make up their minds when they are once fairly settled in a good thing.

MAXIM THIRTIETH.

Hock cannot be too much, claret cannot be too little, iced. Indeed, I have my doubts whether any red wine should ever see the ice-pail at all. Burgundy, unquestionably, never should; and I am inclined to think, that with regard to hermitage, claret, &c., it is *always* quite sufficient to wrap a wet towel (or perhaps a wisp of wet straw is better still) about the bottle, and put it in the draft of a shady window for a couple of hours before enjoyment. I do not mention port, because that is a winter wine.

MAXIM THIRTY-FIRST.

In whatever country one is, one should choose the dishes of the country. Every really national dish is good; at least, I never yet met with one that did not gratify my appetite. The Turkish pilaws are most excellent: but the so-called French cookery of Pera is execrable. In like manner, roast beef with Yorkshire pudding is always a prime feast in England, while John Bull's *fricandeaux*, *soufflés*, &c., are decidedly anathema. What a horror, again, is a *bifteck* of the Palais Royal! On the same principle—(for all the fine arts follow exactly the same principles)—on the same principle it is that while Principal Robertson, Dugald Stewart, Dr. Thomas Brown, and all the other would-be-English writers of Scotland have long since been voted tame, insipid, and tasteless diet, the real haggis-bag of a Robert Burns keeps, and must always keep, its place.

MAXIM THIRTY-SECOND.

Never take lobster-sauce to salmon; it is mere painting of the lily, or, I should rather say, of the rose. The only

true sauce for salmon is vinegar, mustard, Cayenne pepper, and parsley. Try this *once*, my dear Dr. Kitchener, and I have no hesitation in betting three tenpennies that you will never depart from it again while the breath of gastronomy is in your nostrils. As for the lobster, either make soup of him, or eat him cold (with cucumber) at supper.

MAXIM THIRTY-THIRD.

I talked in the last maxim of cold lobster for supper; but this requires explanation. If by accident you have dined in a quiet way, and deferred for once the main business of existence until the night, then eat cold lobster, cold beef, or cold anything you like for supper; but in the ordinary case, when a man has already got his two bottles, or perhaps three under his belt, depend on it, the supper of that man should be hot—hot—hot—

"Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia docet."

Such is my simple view of the matter; but a friend at my elbow, who is always for refining on things, says that the philosophical rule is this: "When you have been drinking cold wine or cold punch, your supper ought to be a devil, or at least something partaking of the devil character; and, on the other hand, when you have been swallowing mulled wine, or hot punch, or hot toddy, something cold, with vinegar, salad, &c., should form the supper." I have given you my friend's theory in his own words. If men of sense would but communicate the results of their different experiments to the public, we should soon have abundant *data* for the settlement of all these disputes.

MAXIM THIRTY-FOURTH.

It is a common thing to hear big wigs prosing against *drinking* as "a principal source of the evil that we see in this world." I heard a very big wig say so myself the other day from the bench, and we have all heard the same cant,

ad nauseam usque, from the pulpit. There cannot, however, be a more egregious mistake. Had Voltaire, Robespierre, Buonaparte, Talleyrand, &c., been all a set of jolly, boozing lads, what a mass of sin and horror, of blasphemy, uproar, bloodthirsty revolution, wars, battles, sieges, butcherings, ravishings, &c. &c. &c., in France, Germany, Egypt, Spain, Sicily, Syria, North America, Portugal, &c., had been spared within the last twenty or thirty years! Had Mahomet been a comfortable, social good fellow, devotedly fond of his pipe and pot, would not the world have avoided the whole of the humbug of Islamism?—a superstition, reader, that has chained up and degraded the intellect of man in so many of the finest districts of the globe during the space of so many long centuries. Is it not manifest that, if Southey had been a greater dealer in quarts, his trade would have been more limited as to quartos? It is clear, then, that loyalty, religion, and literature have had occasion, one and all of them, to bemoan not the wine-sop, but the milk-sop, propensities of their most deadly foes.

MAXIM THIRTY-FIFTH.

In making our estimate of a man's character we should always lay entirely out of view whatever has any connection with "the womankind." In fact, we all are, or have been, or shall be,—or, if this be too much, we all at least might, could, would, or should be,—fools, *quoad hoc*. I wish this were the worst of it: but enough.

MAXIM THIRTY-SIXTH.

The next best thing to a really good woman is a really good-natured one.

MAXIM THIRTY-SEVENTH.

The next worst thing to a really bad man (in other words, *a knave*) is a really good-natured one (in other words, *a fool*).

MAXIM THIRTY-EIGHTH.

A fool admires likeness to himself; but, except in the case of fools, people fall in love with something unlike themselves; a tall man with a short woman; a little man with a strapper; fair people with dark; and so on.

MAXIM THIRTY-NINTH.

A married woman commonly falls in love with a man as unlike her husband as is possible; but a widow very often marries a man extremely resembling the defunct. The reason is obvious.

MAXIM FORTIETH.

You may always ascertain whether you are in a city or a village, by finding out whether the inhabitants do or do not care for, or speak about, ANYTHING three days after it has happened.

MAXIM FORTY-FIRST.

There are four kinds of men: the Whig who has always been a Whig, the Tory who has once been a Whig, the Whig who has once been a Tory, and the Tory who has always been a Tory. Of these I drink willingly only with the last,—considering the *first* as a fool, the *second* as a knave, and the *third* as both a fool and a knave; but, if I must choose among the others, give me the mere fool.

MAXIM FORTY-SECOND.

Never boozify a second time with the man whom you have seen misbehave himself in his cups. I have seen a great deal of life, and I stake myself upon the assertion that no man ever says or does that brutal thing when drunk which he would not also say or do when sober *if he durst.*

MAXIM FORTY-THIRD.

In literature and in love we generally begin in bad taste. I myself wrote very pompous verses at twenty, and my first flame was a flaunting, airy, artificial attitudiniser, several years older than myself. By means of experience we educate our imagination, and become sensible to the charm of the simple and the unaffected, both in belles and belles-lettres. Your septuagenarian of accomplished taste discards epithets with religious scrupulosity, and prefers an innocent blushing maiden of sixteen to all the blazing duchesses of St. James's.

MAXIM FORTY-FOURTH.

Nothing is more disgusting than the *coram publico* endearments in which new-married people so frequently indulge themselves. The thing is obviously indecent; but this I could overlook, were it not also the perfection of folly and imbecility. No wise man counts his coin in the presence of those who, for aught he knows, may be thieves; and no good sportsman permits the *pup* to do that for which the dog must be corrected.

MAXIM FORTY-FIFTH.

A husband should be very attentive to his wife until the first child is born. After that she can amuse herself at home, while he resumes his jolly habits.

MAXIM FORTY-SIXTH.

Never believe in the intellect of a Whig merely because you hear all the Whigs trumpet him; nay, hold fast your faith that he is a dunderhead, even although the Pluckless pipe symphonious. That is, you will please to observe, merely a plain English version of that good old *adagium*:

> "Mille licet cyphris cyphrarum millia jungas,
> Nil præter magnum conficies nihilum."

MAXIM FORTY-SEVENTH.

There are two methods of mail-coach travelling; the generous and the sparing. I have tried both, and give my voice decidedly for the former. It is all stuff that you hear about eating and drinking plentifully inducing fever, &c. &c., during a long journey. Eating and drinking copiously produce nothing, mind and body being well regulated, but sleepiness; and I know no place where that inclination may be indulged less reprehensibly than in a mail-coach for at least sixteen hours out of the four-and-twenty. In travelling, I make a point to eat whenever I can sit down, and to drink (ale) whenever the coach stops. As for the interim, when I can neither eat nor drink, I smoke if upon deck, and snuff if inside.

N.B.—Of course, I mean when there is no opportunity of flirtation.

MAXIM FORTY-EIGHTH.

If you meet with a pleasant fellow in a stage-coach, dine and get drunk with him, and, still holding him to be a pleasant fellow, hear from his own lips just at parting that he is a *Whig*—do not change your opinion of the man. Depend on it he is quizzing you.

MAXIM FORTY-NINTH.

Show me the young lady that runs after preachers, and I will show you one who has no particular aversion to men.

MAXIM FIFTIETH.

There are only three liquors that harmonise with smoking; beer, coffee, and hock. Cigars altogether destroy the flavour of claret, and indeed of all red wines except *Auchmanshaüser*, which, in case you are not knowing in such matters, is the produce of the Burgundy grape trans-

planted to the banks of the Rhine; a wine for which I have a particular regard.

MAXIM FIFTY-FIRST.

He whose friendship is worth having must hate and be hated.

MAXIM FIFTY-SECOND.

Your highly popular young lady seldom—I believe I might say *never*—inspires a true, deep, soul-filling passion. I cannot suppose Juliet d'Etagne to have been a favourite partner in a ball-room. She could not take the trouble to smile upon so many fops.

MAXIM FIFTY-THIRD.

The intensely amorous temperament in a young girl never fails to stamp melancholy on her eye-lid. The lively, rattling, giggling romp may be capable of a love of her own kind, but never the true luxury of the passion.

MAXIM FIFTY-FOURTH.

No fool can be in love. N.B.—It has already been laid down that all good-natured *men* are fools.

MAXIM FIFTY-FIFTH.

Nothing is more overrated, in common parlance at least, than the influence of personal handsomeness in men. For my part I can easily imagine a woman (I mean one really worth being loved by) falling in love with a Balfour of Burleigh: but I cannot say the same thing as to a young Milnwood. A real Rebecca would, I also think, have been more likely to fall in love with the Templar than with Ivanhoe; but these, I believe, were both handsome fellows in their several styles. The converse of all this applies to the case of women. Rousseau did not dare to let the small-

pox permanently injure the beauty of his Heloise. One would have closed the book had he destroyed the *sine quâ non* of all romance.

MAXIM FIFTY-SIXTH.

Whenever you see a book frequently advertised, you may be pretty sure it is a bad one. If you see a *puff* quoted in the advertisement, you may be quite sure.

MAXIM FIFTY-SEVENTH.

Employ but one tradesman of the same trade, and let him be the *first* man in his line. He has the best materials, and can give the best tick; and one long bill is, at all times, a mere trifle on the man's mind, compared with three short ones.

MAXIM FIFTY-EIGHTH.

I cannot very well tell the reason, but such is the fact: the best boots and shoes are made at York; I mean as to the quality of the leather.

MAXIM FIFTY-NINTH.

Be on your guard when you hear a young lady speak slightingly of a young gentleman with whom she has any sort of acquaintance. She is probably in love with him, and will be sure to remember what you say after she is married. But if you have been heedless enough to follow her lead, and abuse him, you must make the best of it. If you have great face, go boldly at her, and, drawing her into a corner, say, "Aha! do you remember a certain conversation we had? Did you think I was not up to your tricks all the time?" Or, better still, take the *bull* by the horns, and say, "So ho! you lucky dog. I could have prophesied this long ago. She and I were always at you when we met: she thought I did not see through the affair. Poor girl!

she was desperately in for it, to be sure. By Jupiter, what a fortunate fellow you have been!" &c. &c. &c. Or, best of all, follow my own plan; *i.e.* don't call till the honeymoon is over.

MAXIM SIXTIETH.

It is the prevailing humbug for authors to abstain from putting their names on their title-pages; and well may I call this a humbug, since of every book that ever attracts the smallest attention the author is instantly just as well known as if he had clapt his portrait to the beginning of it. This nonsense sometimes annoys me, and I have a never-failing method. My way is this: I do not, as other people do, utter modest, mincing little compliments, in hopes of seeing the culprit blush, and thereby betray himself. This is much too pretty treatment for a man guilty of playing upon the public; and, besides, few of them *can* blush. I pretend the most perfect ignorance of the prevailing and, of course, just suspicion; and, the moment the work is mentioned, I begin to abuse it up hill and down dale. The company tip me the wink, nod, frown in abundance—no matter. On I go, *mordicus*, and one of two things is the result, viz.:—either the anonymous hero waxeth wroth, and in that case the cat is out of the poke for ever and a day; or he takes it in good part, keeping his countenance with perfect composure; and then it is *proved* that he is really a sensible fellow, and by consequence really has a right to follow his own fancies, however ridiculous.

MAXIM SIXTY-FIRST.

Lord Byron observes that the daily necessity of shaving imposed upon the European male places him on a level as to misery with the sex to whose share the occasional botheration of parturition has fallen. I quite agree with his lordship; and in order to diminish, as far as in me lies, the pains of my species, I hereby lay down the result of my ex-

perience in abrasion. If I had ever lain-in, I would have done my best for the ladies too. But to proceed: First, then, buy your razors at PAGET'S—a queer, dark-looking, little shop in Piccadilly, a few doors eastward from the head of St. James's Street. He is a decent, shrewd, intelligent old man, makes the best blades in Europe, tempers every one of them with his own hand, and would sooner cut his throat than give you a second-rate article. Secondly, in stropping your razor (and a piece of plain buff leather is by far the best strop), play *from* you, not *towards* you. Thirdly, anoint your head over night, if the skin be in any degree hard or dry, or out of repair, with cold cream, or, better still, with bear's grease. Fourthly, whether you have anointed or not, wash your face carefully and copiously before shaving, for the chief difficulty almost always arises from dust, perspiration, &c., clogging the roots of the beard. Fifthly, let your soap be the Pasta di Castagna. Sixthly, let your brush be a *full* one of *camel's* hair. Seventhly, in spite of Sir John Sinclair, always use hot water—boiling water. These are the seven golden rules.

N.B.—Use the strop again after you have done shaving, and get old Paget, if possible, to give you a lesson in setting your razors. If you cannot manage, send them to him to set—ay, even if you live hundreds of miles from London. People send to town about their coats, boots, &c.; but what are all these things to the real comfort of a man compared with a good razor?

MAXIM SIXTY-SECOND.

Ass-milk, they say, tastes exceedingly like woman's. No wonder.

MAXIM SIXTY-THIRD.

A smoker should take as much care about his cigars as a wine-bibber does of his cellar; yet most of them are exceedingly remiss and negligent. The rules are as follows: First, keep a large stock—for good tobacco improves very much

by time—say enough for two years' consumption. Secondly, keep them in the coolest place you have, provided it be perfectly dry; for a cigar that is once wet is useless and irreclaimable. Thirdly, keep them *always* in air-tight cannisters —for the common wooden boxes play the devil.

N.B.—The tobacco laws are the greatest opprobrium of the British code. We laid those most extravagant duties on tobacco at the time when North America was a part of our own empire, and we still retain them in spite of rhyme and reason. One consequence is that every *gentleman* who smokes smuggles; for the duties on manufactured tobacco amount to a prohibition: it is, I think, no less than eighteen shillings per pound; and what is a pound of cigars? Why does not the Duke of Sussex speak up in the House of Lords? "I like King George, but I can't afford to pay duties," quoth Nanty Ewart; and I quite agree with the inimitable Nanty.

MAXIM SIXTY-FOURTH.

No cigar-smoker ever committed suicide.

MAXIM SIXTY-FIFTH.

In making hot toddy, or hot punch, you must put in the spirits before the water: in cold punch, grog, &c., the other way. Let Dr. Hope explain the reason. I state facts.

MAXIM SIXTY-SIXTH.

The safety of women consists in one circumstance: Men do not possess at the same time the knowledge of thirty-five and the blood of seventeen.

MAXIM SIXTY-SEVENTH.

The extreme instance of the bathos is this: Any modern sermon *after* the Litany of the Church of England.

MAXIM SIXTY-EIGHTH.

The finest of all times for flirting is a wedding. They are all agog, poor things.

MAXIM SIXTY-NINTH.

To me there is nothing very stareworthy in the licentiousness of a few empresses, queens, &c., of whom we have all heard so much. After all, these elevated females only thought themselves the equals of common men.

MAXIM SEVENTIETH.

If prudes were as pure as they would have us believe, they would not rail so bitterly as they do. We do not thoroughly hate that which we do not thoroughly understand.

MAXIM SEVENTY-FIRST.

(*Composed after six months' residence in Athens.*)

John Brougham for bordeaux,
Robert Cockburn for champagne,
John Ferguson for hocks,
Cay for Sherris sack of Spain.

Phin for rod, pirn, and hooks,
Dunn for congé and salaam,
Bailie Blackwood for books,
Macvey Napier for balaam.

Sir Walter for fables,
Peter Robertson for speeches,
Mr. Trotter for tables,
Mr. Bridges for breeches.

Gall for coaches and gigs,
Steele for ices and jam,
Mr. Urquhart for wigs,
Mr. Jeffrey for bam.

Lord Morton for the zebra,
Billy Allan for the brush,
Johnny Leslie for the Hebrew,
And myself for a blush.

MAXIM SEVENTY-SECOND.

People may talk as they like, but, after all, London is London. Now, somebody will say, here is a foolish tautology; does not everybody know that? Hooly and fairly, my friend, it is ten to one if *you* know it. If you were asked what are the fine things of London; what is it that gives it its metropolitan and decidedly superior character; you would say Parliament—St. James's—Carlton House—the Parks—Almack's—White's—Brooks's—Crockford's—Boodle's—Regent Street—the Theatres—the Dioramas—the Naturoramus—the fiddle-de-devils. Not one of these is in London, except perhaps the last, for I do not know what that is; but London itself, the city inside Temple Bar, is the place for a philosopher.

> Houses of lath may flourish or may fade:
> Bob Nash may make them as Bob Nash has made.

But can Bob Nash (*quem honoris causâ nomino*) create the glories of Cockney-land? Can he build a Watling Street—narrow, dirty, irregular, it is true, but still a Roman way, trod by proud prætors, and still to be walked over by you or me, in the same form as it was trampled by the "hobnail" of the legionary soldier, who did service at Pharsalia? What is London Stone, a black lump in a hole of the wall of a paltry church (the London Stone Coffee-house opposite is a very fair concern), but a Roman milliarium laid down there, for anything you know to the contrary, by Julius Agricola, who discovered Scotland, and was the friend of Cornelius Tacitus, according to the rules enacted by the roadmeters of old Appius Claudius? But I must not go on with the recollection of London. Curses on the Cockney school of scribblers! They, who know nothing, have, by writing in praise of Augusta Trinobantum (I use this word on purpose, in order to conceal from them what I mean), made us sick of the subject. I, therefore, have barely adverted to the Roman times, for luckily they have

not had the audacity to pretend to any acquaintance with such a period.

The Court! Why, to be sure, it contains the King, whom, as a Tory, I reverence as an integral portion of the State—I hate to hear him called the Chief Magistrate, as if he was but an upper sort of Lord Waithman—and whom as a man I regard; but my attachment is constitutional, and in the present case personal, and not local. The same may be said of Parliament. As for the clubs, why, they are but knots of humdrum people after all, out of all which you could not shake five wits. The Almackites are asses —the theatres stuff—the fashionables nothing. In money —in comfort—in cookery—in antiquity—in undying subjects for quizzification—in petty Jewesses—as Spenser says:

> ——Jewessa, sunny bright,
> Adorn'd with gold and jewels shinning cleare—

London proper I back against Southwark and Westminster, including all the adjacent *hams*, and *steads*, and *tons*, and *wells*. Where can we find the match for the Albion in Aldergate Street, as thou goest from St. Martin-le-Grand to the territory of Goswell Street, in the whole world, take the world either ways, from Melville Island to Van Dieman's Land, or from Yeddo in the Island of Japan to Inveragh in the kingdom of Kerry, and back again? Nowhere!

But I am straying from my cups.

> Retournons, dist Grandgousier, à nostre propos.
> Quel? dist Gargantua.

Why, punch-making.

MAXIM SEVENTY-THIRD.

In making 'rack punch you ought to put two glasses of rum to three of arrack. A good deal of sugar is required; but sweetening, after all, must be left to taste. Kitchener

is frequently absurd when he prescribes by weight and measure for such things. Lemons and limes are also matter of palate, but two lemons are enough for the above quantity. Put then an equal quantity of water—*i.e.* not five but *six* glasses, to allow for the lemon juice—and you have a very pretty three tumblers of punch. Mix in a jug. If you are afraid of headaches—for, as Xenophon says of another kind of Eastern tipple, 'rack punch is κεφαλαλγες —put *twice* as much water as spirits. I, however, never used it that way for my own private drinking.

MAXIM SEVENTY-FOURTH.

The controversy respecting the fit liquor for punch is far from being set at rest. As some folk mention Dr. Kitchener, I may as well at once dispose of him. In his 477th nostrum he professes to give you a receipt for making lemonade in a minute, and he commences by bidding you to mix essence of lemon peel *by degrees* with capillaire. How that is to be done in a minute passes my comprehension. But, waiving this, he proceeds to describe the process of acid-making, and then, in the coolest manner and most audacious way in the world, bids you put a spoonful of it into a pint of water, which will produce a very agreeable sherbet. "The addition of rum or brandy," quoth our hero, "will convert this into PUNCH DIRECTLY." What a pretty way of doing business this is! It is just as much as if I were to say: Get a flint—the addition of a stock, lock, and barrel to which will convert it into a GUN DIRECTLY. Why, the spirits were first to be considered.

MAXIM SEVENTY-FIFTH.

Brandy I do not think good punch. The lemon does not blandly amalgamate, and sugar hurts the vinous flavour. Nor is it over good as grog. I recommend brandy to be used as a dram solely. In drinking claret, when that cold wine

begins, as it will do, to chill the stomach, a glass of brandy after every four glasses of claret corrects the frigidity.

N.B.—Brandy, and indeed all other drams, should be taken at one sup, no matter how large the glass may be. The old rule of "never to make two bites of a cherry" applies with peculiar emphasis to cherry brandy.

MAXIM SEVENTY-SIXTH.

Rum is the liquor consecrate to grog. Half-and-half is the fair proportion. Grog should never be stirred with a spoon, but immediately drunk as soon as the rum has been poured in. Rum punch is apt to be heavy on the stomach; and, unless very old, it has not peculiar merit as a dram. The American pine-apple rum is fine drinking, and I wonder it is not introduced into this country. In my last Maxims I omitted to panegyrise the peach brandy of our Transatlantic brethren; an omission which I beg leave here to correct.

MAXIM SEVENTY-SEVENTH.

The pursers on board ships water the rum too much. You hear fools in Parliament and elsewhere prating about the evils of impressment: but the real grievances of the Navy are left untouched. Croker should take this up, for it would make him extensively popular.

MAXIM SEVENTY-EIGHTH.

Shrub is decidedly a pleasant drink, particularly in the morning. It is, however, expensive. Sheridan used to say it was better to drink champagne out of economy; for, said he, your brains get addled with a single flask of champagne, whereas you drink rum shrub all night before you are properly drunk. Sheridan *was* a great man.

MAXIM SEVENTY-NINTH.

As for arrack, I can't say I like it. You would bam the first Mull or Qui-hi of them all by infusing a couple of scruples of the flowers of benjamin in a bottle of rum. You would see him snuffing it up his nose, and swearing that he would know its fragrance at the distance of a parasang. The flowers of benjamin cost about twopence. The best place for 'rack is Vauxhall; but I suspect they run this hum on you. At Tom's in Cornhill you get it genuine.

MAXIM EIGHTIETH.

Of Tom's, thus casually presented to my mind, let me indulge in the recollection. Coffee-house, redolent of cash, what magnificent associations of ideas do you not create! By you for generations has rolled the never-ceasing flow of wealth; the chink of money, since the memory of man, has not been checked within your hearing. Yet, with the *insouciance* of a sublime philosophy, your cooks and waiters have never turned away from their works of gastrosophy to think of the neighbouring millions. How superb is your real turtle-soup — how peppery your mulligatawny — how particular your Madeira! Depend upon it, the places for dining in are the city taverns or coffee-houses. You have not, I am sure, a skip-jack monkey hopping behind your chair; you have no flaming mirror *glowering* out on you in all the majesty of a deep gilt frame; you have no marble chimney-pieces, pleasant to look at, but all telling accursedly against you in the bill. Instead of them you have steady-going waiters, all duly impressed with the dead certainty of their working up gradually to be tavern-keepers themselves—thence men of potency in the ward—in time merchants of some degree—aldermen in due course, perhaps; and perhaps the vista presented to their mental optics is gilded at the end by the august chain of LORD MAYOR. They bow to you for a penny, while a jackanapes at the West End

would toss up his nose at half-a-crown. The prudence of their visitors makes them prudent themselves. The eastern pence are hoarded, while the western two-and-sixpennies are flung to the winds, after the thousands of dandies who have bestowed them. Then their boxes are dark and dingy, but warm and cosy. A clock ticks audibly to remind you of the necessity of keeping good hours, even in the midst of revelry. Even if a man gets muzzy in one of them, it is a sober intoxication. You are thinking of profit and loss in the meanderings of your intellect; and you retire to rest to dream of the necessity of industry and attention.

MAXIM EIGHTY-FIRST.

When you write any outlandish lingo, always correct the press yourself. In my 24th Maxim, a most erudite and important one, the word *nachash* is printed *nechadadi*. After this, let no conjectural emendation be deemed too wild. When we see sh [ש] converted by a printer into dhdhj [דדו], what blunders must not have been made in the days of MSS.! And yet you hear fools prating about the impropriety of meddling with the text.

MAXIM EIGHTY-SECOND.

Maxims are hard reading, demanding a constant stretch of the intellectual faculties. Every word must be diligently pondered, every assertion examined in all its bearings, pursued with a keen eye to its remotest consequences, rejected with a philosophic calmness, or treasured up with the same feeling as a "κτημα ες αει," a "possession to eternity."

Maxims of O'Doherty.

PART THE THIRD.

Introduction.

Gentle Reader,—I have already said that I do not fear the danger of cloying you with this my Series of Maxims. *Toujours perdrix*, &c., is a true saying, no doubt, for you do get tired of partridges [which, *ut obiter dictum*, that is, in plain English, *en passant*, are very so-so in France], but there is no danger of your getting tired of a varied dinner. Thus in this affair of mine, if it were, like the *New Monthly Magazine*, a series of humdrum papers eternally upon the same subjects, you would certes feel no little lassitude. But I humbly submit to your superior judgment that I am not by any means in the predicament of that old-womanly journal edited by my friend Tom Campbell of Glasgow, a man for whom I have a particular esteem, and concerning whom I shall probably tell a good story next month.

I honestly have stuck by my original bargain with you, gentle reader, and given you downright and actual observations on human life. There is not a maxim which I have not tried, as Dr. William Kitchener did his cookery recipes. In all other books of maxims which I have read, the greater proportion by far is mere moonshine, of no practical utility whatever. I have a vague recollection of having read a book by Dr. Hunter, of York, I believe, from which all I gleaned—certainly all that has stuck to my memory—is an advice to have your stairs painted stone colour to save soap; to send your cards to your bookbinder to shave off their edges, which will permit you to play with them three times

as long as you otherwise would; and, if your wife wears a wig, never to look at her bare skull, for it is a hideous spectacle. Of which the two first are piperly, and the third I know nothing about, not being enrolled in the ranks of matrimony.

So also in "Lacon, or Few Things in Many Words," I defy you to point out a solid practical maxim; at least I cannot recollect one. And, if not practical, they are naught. The contrary of the law of theology holds in this case. In Scotland I have heard people say, "It is no sound doctrine: it is the law o' warks." Now, unless apophthegms are exclusively confined *to works*, their doctrine is not sound. While writing this, I have happened perchance to take up a morning paper, wherein I find excerpts from the Maxims of one Balthasar Gracian; and what are they? "Learn to obtain and preserve reputation;" a pretty copy-line for a school-boy, I own. "Learn to command your passions. The passions are the breeches of the mind;" he might as well have said the petticoats of the Celtic. Who learns anything by such twaddle?

In a word, gentle reader, these things pass away. If they glitter or dazzle, they are but a kind of *Fata Morgana*, which is baseless and transient, and altogether different from the *Effata Morgana*, by which name you may, if you like, call the dicta of, unalterably thine, gentle reader,

MORGAN ODOHERTY.

AMBROSE'S, ATHENS,
August 27, 1824.

MAXIM EIGHTY-THIRD.

We moderns are perhaps inferior to our ancestors in nothing more than in our epitaphs. The rules, nevertheless, for making a good epitaph are exceedingly simple. You should study a concise, brief, and piquant diction; you should state distinctly the most remarkable points in the character and history of the defunct, avoiding, of course, the

error into which Pope so often fell, of omitting the name of the individual in your verses, and leaving it to be tagged to the tail or beginning of the piece, with a separate and prosaic "*hic jacet.*" Thirdly, there should be, if possible, some improvement of the subject,—some moral or religious or patriotic maxim,—which the passenger carries with him, and forgets not. I venture to present, as a happy specimen, the following, which is taken from a tombstone in Winchester churchyard, and which tradition ascribes to a late venerable prelate of that see, Dr. Hoadly:

"Private John Thoms lies buried here,
Who died of drinking cold small beer:—
Good Christian! drink no beer at all,
Or, if you will drink beer, don't drink it small."

Nothing can exceed the nervous pith and fine tone of this, both in the narrative and the didactic parts. It is really a gem, and confers honour on the Bishop; on whom, by the way, a clever enough little epitaph was written shortly after his death, by a brother Whig and D.D. Bishop Hoadly was, in this doctor's opinion, a heretical scribe, and his monument encroached too much on one of the great pillars of the Cathedral:

"Here lying Hoadly lies, whose book
Was feebler than his bier:—
Alive, the Church he fain had shook,
But undermines it here."

MAXIM EIGHTY-FOURTH.

There is not a truer saying in this world than that truth lies on the surface of things. The adage about its lying in a well was invented by some solemn old ass, some "passy-measures pagan," as Sir Toby Belch calls him, who was ambitious of being thought deep, while, in point of fact, he was only muddy. Nothing that is worth having or knowing is recondite or difficult to be discovered. Go into a ball-room, and your eye will in three seconds light (and fix) on

the beauty. Ask the stupidest host in the world to bring you the best thing he has in his house, and he will, without doubt, set a bottle of claret forthwith on your table. Ask the most perfect goose of a bookseller who is the first poet in the world, and he will name Shakespeare. Ask Macvey which is the best Magazine, and he will utter in response the name of Blackwood. I have never been able to understand the advantages of hard study, deep researches, learned investigations, &c. &c. &c. Is there any really good author lying concealed among the litter of lumber ransacked only by the fingers of the bibliomaniacs? Is there anything equal to punch, with which the drinking public in general remains unacquainted? I think not. I therefore take things easy.

MAXIM EIGHTY-FIFTH.

Few idiots are entitled to claver on the same form with the bibliomaniacs; but indeed, to be a *collector* of anything, and to be an *ass*, are pretty nearly equivalent phrases in the language of all rational men. No man *collects* anything of which he really makes use. Who ever suspected Lord Spencer or his factotum, little Dibdin, of *reading?* The old Quaker at York, who has a museum of the ropes at which eminent criminals have dangled, has no intention to make any airy and tassel-like termination of his own terrestrial career, for that would be quite out of character with a man of his brims. In like manner it is now well known that the three thousand three hundred and thirty-three young ladies who figure on the books of the Seraglio have a very idle life of it, and that, in point of fact, the Grand Seignior is a highly respectable man. The people that collect pictures, also, are, generally speaking, such folk as Sir John Leicester, the late Angerstein, and the like of that. The only two things that I have any pleasure in collecting are bottles of excellent wine and boxes of excellent cigars—articles of the first of which I flatter myself I know rather more than even Lord Eldin does of pictures; and of the latter whereof I

make rather more use than old Mustapho can be supposed to do of his 3333 knick-knacks in petticoats—or rather, I beg their ladyships' pardon, in trousers.

MAXIM EIGHTY-SIXTH.

Something I was saying recalls to my mind the intense scorn I have for what they call *seeing sights!* When you go out to visit a friend in the country, "I am so glad to see you, my dear fellow," says he; "come away, and you shall feast your eyes on our grand cascade—abbey—lake—castle—plain—forest," or whatever the sight of that vicinity may happen to be. If he took you out to his field, and said, "Look at these sheep; are you a judge? which of them shall I order to be killed?" or asked one to give him an opinion about the state of his hot-house, to inspect the drawing of his fish-pond, or anything of this kind, the man might be borne with. But in general indoor prospects are the best. What purling brook matches the music of my gurgling bottle? What is an old roofless cathedral compared to a well-built pie?

MAXIM EIGHTY-SEVENTH.

Of late they have got into a trick of serving up the roasted pig without his usual concomitants. I hate the innovating spirit of this age; it is my aversion, and will undo the country. Always let him appear erect on his four legs, with a lemon in his mouth, a sprig of parsley in his ear, his trotters bedded on a lair of sage. One likes to see a pig appear just as he used to do upon the board of a Swift, a Pope, an Arbuthnot. Take away the customs of a people, and their identity is destroyed.

MAXIM EIGHTY-EIGHTH.

Claret should always be decanted. I find it necessary to observe this, because the vile Frenchified fashion of shoving

the black bottles about is fast coming into vogue in certain quarters. These outlandish fellows drink their wine out of the black bottle for two reasons: first, that they can't afford crystal; and, secondly, because, sending all their best wine over to us, they, of course, are in the habit of consuming weak secondary trash among themselves, which will not keep, and has therefore no time for depositing grounds. But why should we imitate such creatures as these? The next thing, I suppose, will be to have ruffles without a shirt, and to masticate frog's blubber. No good can come of lowering our good old national pride, antipathies, and principles in general.

MAXIM EIGHTY-NINTH.

Liberality, conciliation, &c. &c., are roundabout words for humbug in its lowest shape. One night lately I had a very fine dream. I dreamt I was in Heaven. Some of the young angels were abusing the Devil bitterly. Hold, hold! said an ancient-looking seraph, in a very long pair of wings, but rather weak in the feather; you must not speak in this way. Do not carry party-feelings into private life. The Devil is a person of infinite talent; a very extraordinary person indeed. Such a speaker! &c. &c. &c. In regard to dreams, I have now adopted the theory of the late Dr. Beattie, author of the Minstrel, a poem; for I had been supping that night among the Pluckless.

MAXIM NINETIETH.

There are *two* kinds of drinking which I disapprove of—I mean dram-drinking and port-drinking. I talk of the drinking of these things in great quantities and habitually; for, as to taking a few drams and a few glasses of port every day, that is no more than I have been in the custom of doing for many years back. I have many reasons that I could render for the disgust that is in me, but I shall be

contented with one. These potables, taken in this way, fatally injure a man's personal appearance. The drinker of drams becomes either a pale, shivering, blue-and-yellow-looking, lank-chopped, miserable, skinny animal, or his eyes and cheeks are stained with a dry, fiery, dusky red, than which few things can be more disgusting to any woman of real sensibility and true feminine delicacy of character. The port-drinkers, on the other hand, get blowsy about the chops, have trumpets of noses covered with carbuncles, and acquire a muddy look about the eyes. Vide the Book of the Church, *passim*. For these reasons do not, on any account, drink port or drams, and, *per conversum*, drink as much good claret, good punch, or good beer as you can get hold of, for these liquors make a man an Adonis. Of the three, claret conveys perhaps the most delicate tinge to the countenance; nothing gives the air of a gentleman so completely as that elegant lassitude about the muscles of the face which, accompanied with a gentle rubicundity, marks the man whose blood is in a great proportion *vin-de-Bordeaux*. There is a peculiar delicacy of expression about the mouth also, which nothing but the habit of tasting exquisite claret, and contemplating works of the most refined genius, can ever bestow. Punch, however, is not without its own peculiar merits. If you want to see a fine, commanding, heroic-looking race of men, go into the Tontine Coffee Room of Glasgow, and behold the effects of my friend Mr. Thomas Hamilton's rum, and the delicious water of the *Arns* fountain, so celebrated in song; or just stop for a minute at the foot of Millar Street, and see what you shall see. Beer, though last, is not least in its beautifying powers. A beer-drinker's cheek is like some of the finest species of apples,

——"the side that's next the sun."

Such a cheek carries one back into the golden age, reminding us of Eve, Helen, Atalanta, and I know not what more. Upon the whole I should, if called upon to give a decided

opinion as to these matters in the present state of my information and feelings, say as follows: Give me the cheek of a beer-bibber, the calf of a punch-bibber, and the mouth of a claret-bibber—which last, indeed, I already have.

N.B.—Butlers should be allowed a good deal of port, for it makes them swell out immensely, and gives them noses *à-la*-Bardolph; and the symptoms of good eating and drinking should be set forth a little *in caricaturâ* upon the outward man of such folk, just as we wish inferior servants to wear crimson breeches, pea-green coats, and other extravaganzas upon finery. As for dram-drinking, I think nobody ought to indulge in it except a man under sentence of death, who wishes to make the very most of his time, and who knows that, let him live never so quietly, his complexion will inevitably be quite spoilt in the course of the week. A gallon of good stout brandy is a treasure to a man in this situation; though, if I were in his place, I rather think I should still stick to my three bottles of claret and dozen cigars *per diem;* for I should be afraid of the other system's effects upon my nervous system.

MAXIM NINETY-FIRST.

In one of my previous Maxims I have laid it down that "the intensely amorous temperament in a female stamps melancholy on her eyelid." This, I find, has given rise to much remark, and a considerable controversy is still going on in one of the inferior periodicals. Shakespeare, however, is entirely on my side. When he was a young man, and wrote his Troilus and Cressida, he appears indeed to have thought otherwise. It was then that he made his Ulysses say:

> ——"Fie, fie upon her!
> There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip!
> Nay, her foot speaks: her wanton spirits look out
> At every joint and motion of her body.
> Oh, these encounterers! so glibe of tongue,
> That give accosting welcome ere it comes,

> And wide unclasp the tablets of their thoughts
> To every ticklish reader. Set them down
> For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
> And daughters of the game——"

Animated and beautifully said, but the theory of the sage Greek quite false! The same poet, after looking at human nature for a number of years, arrived at truer views. It was then that he represented Juliet—

> "See how *she keeps her cheek upon her hand!*"

It was then that he conceived the rich and meditative voluptuousness of the all-accomplished Cleopatra, and described the pious resolves of "the curled Antony," as feeble and ineffectual when opposed to the influence of that

> ——"Grave charm,
> Whose eye becked forth his wars, and called them home;—
> Whose bosom was his crownet, his chief end."

Helen, in Homer, is also uniformly represented as a melancholy creature; and the most pathetic thing that has ever been written is her lamentation over her virtue in the 24th Iliad. To conclude, the late Rev. Lawrence Sterne (a prime connoisseur) has recorded, in distinct terms, his opinion as to which is "the most serious of all passions." We four then are of the same way of thinking as to this matter.

MAXIM NINETY-SECOND.

In helping a lady to wine, *always* fill the glass to the very brim, for custom prevents them from taking many glasses at a time; and I have seen cross looks when the rule has been neglected by young and inexperienced dandies.

MAXIM NINETY-THIRD.

The King, if Sir Thomas Lawrence's last and best picture of him may be believed, wears, when dressed for dinner, a very short blue surtout, trimmed with a little fur, and em-

broidered in black silk upon the breast, all about the button-holes, &c.—black breeches and stockings, and a black stock. I wish to call general attention to this, in the hopes of seeing his Majesty's example speedily and extensively adopted. The modern *coat* is the part of our usual dress which has always given most disgust in the eye of people of taste; and I am, therefore, exceedingly happy to think that there is now a probability of its being entirely exploded. The white neckcloth is another abomination, and it also must be dismissed. A blue surtout, and blue trousers richly embroidered down the seams, form the handsomest dress which any man can wear within the limits of European costume.

MAXIM NINETY-FOURTH.

Mediocrity is always disgusting, except, perhaps, mediocrity of stature in a woman. Give me the Paradise Lost, the Faërie Queen, the Vanity of Human Wishes, that I may feel myself elevated and ennobled: give me Endymion, or the Flood of Thessaly, or Pye's Alfred, that I may be tickled and amused. But on no account give me an eminently respectable poem of the Beattie or Campbell class, for that merely sets one to sleep. In like fashion give me, if you wish to make me feel in the heaven of heavens, a *hookah*. There is no question that this is the Paradise Gained of the smoker. But, if you cannot give me that, give me a cigar, with which whoso is not contented deserves to inhale sixteen pipes of assafœtida *per diem in secula seculorum*. What I set my face against is the vile mediocrity of *a pipe* properly so called. No pipe is *cleanly* but the common Dutch clay, and that is a great recommendation, I admit; but there is something so hideously absurd in the appearance of a man with a clay pipe in his mouth that I rather wonder anybody can have courage to present himself in such a position. The whole tribe of *meerschaums*, &c., are filthiness itself. These get saturated with the odious oil of the plant, and are, in fact, poisonous. The only way

in which you can have a pipe at once gay-looking and cleanly is to have a glass tube within it, which can be washed with water immediately after use; but then the glass gets infernally hot. On the whole, unless you be a grandee, and can afford to have a servant expressly devoted to the management of your smoking concerns, in which case a *hookah* is due to yourself, the best way is to have nothing but cigars.

MAXIM NINETY-FIFTH.

The Havana cigar is unquestionably at the head. You know it by the peculiar beauty of the firm, brown, smooth, delicately-textured, and *soft* leaf: and, if you have anything of a nose, you can never be deceived as to its odour, for it is a perfect *bouquet*. The *Chinese* cheroots are the next in order; but the devil of it is that one can seldom get them, and then they are always dry beyond redemption. The best Chinese cheroots have a delicate greyish tinge; and, if they are not complete sticks, put them into an air-tight vessel with a few slices of a good juicy melon, and in the course of a few hours they will extract some humidity from their neighbours. Some people use a sliced *apple*, others a *carrot*, either of which may do when a melon is not to be had: but that is the real article when attainable. As to all the plans of moistening cigars by means of tea-leaves, rum-grog, &c., they are utterly absurd, and no true smoker ever thinks of them. Manilla cigars occupy the third station in my esteem, but their enormous size renders them inconvenient. One hates being seen sucking away at a thing like a walking-cane. I generally find that Gliddon of London has the best cigars in the market. George Cotton of Edinburgh is also very *recherché* in these articles. But, as I believe I once remarked before, a man must smuggle in the present state of the code.

N.B.—It will be observed that I have changed my views as to some very serious parts of this subject since the year of grace 1818, when I composed my verses to my pipe—

"Divine invention of the age of Bess," &c.

which John Schetky is so fond of reciting, and which Byron plagiarised so audaciously in his mutineering production. As my friend Mr Jeffrey lately said, when toasting Radical Reform, "Time makes us all wiser."

MAXIM NINETY-SIXTH.

Cold whisky-punch is almost unheard of out of Ireland, and yet, without instituting any invidious comparisons, it is a liquor of most respectable character, and is frequently attainable where cold *rum*-punch is not. The reason why it has got a bad name in Great Britain is that they make it with cold water, whereas it ought always to be made with boiling water, and allowed to concoct and cool for a day or two before it is put on the table. In this way the materials get more intensely amalgamated than *cold* water and *cold* whisky ever do get. As to the beautiful mutual adaptation of cold rum and cold water, that is beyond all praise, and indeed forms a theme of never-ceasing admiration, being one of Nature's most exquisite achievements. Sturm has omitted it, but I mean to make a supplement to his Reflections when I get a little leisure.

MAXIM NINETY-SEVENTH.

No real smoker uses any of these little knick-knackeries they sell under the name of cigar-tubes and the like of that. The chief merit of the thing is the extreme gentleness and delicacy with which the smoke is drawn out of the leaf by the loving and animated contact, and eternally varying play and pressure, of that most wonderful piece of refined mechanism, the lip of man; whereas, if you are to go to work upon a piece of silver, ivory, horn, wood, or whatever these concerns are made of, you lose the whole of this, and, indeed, you may as well take a pipe at once.

MAXIM NINETY-EIGHTH.

The reason why many important matters remain in obscurity and doubt is that nobody has adopted the proper means for having them cleared up. For example, one often hears of a man making a bargain with *one* friend of his that whichsoever of the pair happens to die first will, if possible, revisit the glimpses of the moon, and thereby satisfy the survivor of the existence of ghosts. This, however, is ridiculous, because it is easy to see that there may be special circumstances to prevent this particular spirit from doing what is wanted. Now, to put an end to this at once, I hereby invite one and all of my friends who pursue this maxim to pay me a visit of the kind alluded to. Surely you cannot all be incapable of doing the thing if it is to be done at all.

MAXIM NINETY-NINTH.

In order to know what cod really is, you must eat it at Newfoundland. Herring is not worthy of the name, except on the banks of Lochfine in Argyleshire; and the best salmon in the whole world is that of the Boyne. Dr. Kitchener, in all probability, never tasted any one of these things; and yet the man writes a book upon cookery! It is really too much for a man to write about salmon who never ate it until it had been kept for ten days in a tub of snow, which is the case with all that comes to London, excepting the very few salmon caught in the Thames, and these are as inferior in firmness and gusto to those of a mountain stream as the mutton of a Lincolnshire squire is to that of Sir Watkin of Wales or Jamie Hogg of Ettrick. This fish ought to be eat as soon as possible after he is caught. Nothing can then exceed the beautiful curdiness of his texture, whereas your kept fish gets a flaccidity that I cannot away with.

N.B.—Simple boiling is the only way with a salmon just caught; but a gentleman of standing is much the better for

being cut into thickish slices—cut across I mean—and grilled with cayenne. I have already spoken as to the sauce.

MAXIM ONE HUNDREDTH.

The best of all pies is a grouse-pie; the second a black-cock-pie; the third a woodcock-pie (with plenty of spices); the fourth a chicken-pie (ditto). As for a pigeon-pie, it is not worthy of a place upon any table, so long as there are chickens in the world. A rook-pie is a bad imitation of that bad article; and a beefsteak-pie is really abominable. A good pie is excellent when hot; but the *test* of a good pie is "How does it eat cold?"—Apply this to the examples above cited, and you will find I am correct.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST.

Never taste anything but whisky on the moors. Porter or ale blows you up, and destroys your wind. Wine gets acid immediately on an empty stomach. And put no water to your whisky, for, if you once begin swilling water, you will never stop till you make a bag of yourself. A thimble-ful of neat spirits once an hour is the thing; but one bumper at starting, and another exactly at noon, are found very wholesome.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND.

No man need be afraid of drinking a very considerable quantity of neat whisky when in the wilds of Ireland and Scotland. The mountain air requires to be balanced by another stimulus; and, if you wish to be really well, you must always take a bumper before you get out of bed, and another after getting into it, according to the fashion of the country you are in.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD.

The Scotch writers of our day seem to consider it as an established thing that their country furnishes the best breakfast in Europe; but this I cannot swallow—I mean the assertion, not the breakfast, which I admit to be excellent, but deny to be peerless. The fact is that breakfast is among the things that have never yet received anything like the attention merited. The best breakfast is unquestionably that of France. Their coffee, indeed, is not *quite* equal to that of Germany, but the eatables are unrivalled; and I may be wrong, but somehow or other I can never help thinking that French wines are better in the morning than any others. It is here that we are behind every other nation in Europe—the whole of us, English, Scotch, and Irish; we take no wine at breakfast.

A philosophic mind devoted to this subject would, I think, adopt a theory not widely different from the following; which, however, I venture to lay down with much diffidence. I say, then, that a man's breakfast should be adapted to his pursuits—it should come to his business as well as to his bosom. The man who intends to study all the morning should take a cup or two of coffee, a little well-executed toast, and the wing of a partridge or grouse when in season; at other times of the year a small slice of cold chicken, with plenty of pepper and mustard. This light diet prepares him for the elastic exercise of his intellectual powers. On the other hand, if you are going to the fox-chace, or to the moors, or to any sphere of violent bodily exertion whatever, in this case your breakfast will be good and praiseworthy exactly in proportion as it approaches to the character of a good and praiseworthy dinner. Hot potatoes, chops, beefsteaks, a pint of Burgundy, a quart of good old beer—these are the sort of materials a sportsman's *déjeûner* should consist of. Fried fish is an excellent thing also—particularly the herring. If you have been tipsy over night, and feel squeamish, settle your heart with half a glass of old Cognac

ere you assume the knife and fork; but on no account indulge the whimsies of your stomach so as to go without a real breakfast. "*L'appetit vient en mangeant*," quoth the most veracious of adages; therefore begin boldly upon something very highly peppered, and as hot as Gomorrah, and then no fear of the result. You will feel yourself another man when you have laid in a pound of something.

Of tea I have on various occasions hinted my total scorn. It is a weak, nervous affair, adapted for the digestion of boarding-school misses, whose occupation is painting roses from the life, practising quadrilles, strumming on the instrument, and so forth. Old people of sedentary habits may take chocolate if they like it. I for my part stick to coffee when I am studious.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH.

By eating a hearty breakfast you escape the temptation of luncheon; a snare into which he who has a sufficient respect for his dinner will rarely fall.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH.

I agree with Falstaff in his contempt for the prevalent absurdity of eating eggs, eggs, eggs at breakfast. "No pullet-sperm is my brewage," says I. I prefer the chicken to the egg, and the hen, when she is really a fine bird, and well roasted or grilled, to the chicken.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTH.

Cold pig's face is one of the best things in the world for breakfast, but it should not be taken unless you are to be active shortly after, for it is so good that one can scarcely help taking a great deal when one begins to it. Eat it with shallot, vinegar, and French mustard. Fruit at breakfast is what I cannot recommend; but, if you will take it, be sure

not to omit another dram after it, for, if you do, you will certainly feel heavyish all the morning.

N.B.—The best breakfast-dram is whisky when it is really very old and fine, but brandy is more commonly to be had in perfection among the majority of my readers. Cherry brandy is not the thing at breakfast; it is too sweet, and not strong enough. In the Highlands of Scotland people of extraordinary research give you whisky strongly impregnated with a variety of mountain herbs. And this, I am bound to admit, is attended with the most admirable consequences; but they will not part with their receipts. Therefore it is not worth while for me to do more than merely allude to the fact. Be sure you take it when on the spot.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTH.

Some people wear cossacks with silk stockings. Nothing can be in worse taste. These gentlemen seem to think that their cossacks smack of the *Don*, whereas nothing can be so decidedly *oriental.*

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH.

Never wear a coat with a velvet collar—not even a surtout. This maxim is, however, almost unnecessary; for no tailor, whose coat it is possible to wear, would ever think of putting a velvet collar on any vesture intended to be worn on the west side of Temple Bar.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND NINTH.

Never eat turtle at the west end of the town, except at the houses of the West Indians. The turtle at the occidental coffee-houses is always lean and poor, and wants the oriental richness and flavour of Bleaden's.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH.

There is nothing so difficult as the invention of a new tie. You might almost as easily find out a sixth order of architecture. I once made a drawing of a *nodus* from a lachrymatory discovered at Herculaneum, and found it had a good effect when reduced to practice. Its great beauty was that you did not know where the knot began nor where it ended. Even of the originality of this tie I was for some time doubtful, till one evening at the opera I heard Hughes Ball exclaim, in an ecstasy of surprise and admiration, "By G—d, there's a new tie!"

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH.

Man and wife generally resemble each other in features, never in disposition. A good-natured man marries a shrew; a choleric man, an insensible lump of matter; a witty man, an insipid woman; and *a very great fool*, a blue-stocking.

The reason of the resemblance in face I take to be this. Every man thinks himself the handsomest person in existence; and therefore, in looking out for a wife, he always chooses the woman that most nearly resembles himself.

The reason for dissimilarity in disposition is even more plain. Every one respects another for the quality, good or bad, which he himself wants. Besides, this sort of opposition prevents the holy and happy state from getting flat, as it otherwise would, and produces upon it the same effects as acids upon an alkali. The worthy Bishop of Durham was lamenting to Dr. Paley the death of his wife. "We lived nineteen years together," said his lordship, "and never had two opinions about anything in all that time. What think you of that, Doctor?" "Indeed, my lord," rejoined Paley, in his broad Carlisle accent, "I think it must ha' been verra flat." I am orthodox, and quite agree with Dr. Paley.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH.

Some people talk of devils; all our common devils are damnable. The best devil is a slice of roast ham which has been basted with Madeira and then spiced with Cayenne.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH.

In Paris there is no restaurateur whose house unites all the requisites for dining well. I have had long experience of them, and can speak with authority. Beauvilliers' is a good quiet house, where you get all the regular French dishes admirably dressed. His *fricassées de poulet* are not to be surpassed; they have a delicate flavour of the almond, which is quite inimitable; and his *patés* and *vol-au-vents* are superb. But he has neither his vegetables nor his venison so early as Véry. I don't by any means agree with those people who extol the cookery at Véry's; it is excellent, certainly, but not better than that of the other first-rate houses. The thing in which Véry really surpasses all the rest is in his *desserts;* his fruits are magnificent, and look as if they came from the gardens of Brobdignag. I used to like the cookery and the chambertin of the *Trois frères Provençaux*, but I think this house has fallen off latterly in everything but those delicious salads—"spots of greenery," as Mr. Coleridge calls them. The cookery at Grignon's I think decidedly bad; but his white wines, and particularly the Haut Barsac, have what my friend Goethe call a paradise clearness and odour. The only place where one can dine well, from soup down to Curaçoa, is at the *Rocher de Cancale*, though it stands in a villainous dirty street. If anybody wants to know how far the force of French cookery can go, let him dine at the *Rocher*—especially if he is a piscivorous person like myself. The soups are beyond all praise—and the *potage printanière* (spring soup) absolutely astounds you by the prematurity of vegetation which it proves. I ate asparagus soup at the *Rocher de*

Cancale on the 18th of January. *Rupes Cancaliensis, esto perpetua!*

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH.

At a restaurateur's, when you ask for any wine above the pitch of *vin ordinaire*, always examine the cork before you allow the *sommelier* to draw it. This is a maxim worth any money. The French have an odious custom of allowing people to have half bottles of the higher wines. The waiters, of course, fill up the bottle with an inferior sort, and seal it again; so that you frequently get your Sauterne christened with Chablis. I am sorry to be obliged to say that at the *Rocher de Cancale* this trick is very commonly played off. It certainly injures the respectability of the house, and even endangers the throne of the Bourbons. I ought here in gratitude to mention that at *Prévot's*, one of the best of the second-rate restaurateurs, I have drunk delicious *Chateau grillé*—a wine very rarely found in the *cartes*.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH.

In Paris, when you have two invitations for the same evening (one from an English and one from an Irish lady), always accept the latter. You may be quite sure of having supper at the Irish house, which will not be the case at the English one; and you may depend upon having the best punch.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH.

As a general rule, never accept an invitation to a French soirée, unless you are fond of *Eau sucrée Ecarté* at night and disorder of the colon next morning.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH.

When you have an invitation to one or more parties in the same evening, always accept that of an *old maid* (if you

receive one) in preference to the others. You are sure of being better received, and—I don't know for what reason, but the fact is so—old maids are generally fond of that last of the day, commonly called supper. Your attention, besides, to the lots of iced punch dispenses you from paying much to the ladies *à la glace*, who muster in great force on such occasions.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH.

Never wear a bright purple coat. It does not harmonise well with any colour of trousers.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEENTH.

All the poets whom I have ever seen, except Sir Walter Scott, look lean and hungry. I do not except Coleridge, because he never writes.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH.

The best coffee in Paris is made at the *Café des Colonnes*, —or, as Mr. Jeffrey rejoiceth more to spell it, the CAFFEE *des* MILLES *Colonnes;* and the liqueurs are superb. The Belle Limonadière, alas! hath passed away, but the rooms are more splendid than ever. There is a paradise opened lately on the Boulevard called the *Café Turc;* but then it is on the Boulevard du Temple; and whoever went there since the Revolution? The gardens are but half lighted, so as to throw a delicious and dreamy twilight about you; and this contrasts admirably with the blaze of glory which flashes on you as you enter the saloon itself, all glittering with mirrors and glowing with gold, and fretted with what seemed diamonds, rubies, and amethysts. The *Café* is built in the form of a superb Turkish hall, and is gorgeous as the Opium-Eater's Oriental Dreams, or a chapter in Vathek! Mr. Wordsworth describes this *café:*

"Fabric it seems of diamond and of gold,
With golden column upon column high
Uplifted—towers, that on their restless fronts
Bear stars—illumination of all gems—
Far sinking into splendour, without end!"

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST.

Nothing is so humiliating to a man of reflection, on awaking in the morning, as the conviction which forces itself upon him that he has been drunk the night before. I do not mean, gentle reader, that he repents him of having been drunk—this he will, of course, consider meritorious—but he cannot help the intruding persuasion that all the things he uttered after he entered into a state of civilisation (if he recollects anything about them) were utter stupidities, which he mistook at the time for either wit, wisdom, or eloquence.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND.

People often say of a man that he is a cunning fellow. This can never be true, for, if he were, nobody could find out that he was.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THIRD.

Cayenne pepper in crystal is a most meritorious invention of those worthy lads, the Waughs in Regent Street. Before their time the flavour of cayenne could never be equally distributed through soups and sauces.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH.

No artist or musician that was ever good for anything *as such* was ever good for anything else. Even Michael Angelo was a very indifferent poet, though Mr. Wordsworth has taken the trouble to translate some of his sonnets.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH.

It is singular that scarcely any tailor who can make a coat well can make pantaloons. Such tailors are like those historical painters who could paint figures, but not landscapes. Stulz is the Raphael of tailors, but he is falling fast into a hard and dry style of cutting; Nugee is the Correggio. But there is no Michael Angelo—no master of the *gran contorno*. Place is the Radical tailor; but, since he became a Westminster reviewer, he is more engaged in cutting up than cutting out. I wonder if he sends in his bills quarterly as well as his reviews! Cameron & Co., the army tailors of Henrietta Street, make the best pantaloons in London; and nobody can achieve like them a pair of tight pantaloons—a thing, as Dr. Johnson pathetically observes, always expected, and never found!

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIXTH.

There is one sort of tie which is very difficult to make, and which I cannot explain to my readers without a diagram. It contains in itself, however, the elements of all other ties; and when a man can make this one well, he has the secret of all the rest.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVENTH.

Much is said about the French politeness. I do not think them a polite people, and for this reason. In France, if you ever do get drunk, it must be while the ladies are at table, for they quit it along with you. Now I hold it to be a proof of utter want of politeness to get drunk before women; and not to get drunk at all proves a man to be equally unfit for a state of civilisation.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Despise humbug. I once dined with Wilberforce in company with a black who had been manumitted. Mr. Wilberforce's reason for placing him at table with gentle-

men was that "he was a man and a brother." I think Mr. Wilberforce's white servants must have thought their case very hard as compared with that of the ex-slave.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINTH.

Of whisky there are more numerous varieties than of any other spirit. Perhaps, however, in this I may be deceived, for my greater intimacy with that fluid may make me more sensitive as to the minute distinctions of taste. It is probable that in France the palate of the connoisseur is equally cognoscent of the varieties of brandy. I repent that, during my late tour in that country, I did not make inquiries on this most important point; but I shall decidedly ask my friend, the Vicomte d'Arlincourt—a man for whom I have particular esteem—concerning it, when I next shall have the pleasure of seeing him at Ambrose's.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH.

With respect to the last maxim it is to be remarked, in corroboration of the hypothesis there hinted at (*hinted at*, I say, for I by no means pledge myself to the dead certainty of the fact), that a most particular diversity of taste exists in the several rums. Antigua has a peculiar smack and relish, by which it is to be known from Jamaica at first gulp. Yet it is very possible (*experto crede*) to bam even a connoisseur by giving him good whisky, free from the empyreumatic taste which is *frequently* observable on several even of licensed whiskies, and *always* on *potheen*, mixed subdolously with burnt brown sugar. It is a great imitation.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIRST.

To return to whisky. Inishowen is generally accounted the best potheen; but, as far as regards my own private drinking, I prefer that manufactured at Roscrea, in the county of Tipperary, where I have frequently drunk it with

the Rev. John Hamilton, who, by the by, is most untruly and unfairly abused by the little Whig libeller, Tom Moore, in his Fudge Family (p. 61), in company, to be sure, with much higher people; which, of course, is a consolation. Potheen improves much by age. I must say that one principal reason of its being preferred to Parliament whisky arises from the natural propensity to do what is forbidden; and I add as my candid opinion that, if it were taxed, it would not be in such estimation as that procured by scientific distillation from large stills; that is, if the great distillers could be depended upon for honesty, and were not to be suspected shrewdly of making use of other ingredients than malt.

N.B.—I here intended to have gone in at some length as to the divers qualities of all the whisky fluids of the empire, and with a minute and critical and, on mine honour, an impartial survey of the whole, to have given my opinion on their various merits or demerits: but I fear that the consideration would be too lengthy for a list of mere maxims. Brevity is the very soul (not of wit, to be sure, in this case, for that vain and frivolous ingredient ought to be far from our thoughts when discussing subjects of interest to the human race, but) of apophthegms; but when these my Maxims are gathered, as, God willing, they shall be, into a separate volume, I shall, after this part of them, insert a long and deeply-meditated paper, in which I shall chemically, scientifically, compotically, and empirically—a word which I here use, Mr. Coleridge, in its true and original sense—discuss the whole subject, in such a way that, like Dr. Barrow preaching before King Charles the Second, it will be universally conceded to me that I have exhausted it. Mr. William Thomas Brand and Sir Humphrey Davy have kindly consented to draw up the chemical tables with the same precision as they have already done those for wines. I have also in hand a paper written by a couple of ingenious philosophers "On the Uses and Abuses of Porter," seriously summed up by them with that skill and talent

which so truly marks these eminent and erudite men; and that, too, I shall insert in some conspicuous part of my volume. It will be found to be a very instructive and interesting paper.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND.

In parts out of Ireland you cannot convince people of the right method of pronouncing and spelling POTHEEN. They will have it that it is Potch-cheen, or some such thing. It is simply the diminutive of *pot*, and would, indeed, be more correct without the medial *h*, which, however, has gained insertion in consequence of the thick utterance of the people. So *squire* makes *squireen*, a poor little squire, as

> "We'll take it kind if you'll provide
> A few *squireens*."—THOMAS MOORE.

Devotee, contracted (by aphæresis) to *'votee*, becomes *'voteen*, to signify a little, mean, superstitious worshipper. *Buckeen* is a poor attempt at being a *buck*, such as you see in Princes Street, Edinburgh, for instance, &c. &c. So potteen corrupted to potheen is a little pot, and thence, by a natural metonymy, signifies the production of that utensil.

A curious book might be written on mispronunciation. Is there a man in ten who calls Bolivar correctly? Every one almost is ready to rhyme him as

> Bold Simon Bolivar,
> Match for old Oliver, &c., &c.

Whereas it should be

> Few can deceive, or
> Baffle Bolivar.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD.

In playing dominos you cannot be said to have a good hand unless you have five of one number, and one of these a double. This well played, with first move, ought in general to win the game.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOURTH.

In vino veritas is an old saying, but scarcely a true one. Men's minds, when elevated by wine or anything else, become apt to exaggeration of feeling of every kind. I have often found *In vino asperitas* to be a much truer dictum.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH.

Some people tell you that you should not drink claret after strawberries. They are wrong, if the claret be good. The milky taste of good claret coheres admirably with the strawberry; somewhat like cream. If the claret be bad, it is quite a different affair; and suspect it, if you find the master of the house anxious not to make the test. George Faulkner of Dublin—I was going to say my friend Faulkner, until I recollected that he was dead some thirty odd years before I was born—Swift's printer, Foote's Peter Paragraph—who does not know George?—used to sit a whole night with a solitary strawberry at the bottom of his glass, over which he used to pour generally four bottles of claret. "I do so," George would say, "because a doctor recommended it to me for its cooling qualities." The idea that cold wine should not be drunk after cool fruit is nonsense. If you feel the claret chill you, you will find the remedy in the seventy-fifth maxim of this series.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH.

If you be an author, never disturb yourself about little squibs, &c., against you. If you do, you will never be at rest. If you want to annoy the squibber, pretend never to have heard of them. It is only five days ago since I was in company with Rogers and Tom Moore, and no pair could harmonise better. Yet who does not know Tom's epigram on Sam? Rogers had made him a present of a copy of Paradise Lost, in which there was the very common

frontispiece of the Devil, in the shape of a serpent, twining round down the Tree of Knowledge, with the fatal apple in his mouth, which he was in the act of presenting to Eve; and under it Tom, instigated no doubt by the evil spirit whose picture he was inspecting, wrote—

"WITH EQUAL GOOD NATURE, GOOD GRACE, AND GOOD LOOKS,
AS THE DEVIL GAVE APPLES, SAM ROGERS GIVES BOOKS."

An unkind return, certainly, for civility. The cut at the looks was particularly unfair, as Mr. Rogers is a bachelor; but he only laughed, as he always does, and the thing passed off like water from a duck's back.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH.

Never repine on account of that mediocrity of station in which it has pleased Providence to place you. Why should you do so? Would you wish to be the king? I for one should unquestionably consider that situation as a decided bore. What! Submit to have all your motions placarded in the papers? low scribes spouting away, pro and con, every time you alter your dress, your house, your ministers, your tipple—anything, in short? What! To be surrounded by an eternal retinue of lords and grooms, and God knows all what? A shocking state of suffering, indeed, and demanding more than Christian endurance. I would not be king, in anything like a free country at least, upon any possible terms. If one were a real despot, the case might be better, I admit; for then one could appoint some under-scrub of a viceroy, or lord-lieutenant, or captain-general, or so, to hold the courts, give the grand dinners, sign the death-warrants, ride in state, and all the rest of it, in place of one; while you enjoyed yourself, as it pleased your fancy, in some central retreat, such as Capreæ, or the Happy Valley in Rasselas. But even that is not what I envy. I have no wish to exercise despotic power, and therefore I have no wish to possess it. Any crown would be to me so much *du*

trop. What is the object of human life? To be happy—admitted. In what does happiness consist? In deciding who shall, and who shall not, be hung? In having a flag on the top of the house? In talking politics with Canning, Eldon, Liverpool, Metternich, Hardenberg, Pozzo di Borgo? —I despise all such doings. Does a man enjoy his beef-steak, his bottle of excellent port or claret, his cigar, his flirtation, his anything you please to think of, a bit the more for being called king, or duke, or emperor, or so? Not one bit. I utterly deny the thing. Were I not Morgan ODoherty, I should like to be Mustapha Abu Selim.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH.

I scarcely look upon it as much better to be a duke than to be a king. On the contrary, I have often thought it is almost as bad. You are annoyed with the same eternal troop of hangers-on, only they are, if possible, of a still more inferior description. Your house is not your own, nor your time either; for the one is always full of humdrum bores, crack-wits, assenting idiots, lions, lionesses, and I know not what trash; and the other is taken up all the after-part of every day with doing the civil to these creatures; and all the morning you have cursed letters to write about country gentlemen's sons wanting livings, dandies that aspire to sit in the Foreign Office, political tracasseries, farms to let, money to raise, bonds, mortgages, promises to and from Mr. Peel—in short, as I said before, your are never your own man. The late Duke of Norfolk, to be sure, used to dine every day by himself, in one of the boxes of a common coffee-house in Covent Garden, drink two bottles of port, and then rumble home to St. James's Square in a jarvie. He did so. Well, and can't I do the same thing quite as well without being called "Your Grace" at the end of every pint of wine? I can, and I know it. Nay, I am of opinion that I can do the same thing more comfortably than the Duke, for I can do it without any human creature taking

the slightest notice of what I do. He was not merely the stout gentleman in the grey coat—and I am the tall one in the blue. No, there was always some suspicion of his rank floating about, or at least suspected of doing so—no real sense of the delights of perfect obscurity. In point of fact, such adventitious affairs have no influence whatever on the real sum of human felicity. I remember one day I was walking with my friend Dr. Mullion, and we came in front of Burlington House. "Mull," says I, "what a noble mansion this is! Look at it attentively, my hearty." He fixed his fine grey eye upon the stately pile and, after perusing it with the utmost diligence of admiration for some space, made answer: "It *is* a grand house indeed, man. Hech me, man! What a dinner I could eat in a house like that!" Chewing the cud of this philosophical reflection, we jogged along for a minute or two till the well-known azure pillars of Cork Street happened to attract my friend's notice. My mind was still brimfull of the beautiful architecture, stately air, grand outline, &c. &c. &c. of the patrician mansion which we had just left to leeward, when, lo and behold! the Doctor gives me a little touch on the elbow, just as much as to hint whereabouts we were. "Pooh, pooh!" said I, starting round upon him. "Confound your blood, Dr. Mullion! What makes you attract my attention to this low, shabby, dirty, abominable piece of plebeian brick-work, ornamented in front with two vile, shapeless wooden posts with foreheads villainous low, and daubed over with a little sky-blue paint!—pooh, pooh!" "Weel aweel," quoth Mull, "say what you like, but, hech me, man! what a dinner I could eat in a house like that!" This did me.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH.

It was a long while ere I discovered the most convenient method of supporting my drawers. It is a bore to have a separate pair of braces, and the usual schemes of looping are,

all of them, liable to objections. The true way is: Have two small pieces of tape placed *horizontally* along the waistband of the nether integuments, at those parts of them which correspond to the parts of the upper touched by the extremities of the braces; have these horizontal tapes, say three inches to each, attached firmly to the substance of the waistband; and then pass the brace under the open part of the tape, before you bring it in contact with the button on the breeches. This is one of those inventions which will stand the test so long as the present general system of breeches-making is retained; but that, I freely admit, appears to me to be by no means free from radical defects. The pressure comes too exclusively on particular parts of the shoulders. By a row of buttons all round, this evil might be remedied. That again would involve inconveniences of quite another, though perhaps an even more distressing, order. On the whole, this is a matter which modern artists have too much neglected; and I hereby promise, by means of a separate and distinct MAXIM, to make not only the fame, but the fortune, of the man who, within six months from this date, satisfies me that he has paid proper attention to the hint now conveyed.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH.

No young lady should ever go to a masquerade in any dress associated in the minds of mankind with the habits of an inferior order of society. Put you on the dress of a pretty Abigail, and the Devil is in it if there be no gay lad ready enough to treat you as he would treat a pretty Abigail. The same objection applies to the whole race of milk-maids, haymakers, nuns, &c. &c. Every one thinks it fair to be a little particular in his attentions to beings of these orders. So, if you go after the publication of this Maxim, we shall all know what you are expecting.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST.

Instead of a Maxim there ought to be a volume, ay, a quarto, upon the order to be observed in the wines handed round during dinner. I have long ago mentioned that I disapprove, on general and philosophical principles, of a great mixture of wines during the repast; but this was said with an eye to those, on the one side, who, unlike myself, are of a delicate stomachic organisation, and to those, on the other, who, like myself, intend to take a proper dose after dinner is down. The man who has the stomach, or the man who intends to exemplify the sobriety, of a horse may mix wines to a very considerable extent; nay, in fact, ought to do so. The rule is this: Begin with the wines of the most delicate aroma and flavour, and terminate with those of a more decided character. Let the burgundies come immediately after the soup; then the champagnes; the hocks last. Burgundy, after anything sweet has touched the mouth, is not worth drinking. After champagne, and still more after hock, it is quite insipid. Attend to this carefully, for I often see things grievously misplaced.

MAXIM ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SECOND.

The preceding Maxim will probably give rise to much and anxious discussion. To narrow the field, therefore, I take this opportunity of declaring that there are two liquids which may be eternally varied in their application during dinner, with which you may begin and end, and which you may intersperse, *ad libitum*, whenever you like, and whatever you have been eating and drinking. These two gifts are sherry and cold rum-punch. With regard to them you never can go wrong. They can no more be out of place in a dinner than a fine tree in a landscape or a fine woman in a boudoir.

The Irishman and the Lady.

(*To be sung with boisterous expression.*)

I.

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man;
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman.
A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman—
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramping, roaring Irishman.

II.

His face was no ways beautiful,
For with small-pox 'twas scarr'd across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost doubled a yard across.
O, the lump of an Irishman,
The whisky-devouring Irishman—
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting, rioting Irishman.

III.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear.

O, the great big Irishman,
The rattling, battling Irishman—
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman.

IV.

He took so much of Lundy-foot,
That he used to snort and snuffle—O!
And in shape and size the fellow's neck
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh, the horrible Irishman,
The thundering, blundering Irishman—
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irishman.

V.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd not rest till he filled it full again.
The boozing, bruising Irishman,
The 'toxicated Irishman—
The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy Irishman.

VI.

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith
Just by the way of jollity.
Oh, the leathering Irishman,
The barbarous, savage Irishman—
The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were bother'd, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

Lament For Lord Byron.

Air—The Last Rose of Summer.

LAMENT for Lord Byron
In full flow of grief,
As a sept of Milesians
Would mourn o'er their chief!
With the loud voice of weeping,
With sorrow's deep tone,
We shall keen o'er our poet,
"All faded and gone."

Though in far Missolonghi
His body is laid;
Though the hands of the stranger
His lone grave have made;
Though no foot from Old England
Its surface will tread,
Nor the sun of Old England
Shine over its head;

Yet, bard of the Corsair,
High-spirited Childe;
Thou who sang'st of Lord Manfred
The destiny wild!
Thou star, whose bright radiance
Illumined our verse,
Our souls cross the blue seas
To mourn o'er thy hearse.

Thy faults and thy follies,
  Whatever they were,
Be their memory dispersed
  As the winds of the air;
No reproaches from me
  On thy course shall be thrown:
Let the man who is sinless
  Uplift the first stone.

In thy vigour of manhood
  Small praise from my tongue
Had thy fame or thy talents,
  Or merriment wrung;
For that Church, and that State, and
  That monarch I loved,
Which too oft thy hot censure
  Or rash laughter moved.

But I hoped in my bosom
  That moment would come,
When thy feelings would wander
  Again to their home.
For that soul, O lost Byron!
  In brillianter hours,
Must have turned to its country—
  Must still have been ours.

Now slumber, bright spirit!
  Thy body, in peace,
Sleeps with heroes and sages,
  And poets of Greece;
While thy soul, in the tongue of
  Even greater than they,
Is embalmed till the mountains
  And seas pass away.

Odoherty's Dirge.

Oh! when I am departed and passed away,
Let's have no lamentations or sounds of dismay—
Meet together, kind lads, o'er a three-gallon bowl,
And so toast the repose of Odoherty's soul.
Down, derry down.

If my darling girl pass, gently bid her come in;
To join the libation she'll think it no sin;
Though she choose a new sweetheart, and doff the black gown,
She'll remember me kindly when down—down—down—
Down, derry down.

Pandemus Polyglott.

It has been well observed by somebody that any man could make an interesting book if he would only give, honestly and without reserve, an account of such things as he himself had seen and heard; but if a man should add to this a candid history of his remarkable friends and acquaintance, how infinitely would he enhance the interest of his own! Some folks call this method of biography prosy—Heaven help their unphilosophical shortsightedness! Wherein consists the charm of Benvenuto Cellini's account of himself, which nobody can deny to be the *ne plus ultra* of all conceivable autobiographies? Why, it clearly arises from these two sources: first, from his not scrupling to give a straightforward narrative of every shadow of an adventure he lighted upon, not hesitating a moment to tell the whole truth at least, however often he may be so obliging as to favour us with a matter of ten times as much as that same; and, secondly, from the number of persons and personages he introduces his reader to, from the magnificent Francis to the unhappy engraver (I think), whom he despatched in so judicious a manner by that memorable thrust of his dagger into the back of the poor man's neck, whereby he so scientifically separated the vertebræ, and interrupted the succession of the spinal marrow, to the immediate attainment of his laudable object—to wit, the release of his fellow-sinner from his worldly sorrows. Again, in the other sex, from the lovely and capricious Duchess of Florence, with her rings and cameo and trumpery, down to the frail one whose fondness for Benvenuto so repeatedly jeopardised his capacity for enjoying the same. But there

is a third charm about the good artist's book; and this may, perhaps, outweigh the other two—namely, his introduction of the heroes and magnates of his age *en déshabille*. Truly, if he who can show us a king, two popes, a reigning duke or two, duchesses, nobles, courtiers, and cardinals by the squadron, all in dressing-gowns and slippers, be not set up in the high places among those who have delighted their fellows, wherewithal shall a man claim that distinction? But I flatter myself that, charming as Benvenuto is, I must even supersede him by as much as learning is of more account than throat- or marble-cutting, and learned men than heroes, &c.

But the world is not going at this time to enjoy the full benefit of my experiences. Let it suffice for the present that I afford mankind a glimpse of one of the most remarkable of men; one of those who leave their reputation as a legacy to their species, having had the uncommon forbearance to abstain from imparing the same in any degree by enjoying it themselves.

Without further preface then, reader, give me leave to present to you Doctor Pandemus Polyglott, LL.D., Lugd. Bat. Olim. Soc., member of no end of societies, literary and antiquarian, historical, philosophical, &c. &c. I would give you his tail of initials at full length, if it were not that I have generally found the dullest people take most pains in his behalf—and the Doctor is not dull—and, moreover, he has won by his pen a tail so considerable that it could not be doubled up in less than twice the space of that which the great hero of the age, Wellington, has carved out with his sword, and which may be found occupying a good half page of the Army List. Besides, Dr. Polyglott is a living character; and though now as fine a specimen of an octogenarian as may be met with in a June day's march, yet he has not done winning to himself those bright scholarly honours which so safely insure to their possessors an enviable obscurity with reference to the generality of people.

The Doctor, though a colossus of mind, has had the

firmness through life to forego all those mundane advantages which his wondrous powers must have obtained for him had such been his pleasure; and as in early life he gave himself up to the allurements of classical literature, so with a constancy seldom rivalled did he in manhood and in age still does he adhere to the same sweet mistress. The fruits of this affection are manifold, as some forty MS. folios testify; but, while the Doctor lives, his intimates alone will have the benefit of their acquaintance; for he is far too chary of his own personal comfort, too sensible of his own dignity, to sacrifice the one, or diminish his own proud sense of the other, by trusting the smallest of his learned labours to the caprice or indifference of a world engaged for the most part in pursuits which he looks down upon with pity, and would regard, if he were less good than he is, with contempt.

But these limits will not allow me to do justice to a tithe of the merits of my worthy Nestor; so, reader, we (you and I) must be content with what the allotted space will admit. You will not be surprised, after the slight insight I have given you into the character of Dr. Polyglott's mind, and the extent of his erudition, to learn that the good cheerful old man is altogether "wrapt and throwly lapt" in reminiscences and thoughts, the beginning, middle, and end whereof are classical.

"Ay, ay, boy," said he to me (I am forty-five) one day, when I had been lauding and magnifying sundry of our own poets in his presence, "Ay, ay, boy, call 'em poets if you will—mere mushrooms—Shakespeare—didst ever hear of Sophocles?—Jonson—Bah!—poor neoteric stuff—vernacular. There is but one good couplet in the language, only one."

"And whose is that, sir?" I ventured to ask.

"Pope's."

I was thunderstruck, so often had I heard the old man revile "Pope, the Anti-Homeric," as he delighted to call

him, "the clipper of the old Greek's solid coin, to reduce it to the beggarly standard of wit's understanding."

"Pope's, sir?" said I, in wonder; "pray, repeat it."

Slowly and deliberately did the Doctor recite:

> "They who a living marble seek
> Must carve in Latin or in Greek."

Never till this hour had I dreamt of the possibility of the Doctor having read a line of English poetry, except in a translation, and I ventured to hint thus much.

"Not read English poetry!" said he. "Why, half my amusements would be at an end were it not for your so-called poets—common plagiarists. Not one of them but goes on the highway to plunder the old Greeks and Romans. Oh! how I love to nab the filchers."

Here was new ground broken between me and the Doctor, and right well have I profited by it. In almost every branch of modern poetry have I tried him, and almost invariably has he shown me that our great men are but pickers-up of the crumbs that have fallen from the tables of their masters, of old parallel passages that most men can quote. But what astonishes me most is the readiness with which the Doctor detects whole pieces translated from the more obscure ancients; many of them, indeed, whose works are generally believed to be lost entirely. Having been frequently startled at this, I thought I would *set* him with a poem, for which he could have no ancient parallel; accordingly, one evening, I read him, from the Anti-Jacobin, Canning's Knifegrinder.

"The varlet!" cried the Doctor, "reach me vol. 17 of the MSS."

I gave it him, and forthwith did he spread before my eyes the following:

Σαπφικα.

ὁ φιλανθρωπος και ὁ σιδηροτεκτων.

Φιλανθρωπος.

πη βαδιζεις, πτωχε σιδηροτεκτον ;
ἡ θ' ὁδος στυφλη, σφαλερος θ' ὁ κυκλος.
ψυχρος εἰ, κἀχουσι περισκελη και τρημα γαληρος.

οὐκ ἀγανος οἰδε, σιδηροτεκτον,
ὁστις ἐν διφροις μαλακοισι κλινει,
δεινον ὡς κραξαι "ψαλιδας τε θηγω ηδε μαχαιρας."

τις δε σ', ὥταν, ὡσε σιδηροθηγειν ;
τις τυραννος σ' ἀφνεος ἠδικηκεν ;
ἢ μεγας σ' ὁ γαιοκρατωρ ; ὁ πρεσβυς ;
ἢ 'κδικος αἰσχρως ;

ἠδικησ' ὁ γαιοκρατωρ σε θηρων
κειμενων ; ἢ σ' ἐκδεκατευς ὁ πρεσβυς ;
ἢ 'κδικος λῃστης ἀπενεγκε σου το παν δ.' ἀγωνα

(οἰσθα Τομπανου "Μεροπων τα χρηστα ;")
σταγματ' οἰκτοι' ἐν βλεφαροιν τρεουσιν,
ἐκπεσοντ' εἰπῃς ὁποταν συ πικρας μυθον ἀνιας.

Σιδηροτεκτων.

μυθον ; ὠποποι· ἐπος οὐκ ἐχω τι·
ἐν καπηλειῳ δ' ὁτ' ἐπινον ἐχθες,

SAPPHICA.

PHILANTHROPUS ET FABER FERRARIUS.

DIALOGUS.

Philanthropus.

"Hinc iter quônam, Faber o egene?
Et via horrescit, rota claudicatque ;
Flat notus ; rimis petasus laborat,
Tritaque bracca.

"O Faber languens, patet haud superbis,
Appia ut rhedis habet otiantes,
Quid sit ad cctem vocitare cultros
Fissaque ferra.

"Dic, Faber, cultros acuisse quis te
Egit? anne in te locuples tyrannus
Sæviit? terræ dominus? sacerdos?
Causidicusve?

"Ob feras terræ dominus necatas?
Aut tenax poscens decumas sacerdos?
Lite vel rem causidicus malignè
Abstulit omnem?

"Nonne nôsti 'Jura Hominum' Païni?
Ecce! palpebris lacrymæ tremiscunt,
Inde casuræ simul explicâris
Tristia fata."

Faber.

"Fata—Di magni! nihil est quod edam,

μου γαληρον ἠδε περισκελη τις
δρυψ' ἐν ἀγωνι.

Ni quòd hesternâ ut biberem in popinâ
Nocte lis orta! heu! periere braccæ
Atque galerus.

ἀλλα ῥαβδουχοι τοτε μ' εἰλον ἀνδρες,
ἠγαγον δε μ' αὐτικα προς δικαστην.
χὠ δικαστης ποσοκακῃ μ' ἐθηκεν
ὡστε πλανητα.

"Pacis occurrunt mihi tùm ministri.
Meque Prætoris rapiunt ad aulam:
Prætor erronis properat numellâ
Figere plantas.

νυν δε χαιροιην μεγα σοι προπινων,
δεσποτα ζυθου δεπας, εἰ συ δοιης.
δραχμ' ἐμοιγ'· ἀλλ' οὐποτε μοι τα μεν
πολιτικα μελλει.

"Jamque gaudebo tibi si propinem
Poculum, tete mihi dante nummum;
Me tamen stringo, neque, pro virili,
Publica curo."

Φιλανθρωπος.

δραχμα σοι; ταχ' εἰς ἀϊδην ἀπελθε,
σχετλι', ὁς τινειν κακα τοσσ' ἀβουλεις,
φαυλ', ἀναισθη', ἀδοκιμαστ', ἀεικες,
ἐκβολιμ', αφρον.

Philanthropus.

"An tibi nummum? potius ruinam;
Perdite, ulcisci mala tanta nolens;
Sordide, infelix, inhoneste, prave
Turpis et excors."

Sapphics.

The Friend of Humanity and the Knifegrinder.

Friend of Humanity.

"Needy Knifegrinder! whither art thou going?
Rough is the road; thy wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches.

"Weary knifegrinder, little know the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and
Scissors to grind O.'

"Tell me, Knifegrinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the 'squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

"Was it the 'squire for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

"Have you not read the 'Rights of Man' by Tom Paine?
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

Knifegrinder.

"Story! God bless you? I have none to tell, sir;
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

"Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

Friend of Humanity.

"*I* give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd first,
Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance;
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast."

"There, sir," cried the Doctor. "Even George Canning's hands were not so clean, you see; now I will tell you how, as I take it, he came by the original. In the University Library at Leyden, where I first got my fellowship, were near a cart-load of MSS. of various ages and languages. The greater part of these had, as far as I could learn, never been examined, and they were indeed considered as little better than lumber. Fired by the success which had attended Angelo Mai's researches in a similar field, I dili-

gently set about examining, collating, and transcribing these MSS. Among the rest was a small volume of tattered parchment, of singularly ancient appearance, and grievously decayed by the action of damp and vermin. To this, which was apparently a MS. of the tenth century, I devoted my most serious attention, and succeeded in deciphering the present very curious dialogue, which is, I believe, unique, and two other poems. The Latin version was made by Professor Groetbaum, who printed the three poems, and circulated an impression of five copies among his most select friends. One of these copies was purchased at the sale of Professor Krautstuffer's library, after his death, by an Englishman named Heber, I think, who came express from London upon the occasion, and gave for the tract a sum equal to about forty-two pounds English. From this copy, I doubt not, arose George Canning's translation.

Turning over the leaves of the folio the Doctor had bid me reach for him, my eye lighted upon the following anacreontic, which I very easily recollected as an old English acquaintance, in spite of his present Greek costume. I named this fact to the Doctor, and ventured to suggest the possibility of his having been imposed upon by some of his scholarly friends at Leyden: but I will first transcribe the poems, Greek and English, and then give the reader Dr. Polyglott's highly interesting account:

εἰς μυιαν πινουσαν οἰνον.

πολυεργε, πολυπραγμον,
καταδιψωσα μυια,
ἀγε δητα, συμπιωμεν·
μεγα χαιρε· σοι μεν ἐστι
μεθυ παν τοδ', ἠν δυνησῃ
ροφεειν νιν ἐκροφειν τε.
δρεπε νυν βιου τα τερπνα,
ὀλιγος βιος, βραχυς τε.
ὁ δ' ἐμος τε σος θ' ὁμοιω,
τελος ἀμφω εἰστρεχοντε.
θερος ἐν σον ἐστ' ἐμον δε

Written extempore by a Gentleman, occasioned by a fly drinking out of his cup.

"Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and fades away.

"Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline;

πλεον οὐδεν ἐστιν, εἰ και	Thine's a summer, mine no more,
τρις ἐνεστιν εἰκοσ' αὐτῳ.	Though repeated to threescore.
θερε' ὡς τρις εἰκοσ' εἶσαν,	Threescore summers, when they're
βραχε' ὡς και ἐν φανοῦνται.	Will appear as short as one!" [gone,

"Marvellous!" cried the Doctor, when I had recited to him this well-known song—"Marvellous! That ode, sir, I doubt not, was written by Anacreon himself. That the *Λεγουσιν αἱ γυναικες* should be admitted into all collections, while this is rejected, appears to me the consummation of critical injustice."

"As how, sir?"

"Why, you know, the 'λεγουσιν κ. τ. λ.' was discovered by Henri Estienne on an old book-cover.

"Assuredly, sir," continued the Doctor. "When the vellum came to be stripped from the cover, and strictly examined, on the *other side* appeared the ode, of which this unknown translator has tried to palm off his version upon us for an original drinking-song. Too bad—too bad! No doubt, copies of both odes were taken, and, less doubt, they were distributed among the literati of that time, by which means some stray copy having in a later age fallen into the hands of our anonymous plagiary, he has done this evil thing."

The Doctor, like most other persons of taste, is much addicted to music, and in his early days was no mean proficient therein; but his great age now materially interferes with his enjoyment of this pleasure, for he is somewhat deaf, and, as he facetiously observes, there are *trumpeters* enough in concert rooms without him. However, he does not altogether abstain from the delights of harmony, for it is his rule to attend one concert, and only one, during the season. On these occasions I am always his companion; and in the course of this duty last season I had a very striking proof of his readiness in detecting plagiarism. We were at the Hanover Square Rooms, and it was a benefit concert, I forget whose, but all the musical magnates in London were there. Presently appeared Henry Phillips to sing his admir-

able ditty, "Woman." During the song I observed that the Doctor appeared surprised and somewhat puzzled; when it was over, he desired me to refer to the *libretto*, and tell him the author's name; it was written down as by Geo. Wither.

"It is a robbery," said the Doctor.

"It is a mutilation," said I. "Some hod-and-mortar litterateur has been paring down to concert-room dimensions one of the few lyrics that give Withers a claim to the title of poet."

"Oh ho!" cried the Doctor. "Then when we get home I will show you what a thief even a puritan may be."

Our conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of an elegant young lady, who came forward and sung the following song, which, to my no small amusement, and the equal annoyance of sundry of his neighbours, the Doctor actually accompanied with its monkish original; thus—

DR. POLYGLOTT.	YOUNG LADY.
O Terræ puella,	Child of Earth,
Auricoma, bella,	With the golden hair,
Mens puraque, et ora	Thy soul is too pure,
Te vetant decora	And thy face too fair,
Incolere tribus	To dwell with creatures
Mortalium, quibus	Of mortal mould,
Sunt verba fervoris	Whose lips are warm
At corda rigoris.	As their hearts are cold.
Nobiscum vagare,	Roam, Roam,
Fit domus in aere;	To our fairy home.
O Terræ puella,	Child of Earth,
Auricoma, bella!	With the golden hair,
Sis pars chorearum	Thou shalt dance
Cum summa nympharum	With the Fairy Queen
In nocte æstiva,	O' summer nights
Sub Cynthia viva,	On the moon-lit green,
Dum Musica tales	To music murmuring
Dat sonitus quales	Sweeter far
Non quisquam audivit	Than ever was heard
Sub sole qui vivit.	'Neath the morning star.
	Roam, roam, &c.

Great was the Doctor's glee at this detection, and greater was mine at his mode of making it known. Indeed all was

glee with us that evening; and when we had returned home, and disposed of that *sine quâ non* of all sensible amusement-hunters, a light supper after the play or concert or whatever it may be, and the Doctor's meerschaum (one of his Leyden habits) was in high puff, we naturally took to talking over the evening's entertainment. Of course the various performers passed in review, and, among the rest, Phillips escaped not the hearty commendations of both of us.

"By the by," said the Doctor, "you called his 'Woman' a mutilation. Have you the ballad as written by Wither?"

"I have," said I, producing a volume of Ritson's Collection.

"And here is its original," said the Doctor, laying his hand on one of the aforenamed vols. of his MSS. "Now let us read; begin thou." And I began:

DR. POLYGLOTT.	MYSELF.
Anne ego depositis tabescam viribus exspes,	Shall I, wasting in despair,
Et patiar cum sit fæmina pulcra mori?	Die because a woman's fair?
Anne meas pallore genas cura anxia tinget,	Or make pale my cheek with care,
Quod petit alterius mala colore rosam?	Because another's rosy are?
Exsuperet splendore diem sine labe venustas,	Be she fairer than the day,
Florigerumve parit quod nova Maia decus;	Or the flowery fields in May;
Illi ni videar qui sim bene dignus amatu,	If she think not well of me,
Egregium refert quid decus omne mihi?	What care I how fair she be?
Anne ego collabi patiar mea corda dolore,	Should my heart be grieved or pine,
Quod mansueta fuit fæmina visa mihi?	'Cause I see a woman kind?
Ingenio vel qaæ cum sit bene prædita culto,	Or a well-disposed nature
Ora simul monstret qualia adoret amor?	Joined with a lovely feature?
Si pietate suâ, si mansuetudine laudes	Be she meeker, kinder than
Turturis exsuperet, vel, pelicane, tuas;	Turtle-dove or pelican;
In me ni pia sit, ni sit mansueta puella,	If she be not so to me,
Quid refert pietas officiosa mihi?	What care I how kind she be?
Fæmina quod præstat reliquis bonitate, movebit	Shall a woman's virtues move
Ergone dum peream me muliebris amor?	Me to perish for her love?
Sint merita illius summa dignissima laude,	Or her well-deservings known
	Make me quite forget my own?

Nonne igitur meriti sim memor ipse mei?
Actu si bonitas ita conspiciatur in omni,
Ut ductum e meritis Optima nomen erit;
Me nisi participem placeat bonitatis habere,
Quid refert quantâ sit bonitate mihi?

Be she with such goodness blest
As may gain her name of Best:
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

Quod Fortuna nimis videatur larga puellæ,
Anne ego desipiens in mala fata ruam?
Mos est ingenium queis nobile, puraque mens est,
Exiguæ quando comperiuntur opes,
Quid cum divitiis facerent reputare salaces
Qui gazâ fiunt deficiente proci.
Et nisi fas in eâ talem mihi cernere mentem
Quid refert, quamvis magna puella mihi?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
When they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Magna sit, aut bona, sit mansueta aut denique pulchra,
Spem me non igitur destituisse sinam;
In me, crede mihi, foveat si pectus amorem,
Ipse prius patiar quám gemat illa mori;
Quod si sincerè parvi me pendat amantem,
In rem contemptæ fas sit abire malam;
Scilicet ut placeat mihi ni sit facta puella,
Quid refert cui sit facta puella mihi?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
If she be not made for me,
What care I for whom she be?

"A pretty tolerable proof of disregard to the Eighth Commandment, I think," continued the Doctor; "but don't let us be too hard upon poor George. He was a fine fellow in his way, and, sorry as was the rubbish he perpetrated in after time, this song must be admitted to be far above much of the same kind of poetry at that day. It is, at least, a most excellent translation."

"Surely, sir," said I, "the author of that poem must have been proud of his translator."

"Possibly," replied the Doctor, "if he understood English; but I suspect two bars to the author's enjoyment—first, his not understanding the language; and, secondly, his not having lived to Withers's time. In short, the author is unknown. I take him to have been some one of the

Belgic writers of the earlier part of the 16th century—Hadrian Marius, perhaps, or one of those bright satellites revolving round the planet of Julius Cæsar Scaliger."

I ventured to suggest to Dr. Polyglott the possibility of some more modern bard having translated Withers's English into Latin; and reminded the Doctor of the great number of excellent songs produced about the date of that under discussion, viz. 1620. I remember particularly specifying Waller's "Rose" as of surpassing excellence in its line. But I had taken an unfortunate view of the matter: my first suggestion called forth from the Doctor a most vigorous expression of contempt for my judgment. Good old man! I think I see him now, as, *ὑπ' ὀφρυσ' ἰδων*, and emitting a fog of reek from both ends of his *écume de mer*, he curled his lip and cried, "Translate English into Latin! Fie, oh, fie! The world never yet held a fool capable of such absurdity. Why, sir, it would be to dress a lazar in a royal robe. But it is too gross a notion to be entertained—pooh!" and forth rushed another eruption of smoke and sparks from the bowl; for his pipe was finished, and the act of refilling it alone restored him to sufficient composure to notice my mention of Waller.

"That 'Rose' you talk of," said the Doctor, "I know it well. That robbery of Waller's was the death of a professor at Leyden."

"How, sir?" asked I, modestly.

"Thus," replied the Doctor. "Wätinstern, in those days Professor of Humanity, foolishly fell in love; and disdaining, as in duty bound, if not in taste, the vernacular, wrote the original of the 'Rose' upon the obdurate Frau Jacqueline von Krakertsting; and, it was rumoured, would have won her by it had she chanced to have understood the language it was written in. Copies were multiplied among the literati, and much fame resulted to the Professor, who, upon the ill success of his forlorn hope upon the damsel, pined and became consumptive. One day a friend, thinking to delight him (for he was what is called an excellent English scholar),

brought him Waller's version, which was just then in high vogue; Wätinstern read and admired it; but finding that the Briton had not acknowledged the Batavian origin of his poemation, and, moreover, had omitted the fine pair of moral couplets which close it, fell into so violent a train of angry objurgation upon his meanness that excessive wrath produced an attack of hæmophthysis, which in a few days carried off the Professor, who is reported to have expired muttering Martial's line:

'Stat contrà dicitque tibi tua pagina: fur es.'

But here is Wätinstern's poem. Place Waller's alongside it, and judge for yourself what cause the former had for his wrath:"

WÄTINSTERN.	WALLER.
I, Rosa, purpurei flos jocundissime prati,	Go, lovely Rose,
Dic cui labe pari tempora meque terit,	Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
Illius laudes tecum persæpe paranti,	That now she knows,
Quam pulchra et dulcis visa sit illa mihi.	When I resemble her to thee, How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Dic cui flore datur primo gaudere juventæ,	Tell her that's young,
Gratia quæ verò ne videatur avet;	And shuns to have her beauties spied,
Nescia fortè virum si te genuisset eremus,	That hadst thou sprung
Mortem tu laudis nescia passa fores.	In valleys where no men abide, Thou might'st have uncommended died.
Nil valet omninò lucem male passa venustas.	Small is the worth
In lucem veniat protenus illa, jube.	Of beauty from the light retired;
Quam petit omnis amor virgo patiatur amorem,	Bid her come forth,
Nec, cum miretur quis, stet in ore rubor.	Suffer herself to be desired, And not blush so to be admired.
Tum morere, ut rerum videat communia fata	Then die; that she
Rararum, fato conscia facta tuo.	The common fate of all things rare May read in thee;

Parte frui fas est quam parvâ temporis illis,
Queis tantum veneris tantaque forma datur.

How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous bright and fair.

Sed quamvis moriare, tamen post fata peracta
Qui fuit ante tuis frondibus adsit odor.
Temnere sic discat Pietatem Temporis arma;
Vivere Virtutem cum mera Forma perit.

Yet though they fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise,
And teach the maid
That goodness Time's rude hand defies,
And virtue lives when beauty dies.

"Hold thee!" cried the Doctor, as I read the last stanza of the "Rose." "Why, how is this? Surely Waller did not translate Wätinstern's four last lines after all?"

I replied by showing the Doctor how Kirke White had added that stanza, and how it was found, in his autograph, upon the margin of his copy of Waller.

"There again!" cried my learned friend. "You see they are all like; not one will acknowledge that he is a mere translator. I dare be sworn Ben Jonson, if he were alive, would deny his obligations to Joannes Secundus, Muretus, &c., for some of his best amatory pieces. You know of course how much he is their debtor?"

I confessed my ignorance of the matter.

"I thought as much," said Dr. Polyglott. "I was led to suspect it when I lighted the other day in a collection upon a little poem, professing to be an original of Ben's, and beginning,

'Take, oh take those lips away,' &c."

"Surely," said I, "that is genuine."

"Oh, surely!" replied the Doctor, with a smile, "as genuine a translation as possible of this poem of Secundus."

He handed me a volume of his MSS., and I began, according to his direction, to read.

"Stop!" interrupted the Doctor; "do you know the English?"

"I do," said I.

"Well, then, repeat it, line for line, with the original, and you will be better able to judge how far the Englishman is indebted to him of the Hague."

I read as follows:—

CARMEN:—AUCTORE JOANNE SECUNDO HAGENSI.

Hinc ista, hinc procul amove labella,
Quæ tam dulcè fuere perjurata;
Auroræ et radiis pares ocellos,
Luces mane novum e viâ trahentes.
At refer mihi basia huc, sigilla,
Frustrà impressa tamen, sigilla amoris.
Oh! cela nivis ista colla, cela,
Ornant quæ gremium tibi gelatum;
Quorum in culminibus rosæ vigentes
Sunt quales referunt Aprilis horæ;
At primùm mea corda liberato,
His a te gelidis ligata vinclis.

SONG BY BEN JONSON.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears;
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in these icy chains by thee.

"It is very strange," murmured I, reluctantly forced to admit the Doctor's charge against "Rare Ben." "But how does it happen that this poem does not appear in any of the numerous editions of Secundus?"

"Oh! that is easily accounted for," answered the Doctor. "None of Secundus's works were published during his life. Indeed it was probably owing to the piracy of a German bookseller of the 16th century that they were not suffered to perish."

I begged the Doctor to relate the story to me; and he continued: "Upon the execution of Sir Thomas More, you know, all Europe rung with indignant reproaches against the royal monster of England; and Secundus, then a spirited youth of two-and-twenty or so, wrote an epitaph and nenia upon the murdered ex-Chancellor. These were only circulated among his private friends (being considered somewhat too hard upon his patron, the Emperor's uncle, for publication), until a copy fell into the hands of the above-mentioned bibliopole,

who printed and published the two poems in the early part of the year 1536; but the pirated copy was so unlike that which Secundus had written that Hadrian Marius, in vindication of his brother's scholarship, had the poems printed from his own copy; and they were published during the same year at Louvain. Much posthumous fame accrued to Secundus from this publication; and in 1538 the men of Leyden gave the world the first edition of the same author's justly celebrated Basia. Secundus's works are now much sought after by the scholars of Leyden, and there are still several pieces of his preserved among the MSS. in the University Library. You will find copies of them all in that volume. This is among the number; and I, at least, have no doubt whatever of its authenticity.

I thanked the Doctor for his narrative, and hazarded an expression of surprise at his peculiar readiness in detecting this kind of literary buccaneering.

"My dear boy," replied he, "you can have no idea how general the evil practice is. Indeed I wonder other scholars have not taken up the cudgels in defence of the plundered Grecians and Latinists. Now you yourself might do the State some service in this respect if you would, and you cannot conceive how entertaining the pursuit is."

I modestly professed my incapability.

"Why, truly," said the Doctor, "you are not at present quick at detecting a plagiarism; but by practice and the aid of my volumes you would in a few years become capable of filling my place in the learned world when I shall vacate it. But you must devote yourself to a severe course of study ere you can hope to attain the requisite amount of proficiency. Why, it is a curious fact that I heard you not many days ago unconsciously chanting a bacchanalian ode of Cæsius Bassus."

"Me, sir!" cried I, in amazement. "Why I thought there were no remains of that lyrist extant?"

"So think many," said the Doctor; "but I know the reverse. Among the shockingly mutilated MSS. whence I

rescued the Greek Sapphics, which I showed you the other day, beginning *πῆ βαδιζεις ;* κ. τ. λ. was a very much injured paper MS. containing several fragments of lyric odes, one only of which I was enabled to make out entirely, and that only after much toil, and by the aid of a good deal of conjecture. That ode I heard you vocalising in its Anglicised condition, as 'The Glasses sparkle on the Board.' Come now, chant it again, and I will reward you with the Alcaic original as an accompaniment."

I did as I was bid : and after this manner was the Doctor's assertion proved :

CARMEN : AUCTORE CŒSIO BASSO.

En ! pocla mensis compositis micant ;
Vini refulget purpureus color ;
Regnant voluptates, feruntque
Gaudia deliciasque secum.
Invitat Euhœ ! nox est ; absit dies ;
Indulgeamus nunc genium mero,
Mergamus et curæ vel atri
Quod superest cyatho doloris.

Sunt qui gravari tristitiâ ferunt
Vitam ; sed o ! ne credite fabulam—
An Liber effundit dolorem ?
An Veneris lacrymas ocelli ?
Omnis Catonum copia desipit
Vinclis volentum stringere gaudia ;—
Si vita fert luctum, sodales,
Heus iterum ! cyatho lavemus.

Poeta labi quàm rapidè monet
Tempus ; quid ergò, quid sapientius
Quàm spargere in pennis Falernum,
Cumque movet celeres morari ?
Hæc nostra nox est ; nos quoque floribus
Spargemus horas usque volubiles ;
Mergamus et curæ vel atri
Quod superest cyatho Doloris,

SONG : THE GLASSES SPARKLE.

The glasses sparkle on the board,
The wine is ruby bright ;
The reign of pleasure is restored,
Of ease and gay delight :
The day is gone ; the night's our own,
Then let us feast the soul ;
Should any pain or care remain,
Why drown it in the bowl.

This world they say's a world of woe,
But that I do deny ;
Can sorrow from the goblet flow ?
Or pain from beauty's eye ?
The wise are fools with all their rules,
Who would our joys control.
If life's a pain, I say't again,
Why drown it in the bowl.

That time flies fast the poet sings,
Then surely 'twould be wise
In rosy wine to dip his wings,
And catch him as he flies.
This night is ours : then strew with flow'rs
The moments as they roll ;
If any pain or care remain,
Why drown it in the bowl.

"And is that an ode of Cæsius Bassus, sir?" asked I. "What a pity you could not recover any more."

"Ah!" cried the Doctor, "it was a pity, the more so as the MS. is unique."

"By the by," said I, "how did you discover it to belong to Bassus?"

"Why, thus:—Upon a very much tattered leaf, detached from the rest (the MS. was in the form of a book), I found the letters C . . . s B . . . i C . . . na. The hiatus are obviously to be filled up thus: Cæsii Bassi Carmina."

I own I was hardly satisfied; but I did not like to hazard offending my friend by a doubt; so I drew his attention to a copy of choriambics, with a translation appended, being the only specimen of English poetry contained in the volume.

"Those poems," said the Doctor in reply to my inquiries, "were a joint tribute from myself and our excellent and talented friend, Matthew Child, to the widow Schwartz, upon the loss of her only son, a youth of the highest promise. The lady was an Englishwoman; so, remembering the fate of Wätinstern's poem in former days, I determined to procure an English translation to present with my poem to my friend's widow. I selected my old friend Mat. for this office, and right well did he respond to my application. Come, indulge me by reading the poems, Latin and English." I read them thus:

FILIOLUM MORIBUNDUM VIDUA ALLOQUITUR—AUCTORE P. P.

Eheu! hi gemitus, nate, tibi; vita relabitur;
Jamque olim roseis pallida Mors insidet in genis.
Amisere oculi jam radios; vocis abest melos;
Et fractus quasi flos turbinibus, præteriit decus.
Actum est. Amplius haud corda micant—cum lacrymis parens,
Haud ingrata tamen, quod tribuit Jupiter, accipit:
Luctus corda premit; gutta frequens ex oculis cadit
Matris, dum tibi post fata patent æthereæ domus.
Ridentem genetricem assoliti sæpe pedes sequi,
Nomen blæsa loqui murmuribus lingua puertiæ;
Auratæ niveus quas modo frons exhibuit comæ;
Par labrumque rosæ; pallida Mors! hæc ubi jam latent?

Dextrâ cæsa tuâ, quem facis heu! cuncta tenet sopor;
Dum matri superest nil, tacitæ nil nisi lacrymæ;
Aut vocem simulans hei mihi! vox Fantaseos tuam;
Aut frustrà in pueri, dum repeto, flere cadavera.
Mox condet tumulus reliquias ex oculis meis,
Dum vitæ miseram mæsta viam solaque persequar!
Manes inter amans sedem habitat primus et unicus,
Extremæque hodie tecum abeunt deliciæ, puer.

THE WIDOW TO HER DYING CHILD—BY MATTHEW CHILD.

That sigh's for thee, thou precious one; life's tide is ebbing fast,
And o'er thy once all-joyous face death's sickly hue is cast.
Thine azure eye hath lost its ray, thy voice its buoyant tone,
And, like a flower the storm has crushed, thy beauty's past and gone.

Another pang, and all is o'er—the pulseless heart is still,
Meekly though sad thy mother bows to the Almighty's will;
Grief presses heavy on my heart, my tears fall thick and fast,
But thou—thou art in heaven, my child; life's chequer'd dream is past.

The busy feet that gladly ran thy mother's smile to greet;
The prattling tongue that lisp'd her name in childhood's accents sweet;
The glossy curl that beam'd like gold upon thy snowy brow;
Thy lip, meet rival of the rose, O Death! where are they now?

Wither'd beneath thine icy touch; locked in thy dull cold sleep;
While all the joy a mother knows is silently to weep;
Or start as Fancy's echo wakes thy voice to mock her pain,
Then turn to gaze upon thy corse, and feel her grief is vain.

The grave, the dark cold grave, full soon will hide thee from my view,
While I my weary way through life in solitude pursue;
My early and my only love is number'd with the dead,
And thou—my last sole joy on earth—thou too, my boy, hast fled.

"I read somewhere but a few days ago this very translation, without any hint of its being so."

"Impossible!" cried the Doctor, "Mat. is too honourable a man for that, and you may well be sure I did not publish it."

"Nevertheless," persisted I, "I could swear I saw it; and now I come to recollect, it is in this book." Taking up a volume of the *Saturday Magazine*, I searched, and lo! there it was at page ——, vol. ——, signed K. D. W.

"That beats all," cried Dr. Polyglott. "K. D. W. then has robbed us both—hocus-pocusing Mat.'s translation into

an original of his own, and plundering me at the same moment."

The Doctor was seriously affected; seeing which I recommended his pillow to him, the rather as daylight was breaking in—for what with the meerschaum and the Latin the Doctor had lost all ken of time, and the night had sped away like a winged dream. My young-hearted old patron took my hint and went to bed, and so our conversation ended—from the which, if our reader have derived neither pleasure nor profit, Heaven help him! If, however, he have enjoyed either the one or the other, or both, let him rejoice in the gratifying expectancy of farther revelations, in future days, of the learned lucubrations of Dr. Pandemus Polyglott.

Drink.

When Panurge and his fellows, as Rab'lais will tell us,
Set out on a sail to the ends of the earth,
And jollily cruising, carousing, and boozing,
To the oracle came in a full tide of mirth,
Pray what was its answer? Come tell if you can, sir:
'Twas an answer most splendid and sage, as I think;
For sans any delaying, it's summed up by saying:
The whole duty of man is one syllable—"Drink."

O bottle mirific! Advice beatific!
A response more celestial sure never was known;
I speak for myself, I prefer it to Delphi,
Though Apollo himself on that rock fixed his throne.
The foplings of fashion may still talk their trash on,
And declare that the custom of toping should sink;
A fig for such asses, I stick to my glasses,
And swear that no fashion shall stint me in drink.

And now in full measure I toast you with pleasure,
The warrior—*
the poet—†
the statesman—‡
and sage;§
Whose benign constellation illumines the nation,
And sheds lively lustre all over the age;
Long, long may its brightness, in glory and lightness,
Shine clear as the day-star on morning's sweet brink!
May their sway ne'er diminish! And therefore I finish,
By proposing the health of the four whom I drink.

* Odoherty. † Hogg. ‡ Timothy Tickler. § North.

Crambambulee.

Crambambulee !—all the world over,
Thou'rt mother's milk to Germans true—Tra li ra.
No cure like thee can sage discover
For colic, love, or devils blue—Tra li ra.
Blow hot or cold, from morn to night,
My dream is still my soul's delight,
Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee—Crambambulee !

Hungry and chill'd with bivouacking,
We rise ere song of earliest bird—Tra li ra.
Cannon and drums our ears are cracking,
And saddle, boot, and blade's the word—Tra li ra.
"Vive en l'avant," our bugle blows,
A flying gulp and off it goes,
Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee !—Crambambulee !

Victory's ours, off speed despatches,
Hourra ! The luck for once is mine—Tra li ra.
Food comes by morsels, sleep by snatches,
No time, by Jove, to wash or dine—Tra li ra.
From post to post my pipe I cram,
Full gallop smoke, and suck my dram.
Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee !—Crambambulee.

When I'm the peer of kings and kaisers,
An order of my own I'll found—Tra li ra.
Down goes our gage to all despisers,
Our motto through the world shall sound—Tra li ra.
"Toujours fidele et sans souci,
C'est l'ordre de Crambambulee !"
Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee !—Crambambulee !

Drink Away.

1.

Come draw me six magnums of claret,
Don't spare it,
But share it in bumpers around;
And take care that in each shining brimmer
No glimmer
Of skimmering daylight be found.
Fill away! Fill away! Fill away!
Fill bumpers to those that you love,
For we will be happy to-day,
As the gods are when drinking above.
Drink away! Drink away!

2.

Give way to each thought of your fancies,
That dances,
Or glances, or looks of the fair;
And beware that from fears of to-morrow
You borrow
No sorrow, nor foretaste of care.
Drink away, drink away, drink away!
For the honour of those you adore:
Come, charge! and drink fairly to-day,
Though you swear you will never drink more.

3.

I last night, *cut*, and quite melancholy,
Cried folly!

What's Polly to reel for her fame?
Yet I'll banish such hint till the morning,
And scorning
Such warning to-night, do the same.
Drink away, drink away, drink away!
'Twill banish blue devils and pain;
And to-night for my joys if I pay,
Why, to-morrow I'll do it again.

Drouthiness.

I HAD a dream, which was not all-my-eye.
The deep wells were exhausted, and the pumps
Delivered nothing but a windy groan
To those who plied their handles; and the clouds
Hung like exsuccous sponges in the sky.
Morn came and went—and came and brought no rain,
And men forgot their hunger in the dread
Of utter failure of all drink—their chops
Were all athirst for something potable;
And they did swig, from hogsheads, brandy, wine,
Cider, brown-stout, and such like, meant to serve
For future merry-makings. Cellars dim
Were soon dismantled of the regular tiers
Of bottles, which were piled within their bins;
Small beer was now held precious; yea, they gulp'd
Black treacle, daubing childish visages,
Gripe-giving vinegar, and salad oil.
Nor were old phials, fill'd with doctor's stuff,
Things to be sneezed at now: they toss'd them off.
Happy were they who dwelt within the reach
Of the pot-houses, and their foaming taps.
Barrels were all a-broach, and hour by hour
The spigots ran; and then a hollow sound
Told that the casks were out, and the Red Cow,
The Cat and Bagpipes, or the Dragon Green,
Could serve no customers; their pots were void.
The moods of men, in this unwatery,
Small-beerless time, were different. Some sat
Unbuttoning their waistcoats, while they frowned,

Scarce knowing what they did; while hopeful, some
Buttoned their breeches-pockets up, and smiled;
And servant lasses scurried to and fro
With mops unwet, and buckets, wondering when
The puddles would be filled, that they might scrub
The household floors; but, finding puddles none,
They deemed their pattens would grow obsolete—
Things of forgotten ages. So they took
Their disappointed mops, and rendered them
Back to their dry receptacles. The birds.
Forsook their papery leaves. The dairy cows
Went dry, and were not milked. Incessantly
Ducks quacked, aye stumbling on with flabby feet
Over the sun-baked mud, which should have felt
Pulpy beneath their bills; and eels did crawl
Out from what had been ponds, and needed not
The angler's baited hook, or wicker-pot,
To catch them now; for they who baffled erst,
Through sliminess, man's grasp, were still indeed
Wriggling, but dusty; they were skinn'd for food.
He who, by lucky chance, had wherewithal
To wet his whistle took his drop apart,
And smack'd his lips alone; small love was left:
Folks had but then one thought, and that was drink,
Where to be had, and what? The want of it
Made most men cross, and eke most women too.
The patient lost their patience, and the sour
Grew still more crabbed, sharp-nosed, and shrill-voiced.
Even cats did scratch their maiden mistresses,
Angry that milk forth came not,—all, save one,
And he was faithful to the virgin dame
Who petted him;—but, be it not conceal'd,
The rumour ran that he his whiskers greased
From a pomatum-pot, and so he quell'd
The rage of thirst; himself sought naught to lap,
But, with a piteous and perpetual mew,
And a quick snivelling sneeze, sat bundled up,

And taking matters quietly—he lived.
The crowd forsook our village; only two
Of the parishioners still tarried there,
And they were enemies. They met beside
(One only stood before and one behind)
The empty settle of a public-house,
Where had been heaped a mass of pots and mugs
For unavailing usage; they snatched up
And, scraping, licked, with their pounced-parchment tongues,
The porter-pots a-dust; their eager eyes
Dived into gin-bottles where gin was not,
Labell'd in mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes for one brief moment, but it was
To hang their heads more sillily, ashamed
Each of his futile quest; but 'twas enough
For recognition,—each saw, and leered and grinned.
Even at their mutual sheepishness they grinned,
Discovering how upon each foolish face
Shyness had written Quiz. The land was dry.
Day passed, defrauded of its moistest meals,
Breakfastless, milkless, tealess, soupless, punchless.
All things were dry,—a chaos grimed with dust.
Tubs washer-womanless, replete with chinks,
Stood in their warping tressels—suds were none;
And dirty linen lost all heart, and hope
Of due ablution; shirts were worn a month,
White pocket-handkerchiefs were quite abandoned,
And so were nankin inexpressibles;
Yea, most things washable, and washing seemed
To threaten that henceforth it must be named
Among lost arts. Water had fled the earth,
And left no tears in people's eyes to weep
Its sad departure;—Drouthiness did reign
Queen over all. She was the Universe!

Royal Visit to Ireland.

AUGUST XII., MDCCCXXI.

I. THE KING'S LANDING.

PROEMIUM.

1.

The poet flabbergasted by ane strange apparition.

As I was sitting on the Shannon side,
Lulled by the sound of that majestic flood,
A horseman on a sudden I espied,
Galloping by as quickly as he could.
I hailed him, but he slackened not his pace,
Still urging on his steed, a gallant grey,
Until he passed me ; then he turned his face,
Back towards his horse's tail, and thus did say :
"I ride express with news to strike you dumb.
Our monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth is come!"

2.

Which leaveth him in ane awkward doldrum, after the manner of W. Wordsworth, Esq.

He scarce had spoken ere away he passed
Out of my sight as rapid as a bird,
And left me there in much amazement cast,
Looking, perhaps, in some degree absurd.
The noble river rolling calmly by,
The horse, the hasty rider, all did seem,
Even to the vision of my outward eye,
Like the thin shadowy figments of a dream.
I felt, in short, as Wordsworth did, when he
Chanced the leech-gatherer on the moor all by himself to see.

3.

Shaketh it off, and marcheth homewards.

By the exertion of judicious thought,
At last I from this mental trance awoke,
Marvelling much how in that lonely spot
Upon my eyes so strange a vision broke ;
From the green bank immediately I went,
And into Limerick's ancient city sped.

During my walk, with puzzled wonderment
I thought on what the rapid horseman said;
And, as is commonly the case, when I
Feel any way oppressed in thought, it made me very dry.

4.

When I arrived in brick-built George's Street,
Instinctively I there put forth my hand
To where a bottle, stored with liquid sweet,
Did all upon an oaken table stand;
Then turning up my little finger strait,
I gazed like Doctor Brinkley on the sky,
Whence heavenly thought I caught—pure and elate
Of holy harpings of deep poesy;
And, ere a moment its brief flight could wing,
I threw the empty bottle down, to chant about the King.

Turneth star-gazer.

Ode.

1.

A very glorious day this is indeed!
This is indeed a very glorious day!
For now our gracious monarch will proceed
On Irish ground his royal foot to lay.
Rejoice, then, O my country, in a tide
Of buoyant, foaming, overflowing glee;
As swells the porter o'er the gallon's side,
So let your joy swell up as jovially.
Shout, great and little people, all and some,
Our monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has come!

He calleth upon Ireland to rejoice in the fashion of a pot of porter.

2.

Come down, ye mountains, bend your numbsculls low,
Ye little hills run capering to the shore,
Now on your marrow-bones, all in a row,
From all your caves a royal welcome roar.
Howth is already at the water-side,
Such is that loyal mountain's duteous haste;
Come then to join him, come with giant stride,
Come, I repeat, there's little time to waste.
In your best suits of green depart from home,
For now our monarch has arrived—King George the Fourth has come!

Inviteth the mountains to ane sara-band.

3.

Maketh of them ane catalogue most musical.

Down should despatch Morne's snowy-vested peaks,
And Tipperary, Knocksheogowna's * hill,
Kerry, the great Macgillycuddy's reeks,
Cork, the Galtees, studded with many a still.
Gallop from Wicklow, Sugarloaf the sweet!
From Wexford, bloody Vinegar † the sour!
Croagh ‡ must be there, from whose conspicuous seat
St. Patrick made the snakes from Ireland scour:
All, all should march, tramp off to beat of drum,
For now our monarch has arrived—King George the Fourth has come!

4.

A word of advice to the rivers, in the style of Master Edmund Spenser, late of Kilcolman.

Rivers, dear rivers, in meandering roll
Move to your Sovereign merrily along;
Ye whom the mighty minstrel of old Mole §
Has all embalmed in his enchanting song;
Liffey shall be your spokesman, roaring forth
A very neat Address from either Bull, ‖
While all the rest of you, from south to north,
Shall flow around in currents deep and full,
Murmuring ¶ beneath your periwigs of foam:
"Our monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has come!"

5.

Anent lakes.

Killarney sulkily remains behind,
Thinking the King should come to wait on her;

---

* Which, being interpreted, signifies, the hill of the fairy calf; there is many a story about it.—M. OD.

† Vinegar Hill, where a decisive battle was fought in 1798 with the rebels, who were totally defeated.—M. OD.

‡ Croagh-Patrick, in Mayo.—M. OD.

§ Spenser, who dwelt beneath old father Mole,

(Mole hight that mountain gray
That walls the north side of Armulla vale.)
Collin Cloutt's come home again.

He has catalogued our rivers in the Faëry Queen, B. 4. Cant. 2. St. 40-44.—M. OD.

‖ In Dublin Bay are two sand-banks, called the North and South Bulls. Not far from them is a village called Ring's-End, which gives occasion to the facete to say that you enter Dublin between two bulls and a blunder.—M. OD.

¶ Something Homeric—

περὶ δὲ ῥόος Ὠκεανοῖο
Ἀφρῷ μορμύρων ῥέεν. K. Σ.—M. OD.

And, if he won't, she swears with sturdy mind
That not one step to visit him she'll stir.
But all the other loughs, where'er they be,
From mighty Neagh,* the stone-begetting lake,
To Corrib, Swilly, Gara, Dearg, or Rea,
Or Googaun-Barra,† when the Lee doth take
Its lively course, join in the general hum:
"Our monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has come!"

6.

Lealty of the bogs.

O ye blest bogs,‡ true sons of Irish soil,
How can I e'er your loyal zeal express?
You have already risen, despising toil,
And travelled up, your Sovereign to address.
Clara has led the way, immortal bog,
Now Killmalady follows in his train;
Allen himself must soon to join them jog
From Geashil barony with might and main,
In turfy thunders, shouting as they roam:
"Our Sovereign has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has come!"

7.

Ane caution to the Giant's Causeway not to tread upon the learned weavers of Belfast.

Ha! what's this woful thumping that I hear?
Oh! 'tis the Giant's Causeway moving on,
Heavily pacing, with a solemn cheer,
On clumsy hoofs of basalt octagon.
(Gigantic wanderer! lighter be your tramp,
Or you may press our luckless cities down;
'Twould be a pity, if a single stamp
Smashed bright Belfast—sweet linen-vending town).
Why have you travelled from your sea-beat dome?
"Because our monarch has arrived—King George the Fourth has come!"

8.

Showinghow Cape Clear becometh ane Marcus Tullius.

Last slopes in, sailing from the extremest south,
Gallant Cape Clear, a most tempestuous isle;
Certain am I that, when she opes her mouth,
She will harangue in oratoric style.

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* Est aliud stagnum quod facit ligna durescere in lapides; homines autem findunt ligna, et postquam formaverunt in eo usque ad caput anni, et in capite anni lapis invenitur, et vocatur Loch-Each, ac (Lough Neagh). See Mirab. Hib.—M. OD.

† *i.e.* The hermitage of St. Finbar, who lived there as a recluse. He was first Bishop of Cork. It is a most beautiful and romantic lake, containing a pretty island. It is a great place of pilgrimage.—M. OD.

‡ Everybody has heard of the movement of the Irish bogs.—M. OD.

So North and South, and East and West combine,
Ulster,* and Connaught, Leinster, Munster, Meath,
To hail the King, who, first of all his line,
Was ever seen old Ireland's sky beneath.
All shall exclaim, for none shall there be mum:
"Our monarch has arrived at last—King George the Fourth has come!"

L'ENVOY.

1.

Mocke commendation on various folk.

How living people joy, I shall not tell,
Else I should make my song a mile in length;
Plebeian bards that theme may answer well,
Chanting their lays with pertinacious strength:
They may describe how all, both man and beast,
Have in the general glee respective shares;
How equal merriment pervades the breast
Of sharks and lawyers—asses and Lord Mayors—
Of whelps and dandies—orators and geese—
In short, of every living thing, all in their own degrees.

2.

Where it is earnestly requested of the poets of Dublin, not to slay the King after the fashion of Ankerstroem or Ravaillac.

But ye, remorseless rhymesters, spare the King!
Have some compassion on your own liege Lord!
Oh! it would be a most terrific thing
Were he to death by Dublin poets bored.
See! Three sweet singers out of College bray,
And all the aldermen have hired a bard;
The Castle, too, its ode, I ween, will pay,
And the newspapers have their pens prepared.
Be silent, then, and mute, ye unpaid fry!
Let none attempt to greet the King save such great bards as I.

II. A WELCOME TO HIS MAJESTY.

Tune—Groves of Blarney.

Synoptical Analysis for the benefit of Young Persons studying the Song.

Stanza I. Welcome in general; in the following verses the specific excellencies of Ireland are stated. Stanza II. 1. National meat and drink, and valour. Stanza III. 2. National riot in a superior style. Stanza IV.

* The five ancient kingdoms of Ireland.—M. OD.

3. National music. Stanza V. 4. National oratory. Stanza VI. 5. National gallantry. Stanzas VII. and VIII. National uproariousness. All these offered for the diversion of the King.

1.

You're welcome over, my royal rover,
Coming in clover to Irish ground;
You'll never spy land like this our island,
Lowland or Highland, up or down!
Our hills and mountains, our streams and fountains,
Our towns and cities all so bright,
Our salt-sea harbours, our grass-green arbours,
Our greasy larders will glad your sight.

2.

'Tis here you'll eat, too, the gay potato,
Being a root to feed a king;
And you'll get frisky upon our whisky,
Which, were you dumb, would make you sing;
And you'll see dashers, and tearing slashers,
Ready to face ould Beelzebub,
Or the devil's mother, or any other
Person whom you desire to drub.

3.

Just say the word, and you'll see a riot
Got up so quiet and polite,
At any minute you'd please to wish it,
Morning or evening, noon or night.
I'll lay a wager, no other nation
Such recreation to you could show
As us, all fighting with great good manners,
Laying one another down so low.

4.

And as for music, 'tis you'll be suited
With harp or bagpipe, which you please;
With woful melting, or merry lilting,
Or jovial quilting your heart to raise.
Sweet Catalani won't entertain you
With so much neatness of warbling tone,
As those gay swipers, or bold bagpipers,
Chanting in splendour over their drone.

5.

Then there's our speaking, and bright speech-making,
Which, when you hear, 'twill make you jump;
When in its glory it comes before you,
'Twould melt the heart of a cabbage stump.

'Tis so met'phoric and paregoric,
As fine as Doric or Attic Greek,
'Twould make Mark Tully look very dully,
Without a word left in his cheek.

6.

If any ladies they should invade us,
The darling creatures in your suite,*
We'll so amuse them, and kindly use them,
That in ould Ireland they'll take root.
Our amorous glances, modest advances,
And smiling fancies, and all that,
Will so delight them that they'll be crying,
Were you to part them away from Pat.

7.

The mayors and sheriffs, in paunchy order,
And the recorders will go down
To gay Dunleary, all for to cheer ye,
And give you welcome to the town;
But though their speeching it may be pleasing,
All written out in comely paw,
'Twon't be so hearty as when all parties
With million voices roar Huzza!

8.

God bless your heart, sir, 'tis you will start, sir,
At that conspicuous thundering shout,
When Ireland's nation, with acclamation,
To hail their Sovereign will turn out.
England shall hear us, though 'tis not near us,
And the Scotch coast shall echo ring,
When we, uproarious, joining in chorus,
Shout to the winds, GOD SAVE THE KING!

III. ODOHERTY'S IMPROMPTU.

My landlady enter'd my parlour, and said,
"Bless my stars, gallant Captain, not yet to your bed?
The kettle is drain'd and the spirits are low,
Then creep to your hammock, O go, my love, go!
Derry down, &c.

"Do look at your watch, sir, 'tis in your small pocket,
'Tis three, and the candles are all burned to the socket:

* To be pronounced Hibernically—shoot.

Come move, my dear Captain, do take my advice,
Here's Jenny will pull off your boots in a trice.
Derry down," &c.

Jenny pull'd off my boots, and I turned into bed,
But scarce had I yawned twice, and pillowed my head,
When I dreamed a strange dream, and what to me befell
I'll wager a crown you can't guess ere I tell.
Derry down, &c.

Methought that to London, with sword at my side,
On my steed Salamanca in haste I did ride,
That I enter'd the Hall, 'mid a great trepidation,
And saw the whole fuss of the grand Coronation.
Derry down, &c.

Our Monarch, the King, he was placed on the throne,
'Mid brilliants and gold that most splendidly shone;
And around were the brave and the wise of his Court,
In peace to advise, and in war to support.
Derry down, &c.

First Liverpool moved at his Sovereign's command;
Next Sidmouth stepped forth with his hat in his hand;
Then Canning peeped round with the archness of Munden,
And last, but not least, came the Marquis of London-
derry down, &c.

Then Wellington, hero of heroes, stepped forth;
Then brave Graham of Lynedoch, the cock of the north;
Then Hopetoun he followed, but came not alone,
For Anglesey's leg likewise knelt at the throne.
Derry down, &c.

But the King looked around him, as fain to survey,
When the warlike departed, the wise of the day;
And he whisper'd the herald to summon in then
The legion of *Blackwood*, the brightest of men!
Derry down, &c.

Oh noble the sight was, and noble should be
The strain that proclaims, mighty legion, of thee!
The tongue of an angel the theme would require,
A standish of sunbeams, a goose-quill of fire.
Derry down, &c.

Like old Agamemnon, resplendent came forth,
In garment embroidered, great Christopher North:
He knelt at the throne, and then turning his head,—
"These worthies are at the King's service," he said.
Derry down, &c.

"Oh, Sire! though your will were as hard to attain
As Gibraltar of old to the efforts of Spain,
The men who surround you will stand, and have stood,
To the last dearest drop of their ink and their blood.
Derry down, &c.

"From the Land's End to far Johnny Groat's, if a man,
From Cornwall's rude boots to the MacAllister's clan,
Dare raise up his voice 'gainst the Church or the State,
We have blisters by dozens to tickle his pate,
Derry down, &c.

"We have Morris, the potent physician of Wales,
And Tickler, whose right-handed blow never fails,
And him who from loyalty's path never wander'd,
Himself, *swate* Odoherty, knight of the standard.
Derry down, &c.

"We have sage Kempferhausen, the grave and serene;
And Eremus Marischall from far Aberdeen;
Hugh Mullion, the Grassmarket merchant so sly,
With his brethren Malachi and Mordecai.
Derry down, &c.

"We have also James Hogg, the great shepherd Chaldean,
As sweetly who sings as Anacreon the Teian;
We have Delta, whose verses as smooth are as silk;
With bold William Wastle, the laird of that ilk.
Derry down, &c.

"We have Dr. Pendragon, the D.D. from York,
Who sports in our ring his huge canvas of cork;
And General Izzard, the strong and the gruff,
Who despatches his foes with a kick and a cuff.
Derry down, &c.

"We have Seward of Christchurch, with cap and with gown,
A prizeman, a wrangler, and clerk of renown;
And Buller of Brazen-nose, potent to seek
A blinker for fools, from the mines of the Greek.
Derry down, &c.

"Nicol Jarvie from Glasgow, the last and the best
Of the race who have worn a gold chain at their breast;
And Scott, Jamie Scott, Dr. Scott, a true blue,
Like the steel of his forceps as tough and as true.
Derry down, &c.

"We have Cicero Cowden, who sports by the hour,
Of all the tongue-waggers the pink and the flower;

And Jennings the bold, who has challenged so long
All the nation for brisk soda-water and song."
Derry down, &c.

Methought that the king looked around him and smiled ;
Every phantom of fear from his breast was exiled,
For he saw those whose might would the demagogue chain,
And would shield from disturbance the peace of his reign.
Derry down, &c.

But the best came the last, for with duke and with lord
Methought that we feasted, and drank at the board,
Till a something the bliss of my sweet vision broke—
'Twas the watchman a-bawling, "'Tis past ten o'clock."
Derry down, &c.

But, before I conclude, may each man at his board
Be as glad as a king, and as drunk as a lord ;
There's nothing so decent, and nothing so neat,
As, when rising is past, to sit down on your seat.
Derry down, &c.

Remarks on Shelley's Adonais.

Between thirty and forty years ago the Della Crusca school was in great force. It poured out monthly, weekly, and daily, the whole fulness of its raptures and sorrows in verse, worthy of any "person of quality." It revelled in moonlight, and sighed with evening gales, lamented over plucked roses, and bid melodious farewells to the "last butterfly of the season." The taste prevailed for a time; the more rational part of the public, always a minority, laughed and were silent; the million were in raptures, and loud in their raptures. The reign of "sympathy" was come again; poetry, innocent poetry, had at length found out its true language. Milton and Dryden, Pope and the whole ancestry of the English Muse, had strayed far from nature. They were a formal and stiff-skirted generation, and their fame was past and for ever. The trumpet of the morning paper, in which these "inventions rich" were first promulgated, found an echo in the more obscure fabrications of the day, and milliners' maids and city apprentices pined over the mutual melancholies of *Arley* and *Matilda*.

At length the obtrusiveness of this tuneful nonsense grew insupportable; a man of a vigorous judgment shook off his indolence, and commenced the long series of his services to British literature by sweeping away, at a brush of his pen, the whole light-winged, humming, and loving population. But in this world folly is immortal; one generation of absurdity swept away, another succeeds to its glories and its fate. The Della Crusca school has visited us again, but with some slight change of localities. Its verses now transpire at one time from the retreats of

Cockney dalliance in the London suburbs; sometimes they visit us by fragments from Venice, and sometimes invade us by wainloads from Pisa. In point of subject and execution there is but slight difference; both schools are "smitten with nature and nature's love," run riot in the intrigues of anemones, daisies and butter-cups, and rave of the "rivulets *proud*, and the deep-*blushing* stars." Of the individuals in both establishments we are not quite qualified to speak from the peculiarity of their private habits; but poor Mrs. Robinson and her correspondents are foully belied, if their moral habits were not to the full as pure as those of the Godwinian colony that play "the Bacchanal beside the Tuscan sea." But we must do the defunct Della Crusca the justice to say that they kept their private irregularities to themselves, and sought for no reprobate popularity by raising the banner to all the vicious of the community. They talked nonsense without measure, were simple down to the lowest degree of silliness, and "babbled of green fields" enough to make men sicken of summer, but they were not daring enough to boast of impurity; there was no pestilent hatred of everything generous, true, and honourable; no desperate licentiousness in their romance; no daring and fiend-like insult to feeling, moral ties, and Christian principle. They were foolish and profligate, but they did not deliver themselves, with the steady devotedness of an insensate and black ambition, to the ruin of society.

We have now to speak of Mr. P. B. Shelley and his poem. Here we must advert to the Della Crusca. One of the characteristics of those childish persons was the restless interest which they summoned the public to take in everything belonging to their own triviality. If Mrs. Robinson's dog had a bad night's repose, it was duly announced to the world; Mr. Merry's accident in paring his nails solicited a similar sympathy; the falling off of Mrs. R.'s patch at the last ball, or the stains on Mr. M.'s full-dress coat from the dropping of a chandelier, came before the earth with praiseworthy promptitude. All within their enchanted ring was

perfection; but there the circle of light and darkness was drawn, and all beyond was delivered over to the empire of Dulness and Demogorgon. The New School are here the humble imitators of those original arbiters of human fame.

The present story is thus:—A *Mr. John Keats*, a young man who had left a decent calling for the melancholy trade of Cockney-poetry, has lately died of a consumption, after having written two or three little books of verses much neglected by the public. His vanity was probably wrung not less than his purse; for he had it upon the authority of the Cockney Homers and Virgils that he might become a light to their region at a future time. But all this is not necessary to help a consumption to the death of a poor sedentary man, with an unhealthy aspect, and a mind harassed by the first troubles of versemaking. The New School, however, will have it that he was slaughtered by a criticism of the *Quarterly Review*.—"O flesh, how art thou fishified!"—There is even an aggravation in this cruelty of the *Review*, for it had taken three or four years to slay its victim, the deadly blow having been inflicted at least as long since. We are not now to defend a publication so well able to defend itself. But the fact is that the *Quarterly*, finding before it a work at once silly and presumptuous, full of the servile *slang* that Cockaigne dictates to its servitors, and the vulgar indecorums which that Grub Street empire rejoiceth to applaud, told the truth of the volume, and recommended a change of manners and of masters to the scribbler. Keats wrote on; but he wrote *indecently*, probably in the indulgence of his social propensities. He selected from Boccaccio, and, at the feet of the Italian Priapus, supplicated for fame and farthings.

"Both halves the winds dispersed in empty air."

Mr. P. B. Shelley having been the person appointed by the Pisan triumvirate to canonize the name of this apprentice, "nipt in the bud," as he fondly tells us, has accordingly produced an Elegy, in which he weeps "after the manner

of Moschus for Bion." The canonizer is worthy of the saint. "*Et vitulâ tu!*" Locke says that the most resolute liar cannot lie more than once in every three sentences. Folly is more engrossing; for we could prove, from the present Elegy, that it is possible to write two sentences of pure nonsense out of every three. A more faithful calculation would bring us to ninety-nine out of every hundred, or,—as the present consists of only fifty-five stanzas,—leaving about five readable lines in the entire. It thus commences:

> "O, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
> O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
> *Thaw not the frost* that binds so dear a head!
> And thou, sad hour! selected from all years
> *To mourn our loss*, rouse thy obscure compeers,
> *And teach them thine own sorrow, say with me*
> *Died* Adonais! till the *future does*
> *Forget the past.* His fate and fame shall be
> *An echo and a light!!* unto eternity."

Now of this unintelligible stuff the whole fifty-five stanzas are composed. Here an hour—a *dead* hour too—is to say that Mr. J. Keats died *along with it!* yet this hour has the heavy business on its hands of mourning the loss of its *fellow-defunct*, and of rousing all its *obscure compeers* to be taught its *own sorrow*, &c. Mr. Shelley and his tribe have been panegyrised in their turn for power of language; and the man of "Table-talk" swears by all the gods he owns that he has a great command of words, to which the most eloquent effusions of the Fives Court are occasionally inferior. But any man may have the command of every word in the vocabulary, if he will fling them like pebbles from his sack; and even in the most fortuitous flinging they will sometimes fall in pleasing though useless forms. The art of the modern Della Cruscan is thus to eject every epithet that he can conglomerate in his piracy through the Lexicon, and throw them out to settle as they will. He follows his own rhymes, and shapes his subject to the close of his measure. He is a glutton of all names of colours, and flowers, and smells,

and tastes, and crowds his verse with scarlet, and blue, and yellow, and green; extracts tears from everything, and makes moss and mud hold regular conversations with him. "A goose-pye talks,"—it does more, it thinks, and has its peculiar sensibilities,—it smiles and weeps, raves to the stars, and is a listener to the western wind, as fond as the author himself.

On these principles a hundred or a hundred thousand verses might be made, equal to the best in Adonais, without taking the pen off the paper. The subject is indifferent to us, let it be the "Golden Age," or "Mother Goose,"—"Waterloo," or the "Wit of the Watchhouse,"—"Tom Thumb," or "Thistlewood." We will undertake to furnish the requisite supply of blue and crimson daisies and dandelions, not with the toilsome and tardy lutulence of the puling master of verbiage in question, but with a burst and torrent that will sweep away all his weedy trophies. For example—Wontner, the city marshal, a very decent person, who campaigns it once a year from the Mansion House to Blackfriars Bridge, truncheoned and uniformed as becomes a man of his military habits, had the misfortune to fracture his leg on the last Lord Mayor's day. The subject is among the most unpromising. We will undertake it, however (premising that we have no idea of turning the accident of this respectable man into any degree of ridicule):

O WEEP FOR ADONAIS, &c.

O weep for *Wontner*, for his leg is broke,
O weep for Wontner, though our pearly tear
Can never cure him. Dark and dimly broke
The thunder-cloud o'er Paul's enamelled sphere,
When his black barb, with lion-like career,
Scattered the crowd.—Coquetting mignionet,
Thou hyacinth fond, thou myrtle without fear,
Haughty geranium in your beaupots set,
Were then your soft and starry eyes unwet?

The pigeons saw it, and on silver wings
Hung in white flutterings, for they could not fly;
Hoar-headed Thames checked all his crystal springs;
Day closed above his pale, imperial eye;

The silken zephyrs breathed a vermeil sigh.
High Heavens! ye Hours! and thou Ura-ni-a!
Where were ye then? Reclining languidly
Upon some green isle in the empurpled sea,
Where laurel-wreathen spirits love eternally.

Come to my arms," &c.

We had intended to call attention by italics to the picturesque of these lines; but we leave their beauties to be ascertained by individual perspicacity, only requesting their marked admiration of the epithets *coquetting*, *fond*, *fearless*, and *haughty*, which all tastes will feel to have so immediate and inimitable an application to mignionet, hyacinths, myrtles, and geraniums. But Percy Bysshe has figured as a sentimentalist before, and we can quote largely without putting him to the blush by praise. What follows illustrates his power over the language of passion. In the *Cenci*, Beatrice is condemned to die for parricide, — a situation that, in a true poet, might awaken a noble succession of distressful thought. The mingling of remorse, natural affection, woman's horror at murder, and alternate melancholy and fear at the prospect of the grave, in Percy Bysshe works up only this frigid rant:

" ——— How comes this hair undone?
Its wandering strings must be what blind me so,
And yet I *tied it fast!!* ———
. . . . . .
The sunshine on the floor is *black!* The air
Is changed to vapours, such as the dead breathe
In charnel pits! Poh! I am choked! There creeps
A clinging, black, contaminating mist
About me—'tis substantial, heavy, thick.
I cannot pluck it from me, for it glues
My fingers and my limbs to one another,
And eats into my sinews, and dissolves
My flesh to a pollution," &c. &c.

So much for the history of "Glue," and so much easier is it to rake together the vulgar vocabulary of rottenness and reptilism than to paint the workings of the mind. This raving is such as perhaps no excess of madness ever

raved, except in the imagination of a Cockney, determined to be as mad as possible, and opulent in his recollections of the shambles.

In the same play we have a specimen of his "art of description." He tells of a ravine :

> "And in its depths there is a mighty rock,
> Which has, from unimaginable years,
> Sustained itself with *terror and with toil!*
> Over a gulph, and with *the agony*
> *With which it clings*, seems slowly coursing down ;
> Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
> Clings to the mass of life, yet clinging *leans*,
> And, leaning, makes *more dark* the dread abyss
> In which it fears to fall. Beneath this crag,
> *Huge as despair*, as if *in weariness*,
> The *melancholy* mountain *yawns* below," &c. &c.

And all this is done by a rock! What is to be thought of the *terror* of this novel sufferer—its *toil*—the *agony* with which so sensitive a personage clings to its paternal support from *unimaginable* years? The magnitude of this *melancholy* and injured monster is happily measured by its being the *exact size of despair!* Soul becomes substantial, and *darkens* a *dread abyss*. Such are Cockney darings before "the gods, and columns" that abhor mediocrity. And is it to this dreary nonsense that is to be attached the name of poetry? Yet on these two passages the whole lauding of his fellow-Cockneys has been lavished. But Percy Bysshe feels his hopelessness of poetic reputation, and therefore lifts himself on the stilts of blasphemy. He is the only verseman of the day who has dared, in a Christian country, to work out for himself the character of direct ATHEISM! In his present poem he talks with impious folly of "the *envious* wrath of man or GOD!"—of a

> "Branded and ensanguined brow,
> Which was like *Cain's* or CHRIST'S."

Offences like these generally come before a more effective tribunal than that of criticism. We have heard it mentioned

as the only apology for the predominant irreligion and nonsense of this person's works that his understanding is unsettled. But in his preface there is none of the exuberance of insanity; there is a great deal of folly, and a great deal of bitterness, but nothing of the wildness of his poetic fustian. The Bombastes Furioso of these stanzas cools into sneering in the preface; and his language against the *death-dealing Quarterly Review*, which has made such havoc in the Empire of Cockaigne, is merely malignant, mean, and peevishly personal. We give a few stanzas of this performance, taken as they occur:

> " O weep for Adonais! He is dead!
> Weep, melancholy mother, wake and weep;
> Yet *wherefore?* quench within their burning bed
> Thy *fiery* tears, and let thy *loud* heart keep,
> Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep,
> For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
> *Descend!* Oh dream not that the *amorous* deep
> Will yet restore him to the vital air.
> Death *feeds* on his *mute voice*, and *laughs* at our despair."

The seasons and a whole host of personages, ideal and otherwise, come to lament over Adonais. They act in the following manner:

> " Grief made the young Spring *wild*, and she threw down
> Her kindling buds, as if the Autumn were,
> Or they dead leaves, since her delight is flown,
> For whom would she have waked the sullen year?
> To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
> Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both,
> Thou, Adonais; wan they stand, and sere,
> Amid the drooping comrades of their youth,
> With dew all turned to tears, odour to sighing ruth."

Here is left, those whom it may concern, the pleasantest perplexity, whether the lament for Mr. J. Keats is shared between Phœbus and Narcissus, or Summer and Autumn. It is useless to quote these absurdities any further *en masse*, but there are flowers of poesy thickly spread through the work, which we rescue for the sake of any future essayist on the bathos:

Absurdity.

The green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like *unimprisoned* flowers out of their trance awake. An hour—

Say, with me
Died Adonais, *till the Future dares*
Forget the Past—his fate and fame shall be
An *echo* and a *light* to all eternity.

Whose *tapers yet* burn there the night of Time,
For which *suns perished!*

Echo,—pined away
Into a *shadow* of all *sounds.*

That mouth whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit!

Comfortless!
As *silent* lightning leaves the starless night.

Live thou whose *infamy* is not thy *fame!*

Thou *noteless* blot on a remembered name!

We in mad trance *strike with our spirit's* knife
Invulnerable nothings!

Where lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love, and life, contend in it—for what
Shall be its earthly doom—The dead live there,
And move, like *winds of light,* on dark and stormy air.

Who mourns for Adonais—oh! come forth,
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright,
Clasp with thy *panting* soul the *pendulous earth!*

Dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its *spacious might*
Satiate the *void circumference!*

Then sink
Even to a point within our day and night,
And keep thy heart *light*, lest it make *thee sink*,
When *hope has kindled hope*, and *lured thee to the* brink.

A light is past from *the revolving year;*
And man and woman, and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.

That benediction which th' *eclipsing curse*
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining love
Which, through *the web of being blindly wove*
By *man*, *and beast*, *and earth*, *and air*, *and sea*,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The *fire* for which all *thirst*.

Death makes, as becomes him, a great figure in this "Lament," but in rather curious operations. He is alternately a person, a thing, nothing, &c.

He is, "The coming bulk of Death,"
Then "Death feeds on the *mute voice*."
A clear sprite
Reigns over Death—
Kingly Death
Keeps his pale court.
Spreads apace
The *shadow* of *white* Death.
The damp Death
Quenched its caress—
Death
Blushed to annihilation!
Her distress
Roused Death. Death rose and smiled—
He lives, he wakes, 'tis Death is *dead!*

As this wild waste of words is altogether beyond our comprehension, we will proceed to the more gratifying office of giving a whole unbroken specimen of the poet's powers,

exercised on a subject rather more within their sphere. The following Poem has been sent to us as written by Percy Bysshe, and we think it contains all the essence of his odoriferous, colorific, and daisy-enamoured style. The motto is from "*Adonais.*"

ELEGY ON MY TOMCAT.

" And others came—Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions, and veiled Destinies,
Splendours, and blooms, and glimmering Incantations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs;
And Pleasure, *blind* with tears, led by the *gleam*
Of her own *dying smile instead of eyes!*"

ELEGY.

" Weep for my Tomcat! All ye tabbies weep,
For he is gone at last! Not dead alone,
In flowery beauty sleepeth he no sleep;
Like that bewitching young Endymion!
My love is dead, alas, as any stone,
That by some violet-sided smiling river
Weepeth too fondly! He is dead and gone,
And fair Aurora, o'er her young believer,
With fingers gloved with roses, doth make moan,
And every bud its petal green doth sever,
And Phœbus sets in night for ever and for ever!
And others come! ye Splendours! and ye Beauties!
Ye Raptures! with your robes of pearl and blue;
Ye blushing Wonders! with your scarlet shoe-ties;
Ye Horrors bold! with breasts of lily hue;
Ye Hope's stern flatterers! He would trust to you,
Whene'er he saw you with your chestnut hair,
Dropping sad daffodils, and rosepinks true!
Ye Passions proud! with lips of bright despair;
Ye Sympathies! with eyes like evening star,
When on the glowing east she rolls her crimson car.

Oh, bard-like spirit! beautiful and swift!
Sweet lover of pale night; when Luna's lamp
Shakes sapphire dew-drops through a cloudy rift;
Purple as woman's mouth, o'er ocean damp;
Thy quivering rose-tinged tongue—thy stealing tramp,
The dazzling glory of thy gold-tinged tail;
Thy whisker-waving lips, as o'er the swamp
Rises the meteor, when the year doth fail,
Like beauty in decay, all, all are flat and stale."

This poem strikes us as an evidence of the improvement that an appropriate subject makes in a writer's style. It is incomparably less nonsensical, verbose, and inflated than Adonais; while it retains all its knowledge of nature, vigour of colouring, and felicity of language. Adonais has been published by the author in Italy, the fitting soil for the poem, sent over to his honoured correspondents throughout the realm of Cockaigne with a delightful mysteriousness worthy of the dignity of the subject and the writer.

The Wine-Bibber's Glory—A New Song.

Tune—The Jolly Miller.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum?———
Dulce periculum est
O Lenæe! sequi Deum
Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.—Hor.

1.

If Horatius Flaccus made jolly old Bacchus
So often his favourite theme;
If in him it was classic to praise his old Massic,
And Falernian to gulp in a stream;
If Falstaff's vagaries 'bout sack and canaries
Have pleased us again and again;
Shall we not make merry on port, claret, sherry,
Madeira, and sparkling champagne?

2.

First port, that potation preferred by our nation
To all the small drink of the French;
'Tis the best standing liquor for layman or vicar,
The army, the navy, the bench;
'Tis strong and substantial, believe me, no man shall
Good port from my dining-room send;
In your soup—after cheese—every way—it will please,
But most tête-à-tête with a friend.

3.

Fair sherry, port's sister, for years they dismissed her
To the kitchen to flavour the jellies;

There long she was banished, and well-nigh had vanished
To comfort the kitchen-maids' bellies;
Till his Majesty fixt, he thought sherry when sixty
Years old like himself quite the thing.
So I think it but proper to fill a tip-topper
Of sherry to drink to the King.

4.

Though your delicate claret by no means goes far, it
Is famed for its exquisite flavour;
'Tis a nice provocation to *wise* conversation,
Queer blarney, or harmless palaver;
'Tis the bond of society—no inebriety
Follows a swig of the blue;
One may drink a whole ocean, nor e'er feel commotion
Or headache from Chateau Margoux.

5.

But though claret is pleasant to taste for the present,
On the stomach it sometimes feels cold;
So to keep it all clever, and comfort your liver,
Take a glass of Madeira that's old:
When 't has sailed to the Indies, a cure for all wind 'tis,
And colic 'twill put to the rout;
All doctors declare a good glass of Madeira
The best of all things for the gout.

6.

Then champagne! dear champagne! ah! how gladly I drain a
Whole bottle of Oeil de Perdrix,
To the eye of my charmer, to make my love warmer,
If cool that love ever could be:
I could toast her for ever; but never, oh! never,
Would I her dear name so profane;
So if e'er when I'm tipsy, it slips to my lips, I
Wash it back to my heart with champagne!

TRANSLATION OF THE WINE-BIBBER'S GLORY.

By Philips Potts, Esq., Holyhead.

**** But your Latin is not quite classical—somewhat raffish, my very good friend?

Transeat—it is good enough for an ungrateful world.

Then what a word "Portum" is! and "Claretum," still more abominable. Why, sir, it is worse and worse, as Lord Norbury said when a witness confessed his name to be Shaughnessy O'Shaughnessy.

And how the Devil was I to get better words? Was I to put in *Vinum Lusitanicum*, or *Burdigalense*, to the utter confusion of my line? As Ainsworth bids me, I have clapped in *Vinum Hispanicum* for sack against my better judgment; but my complaisance was not to extend any farther. Hear, most asinine critic—hear, I say, what Horatius Flaccus himself sings, as interpreted to us by the melodious Phil. Francis, D.D.:

> Shall I
> Be envied, if my little fund supply
> Its frugal wealth of words—since bards, who sung
> In ancient days, enrich'd their native tongue
> With large increase, &c.

Or, as I may say, paraphrasing what he writes a little before:

> If jolly Virgil coined a word, why not
> Extend the selfsame privilege to Pot?

And here you may remark that Pot is put for Potts, to assist the rhyme.

Hum! But your verses totter a little every now and then, so much the more in character for a drinking song; and you alter the tune—that of the original is the Jolly Miller. I have put one as harmonious—a most excellent tune—a most bass tune—and as thou singest basely, basely shalt thou sing it after dinner. Are all your objections answered?

I may as well say that they are; but——

But me no buts!—Shut thine ugly countenance, and listen to my song:

Potoris Gloria.

A LATIN MELODY.

To a Tune for itself, lately discovered in Herculaneum; being an ancient Roman air, or, if not, quite as good.

1.

Si Horatio Flacco de hilari Baccho
Mos carmina esset cantare,
Si Massica vina vocaret divina,
Falernaque sciret potare;
Si nos juvat mirè Falstaffium audire
Laudantem Hispanicum merum,
Cor nostrum sit lætum ob Portum, Claretum,
Xerense, Campanum, Maderum.

2.

Est Portum potatio quam Anglica natio
Vinis * Galliæ prætulit lautis;—
Sacerdote amatur—a laicis potatur,
Consultis, militibus, nautis.
Si meum conclave hoc forte et suave
Vitaverit, essem iniquus,
Post caseum—in jure—placebit secure,
Præsertim cum adsit amicus.

3.

Huic quamvis cognatum, Xerense damnatum
Gelata culinâ tingebat,
Vinum exul ibique diu coquo cuique
Generosum liquorem præbebat.
Sed a rege putatum est valdè pergratum,
Cùm (ut ipse) sit sexagenarium—
Largè ergo implendum, regique bibendum,
Opinor est nunc necessarium.

4.

Claretum oh! quamvis haud forte (deest † nam vis)
Divino sapore notatur;
Hinc dulcia dicuntur—faceta nascuntur—
Leniterque philosophizatur.

---

* Vinis—lautis, Ang. *neat* wines.

† Deest, one syllable. Vide Carey, p. 171.

Socialis potatio ! te haud fugit ratio
Purpero decoram colore !
Tui maximum mare liceret potare,
Sine mentis frontisve dolore.

5.

Esti verò in præsenti claretum bibenti
Videatur imprimis jucundum,
Citò tamen frigescat—quod ut statim decrescat,
Vetus vinum Maderum adeundum.
Indos si navigârit, vento corpus levârit,
Colicamque fugârit hoc merum.
Podagrâ cruciato "Vinum optimum dato"
Clamant medici docti "Maderum."

6,

Campanum ! campanum ! quo gaudio lagenam
Ocelli perdricis sorberem !
Ad dominæ oculum exhauriam poculum
Tali philtro si unquam egerem—
Propinarem divinam—sed peream si sinam
Nomen carum ut sic profanetur,
Et si cum Bacchus urget ad labia surgat—
Campano ad cor revolvetur.

A Running Commentary on the Ritter Bann.

THERE is, we must say, a dirty spirit of rivalry afloat at present among the various periodicals, from which ours only, and Mr. Nichols', the two *Gentleman's Magazines*, are exempt. You never see the *Quarterly* praising the lucubrations of the *Edinburgh;* far less the *Edinburgh* extolling those of the *Quarterly. Old Monthly* and *New Monthly* are in cat-and-dog opposition. Sir Richard exclaims that they have robbed him of his good name, while Tom Campbell is ready to go before his Lordship of Waithman to swear that that was an impossibility. There is, besides, a pair of Europeans boxing it out with most considerable pluck; and we are proud to perceive our good friend Letts of Cornhill bearing himself boldly in the fight. The *Fancy Gazette* disparages the labours of the illustrious Egan, and Pierce is equally savage on the elegancies of Jon Bee. A swarm of twopennies gallops over the land ready to eat one another, so as, like the Irishman's rats in a cage, to leave only a single tail behind. We, out of this turmoil and scuffle, as if from a higher region, look down calm and cool. Unprejudiced by influence, and uninfluenced by prejudice, we keep along the even tenor of our way. We dispute not, neither do we quarrel. If the golden wheels of our easy-going chariot, in its course, smooth sliding without step, crush to atoms any person who is unlucky enough to come under this precious weight, it is no fault of ours. Let him blame destiny, and bring his action against the Parcæ.

So far are we from feeling anything like hostility, spite, envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness that we rejoice at the rare exhibition of talent whenever it occurs in a pub-

lication similar to ours. We do our utmost to support the cause of periodical literature in general. But for our disinterested exertions the *Edinburgh Review* would have been long since unheard of. For many years we perpetuated the existence of the old *Scots Magazine* by mentioning it in our columns. Finding it, however, useless to persevere, we held our peace concerning it; it died, and a word from us again restored it to life and spirit, so that Jeffrey steals from it all his Spanish literature. We took notice of the *Examiner* long after every other decent person said a word about it. Our exertions on behalf of the *Scotsman* were so great that the learned writers of that paper pray for us on their bended knees. But it would be quite useless, or rather impossible, for us to go over all our acts of kindness. We have, indeed, reaped the benefit, for never since the creation of the world was any magazine so adored by everybody as ours is. It is, indeed, carried at times to an absurd (nay, we must add, a blameable) length, for we must exclaim with the old poet:

> "If to adore an idol is idolatry,
> Sure to adore a book is bibliolatry."

An impiety to be avoided.

In pursuance of our generous system, we here beg leave to call the attention of our readers to a poem in the last *New Monthly Magazine*, written by the eminent editor of that celebrated periodical, and advertised before its appearance, with the most liberal prodigality of puffing, in all the papers. Mr. Campbell is advantageously known to the young gentlemen and ladies as the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," "Lochiel's Warning," "O'Connor's Child," and other pleasant performances, which may be purchased at the encouraging price of three and sixpence sterling at the stalls of the bibliopolists of High Holborn. But the poem which he has lately contributed to the pages of the *New Monthly* outshines these compositions of his more crude and juvenile days.

——"Velut inter ignes
Luna minores."——

It is entitled the Ritter Bann, and we do not know how we can bestow a more acceptable compliment on our readers than by analysing this elegant effusion.

What the words Ritter Bann mean is not at once open to every capacity, and they have unfortunately given rise to the most indefensible puns and quizzes in the world. But we, who despise such things, by a due consultation of dictionaries, lexicons, onomasticons, word-books, vocabularies, and other similar treatises, discovered that Ritter, in the Teutonic tongue, as spoken in High Germany, signifies Rider, or Knight; Bann is merely a man's name, the hero being son of old —— Bann, Esq., of ———; place, Glamorganshire. Why a Welsh knight should be called by a German title we cannot immediately conjecture, but suppose it adopted from euphonious principles of melting melody. Let the reader say the words—Ritter Bann—Ritter Bann—Ritter Bann—to himself, without the assistance of a chime of good bells, such as those of Saint Pancras, Saint Mary Overy, Saint Sepulchre's, opposite Newgate, Saint Botolph's, Aldgate, Saint Clement Dane's, Saint Dunstan's in Fleet Street, not to mention various provincial utterers of Bob Majors; and he must be struck with the fine rumbling clang, and sit down to drink his Burton at 3d. the nip with increased satisfaction.

So far for the title. Listen now to the exordium:

"The Ritter Bann from Hungary
Came back, renowned in arms;
But scorning jousts of chivalry,
And love and ladies' charms.
While other knights held revelry, he
Was wrapt"——

in what? Surtout? Roquelaure? Poodle Benjamin? bangup? doblado? frock? wraprascal? No, no! What then? Sheet? blanket? quilt? coverlet? counterpane? No? What then? Why—

"in thoughts of gloom,
And in Vienna's hostelrie
Slow paced his lonely room."

This is a very novel and original character in our now-a-days poetry.

"There entered one whose face he knew,
Whose voice, *he was aware*,
He oft at mass had listened to
In the holy house of prayer."

Who is this fine fellow? Wait a moment and you shall be told.

"'Twas the abbot of Saint James's monks,
A *fresh* and fair old man."

Fresh no doubt, for you will soon learn he comes in good season:

"His reverend air arrested even
The gloomy Ritter Bann;
But seeing with him an ancient dame,
Come clad in Scotch attire,
The Ritter's colour went and came,
And loud he spoke in ire:
'Ha! nurse of her that was my *bane*—'"

Here Campbell's Scotticism has got the better of him. The lady of whom the Ritter speaks is his wife, who, in Caledonia's dialect, is said to be *bane* of a man's *bane;* but in English we always say *bone* of my *bone.* We hope Thomas the Rhymer will Anglicise the phrase in the next edition.

"Name not her name to me,
I wish it blotted from my brain:
Art poor? Take alms and flee!"

A very neat and pretty turn-out as any old lady would wish of a summer's morning; but it won't do. For

"'Sir Knight,' the Abbot interposed,
'This case your ear demands!'
And the *crone cried*, with a *cross enclosed*
In both her trembling hands—"

Read that second last line again. "The crone cried with

a cross enclosed!" O Pack, send the razor-grinder. What do you say to that? We can only match it by one passage of Pantagruel: Lesquelles [the frozen words] ensemblement fondues, ouysmes hin, hin, hin, hin, his, ticque, torche, longue, bredelin, bredelac, frr, frrr, frrrr, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, trace, trr, trr, trr, trrr, trrrr, trrrrr, on, on, on, on, ouououounon, goth, magoth. "And the crone cried with a cross enclosed,"

> "Remember each his sentence waits,
> And he who would *rebut*
> Sweet Mercy's suit, on him the gates
> Of mercy shall be shut!"

The Abbot proceeds to give our friend Ritter some novel information:

> "You wedded, undispensed by church,
> Your cousin Jane in spring;"

Pretty colloquial style!

> "In autumn, when you went to search
> For churchmen's pardoning,
> Her house denounced your marriage-band,
> Betrothed her to De Grey;
> And the ring you put upon her—"

Her what? Finger, perhaps. No:

> ——"her hand
> Was wrenched by force away."

Here commences a pleasant familiar prose narration. We like this manner of mixing prose with verse, as Mr. Stewart Rose has done in his translation of Boiardo. Campbell, in imitation, proceeds. "Then wept you, Jane, upon my neck, crying, 'Help me, nurse, to flee to my Howell Bann's Glamorgan hills:'

> "But word arrived, ah me! you were not there;
> And 'twas their threat, by foul means or by fair,
> To-morrow morning was to set the seal on her despair."

"I had a son," says nurse, after this little triplet, "a sea-boy,

in a ship at Hartland bay: by his aid, from her cruel kin I bore my bird away. To Scotland, from the Devon's green myrtle shores, we fled; and the hand that sent the ravens to Elijah gave us bread. She wrote you by my son; but he from England sent us word you had gone into some far country; in grief and gloom he heard. For they that wronged you, to elude your wrath, defamed my child." Whom she means here is not quite evident at first sight, for she had been just speaking of her son, for whom the Ritter, we opine, did not care a button whether he was famed or defamed; but it will be all clear by and by. "And you—ay, blush, sir, as you should—believed and were beguiled." In which last sentence the old lady is waxing a little termagantish on our hands. She proceeds, however, in a minor key.

"To die but at your feet, she vowed to roam the world; and we would both have sped, and begged our bread; but so it might not be; for, when the snowstorm beat our roof, she bore a boy,"—a queer effort of a snowstorm, *entre nous*. "Sir Bann, who grew as fair your *likeness-proof* as child e'er grew like man." A likeness-proof! Some engraver must have been talking to Tom about proof-impressions of plates, and he, in the simplicity of his bachelorship, must have imagined that there were proof-impressions too of children. Let us, however, permit Madame la Nourice to proceed. "'Twas smiling on that babe one morn, while heath bloomed on the moor, her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn, as he hunted past our door. *She* shunned him; but *he* raved of Jane, and roused *his* mother's pride; who came to us in high disdain, and 'Where's the face,' she cried, 'has witched my boy to wish for one so wretched for his wife? Dost love thy husband? Know my son has sworn to seek his life.'"

Poetry breaks out here again in the following melodious lines:

> "Her anger sore dismayed us,
> For our mite was wearing scant;
> And, unless that dame would aid us,
> There was none to *aid* our want.

"So I told her, weeping bitterly, what all our woes *had* been; and, though she was a stern lady, the tear stood in her een. And she housed us both, when cheerfully my child [that is not her son, the cabin-boy, but her bird Jane] to her had sworn that, even if made a widow, she would never wed Kinghorn.

"Here paused the nurse;" and indeed we must say a more pathetic or original story, or one more prettily or pithily told, does not exist in the whole bounds of our language. The nurse mistook her talent when she commenced the trade of suckling weans. She should have gone to the bar, where in less than no time she would have been a pleader scarcely inferior to Counsellor Phillips himself.

After the oration of the nurse then began the Abbot, standing by: "Three months ago a wounded man to our abbey came to die." A mighty absurd proceeding in our opinion. Had he come there to *live*, it would have been much more sensible. "He heard me long with ghastly eyes" (rather an odd mode of hearing), "and hand obdurate clenched, speak of the worm that never dies and the fire that is not quenched.

> "At last, by what this scroll attests,
> He left atonement brief,
> For years of anguish to the breasts
> His guilt had wrung with grief.
> 'There lived,' he said, 'a fair young dame
> Beneath my *mother's* roof—
> I loved *her*'"—

Not his mother we hope;

> ——"but against my flame
> Her purity was proof.
> I feigned repentance—friendship pure;
> That mood she did not check,
> But let her husband's miniature
> Be copied from her neck."

Her husband's miniature in the days of jousts and chivalries! But great poets do not matter such trifles.

We all remember how Shakespeare introduces cannon into Hamlet. *Pergit poeta:*

"As means to search him, my deceit took care to him was borne nought but his picture's counterfeit, and Jane's reported scorn. The treachery took: she waited *wild!* My slave came back, and did whate'er I wished: she clasped her child, and swooned, and all but died."

The pathos and poetry of this beautiful, grammatical, and intelligible passage is too much for us. We cannot go on without assistance. We shall therefore make a glass of rum grog, for we are writing this on a fine sunshiny morning. As we are on the subject of grog, we may as well give it as our opinion that the midshipman's method of making it, as recorded by the great Joseph, is by far the most commodious. Swallow we, therefore, first a glass of rum—our own drinking in Antigua—and then, baptizing it speedily by the affusion of a similar quantity of water, we take three jumps to mix the fluids in our stomach, and, so fortified, proceed with the contemplation of the Ritter Bann. We get on to a new jig tune:

"I felt her tears
For years and years
Quench not my flame, but STIR!"

"The very hate
I bore her mate,
Increased my love for her.

"Fame told us of his glory: while joy flushed the face of Jane; and while she blessed his name, her smile struck fire into my brain no fears could damp. I reached the camp, sought out its champion; and, if my broadsword (Andrew Ferrara would be a much more poetical word, Mr. Thomas) failed at last, 'twas long and well laid on. This wound's my meed—my name is Kinghorn—my foe is the Ritter Bann:

"The wafer to his lips was borne,
And we shrived the dying man.

He died not till you went to fight the Turks at Warradein; but I see my tale has changed you pale. The Abbot went for wine, and brought a little page, who poured it out and smiled."

How beautiful! and how natural at the same time! "I see," says the old Abbot, who, we warrant, was a sound old toper, a fellow who rejoiced in the delightful music of the cork, "the curst stuff I have been talking to you has made you sick in your stomach, and you must take a glass of wine. What wine do you drink, hock, champagne, sauterne, dry Lisbon, Madeira, black strap, *Lachryma Christi*? My own tipple is Rhenish. See here, I have some *Anno Domini*, God knows what. Pleasure of drinking your good health in the meantime."

"The stunned knight saw himself restored to childhood in his child, and stooped and caught him to his breast, laughed loud, and wept anon; and with a shower of kisses pressed the darling little one."

The conversation soon becomes sprightly. Nothing can be better than the colloquial tone of the dialogue.

"*Ritter Bann.* And where went Jane?

"*Old Snoozer.* To a nunnery, sir. Look not again so pale. Kinghorn's old dame grew harsh to her.

"*Ritter Bann.* And has she taken the veil?

"*Old Snoozer.* Sit down, sir; I *bar* rash words.

"They sat all three, and the boy played with the Knight's broad star as he kept him on his knee. 'Think ere you ask her dwelling-place,' the Abbot father said; 'time draws a veil o'er beauty's face, more deep than cloistered shade: Grief may have made her what you can scarce love, perhaps, for life.' 'Hush, Abbot,' cried the Ritter Bann (on whom, by this time, the tipple had taken considerable effect), 'or tell me where's my wife.'"

What follows? Why

> "The priest UNDID!—(*Oh Jupiter!*)
> Two doors that hid

The inn's adjacent room ;
And there a lovely woman stood,
Tears bathed her beauty's bloom.
One moment may
With bliss repay
Unnumbered hours of pain ;
Such was the throb,
And mutual sob,
Of the Knight embracing Jane."

And such is Mr. Tom Campbell's poem of the Ritter Bann.

Need we add a word? Did anybody ever see the like? What verse, what ideas, what language, what a story, what a name! Time was that when the brains were out the man would die ; but *on a changé tout cela.* We consign Campbell's head to the notice of the phrenologicals.

Let us sing a song. Strike up the bagpipes while we chaunt

The Writer Tam.

By T. Dromedary.

The Writer Tam, from Hungryland,*
Comes, famed for lays of arms,†
And, writing chaunts of chivalry,
The Cockney ladies charms.
While other hands write Balaam, he,
In editorial gloom,
In Colburn's magazinary,
Gives each his destined room.

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* See Jack Wilkes' Prophecy of Famine, a poem, as Tom himself observes, amusing to a Scotchman from its extravagance. To oblige him, therefore, the name is adopted here.—M. OD.

† The Mariners of England, The British Grenadiers, The Battle of the Baltic, &c.—M. OD.

Critique on Lord Byron.

"Claudite jam rivos, pueri: sat prata biberunt."—VIRG.

So the public at length is beginning to tire on
The torrent of poesy poured by Lord Byron!
Some guessed this would happen: the presage proved true.
Then now let us take a brief, rapid review
Of all, or at least of each principal topic
Which serves as a theme for his muse misanthropic.

First note we the prelude which, sung by the minor,
Gave promise of future strains, bolder and finer;
Though the bitter Scotch critic loud raised his alarum
And swore men and gods could not possibly bear 'em! *
To the fame of the bard *men* have given a shove,
Whate'er may be judged of his merits *above*.
Thus stung, did the youngster assail, we must own,
Some names which his fury had well let alone;
As a colt, who a thistle beneath his tail feels,
At all things around madly launches his heels.

* The Edinburgh reviewer, who vainly attempted to crush Lord Byron at the commencement of his poetical career, thus began his animadversions: "The poetry of this young Lord belongs to the class which neither men nor gods are said to permit. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level than if they were so much stagnant water." Having made this estimate of the noble poet's powers, which, however justified by some of the minor's Hours of Idleness, must preclude the Northern Seer from all pretension to the gift of second sight, he adds the following wholesome advice:—"Whatever success may have attended the peer's subsequent compositions, it might have been followed without any serious detriment to the public. We counsel him that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents and opportunities to better account."—M. OD.

Yet blithely, though sharply, the young minstrel carolled
To Reviewers and Bards, ere he croaked with Childe Harold,
That wight who, in endless Spenserian measure,
Roams through the wide world without object or pleasure;
Till at last we find out, with the pilgrim proceeding,
That we gain no great object nor pleasure in reading!
But, first, with what glee did all palates devour
The fragments which bear the strange name of the Gaiour?
'Tis a tale full of pathos, and sweet is the verse:—
Would some pains in connecting have rendered it worse?
Then next was our caterer pleased to provide us
With an exquisite treat in the Bride of Abydos;
Zuleika, so lovely, so simple, so tender,
Yet firm, from her purpose no danger could bend her.
Sour critics may say, all this praise duly granting,
There seems in the plan probability wanting.
By what happy means could these lovers contrive,
With Giaffer's suspicions so warmly alive,
Of the harem's strict bondage to lengthen the tether,
And so pleasantly take their amusements together?
Of Eastern seràis, though not versed in the fashions,
We've heard, in those climates, where boil all the passions,
No youth could approach, howe'er prudent they thought her,
The sacred retreat of his own father's daughter.—
Such objections are dull; 'tis a pity to show 'em,
If adherence to fact would have spoiled a good poem.
Now swift in his bark sails stout Conrad the Corsair,
To surprise Seyd Pasha, with his three tails of horse-hair.
But the destinies order—unlucky mishap!
That Conrad, not Seyd, should be caught in the trap.
Those minds must be steeled with an apathy rare,
Which mourn not Medora, nor sigh for Gulnare:
Medora, soft Queen of the Island of Thieves,
Whose heart, too susceptible, bursts as it grieves!
The woes of Gulnare, too—we feelingly share 'em,
The pride, though the cold passive slave, of Seyd's harem.

But touched by the robber, she mounts to the class
Of dames whose whole soul is inflammable gas.
Though caught was the Corsair, the fates had decreed
That this foe, though in chains, should be fatal to Seyd.
Ah! sensitive reader, 'tis hard to persuade ye
That man could be cool to so kind a fair lady,
When we knew her warm heart, of his terrible fate full,
Risked all for his safety—'twas somewhat ungrateful!
And, since such great hazard she ran for his sake,
Could his fancy prefer writhing spiked on a stake,
To giving (but poets are full of their fibs)
The savage Pasha a deep thrust in the ribs?
Such delicate scruples we prize at a high rate,
They seem rather squeamish, perhaps, in a pirate!
Quick vanishes Conrad:—bold rover, adieu!
But who is this Lara that starts into view?
If Conrad thou art, as some people suppose,
Gloomy chief, thou'rt less qualmish with friends and with foes!
If strong were the "stuff o' thy conscience," oh say
How was Ezzelin so snugly put out of the way?
We see, too, the spirit and warmth of Gulnare in
That feminine page, so attached and so daring;
And we shrewdly suspect that the small crimson spot
On her amazon forehead is nearly forgot.
'Tis true, when the Corsair old Seyd's palace saw burn,
The queen of his harem had ringlets of auburn;
That the page's are black contradicts not our guesses,
Since ladies sometimes change the hue of their tresses.*
Then tacked to this story strange mixtures are seen,
Those dullest of stanzas yclep'd Jacqueline.

* The poet, in describing the faithful attendant on Count Lara, did not perhaps exactly recollect his former account of Gulnare's person:

"That form of eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
And *auburn* waves of gemmed and braided hair."

Dealers in fiction, both in verse and prose, require good memories. Whether this solution, or the suggestion in the text, best meets the difficulty, the sagacious reader will determine according to his fancy.—M. OD.

Alas for poor Rogers! 'Twas certainly hard
To be made, as a compliment, foil to a bard
Who needs no such foil, so unapt too to flatter!
'Twere better have borne the worst lash of his satire!
Yet of high-seasoned praise he is sometimes the organ:
This Shelley can witness, and eke Lady Morgan.
Shall Rogers's name be inscribed in this set
Whose former bright laurels none wish to forget?
But Jacqueline sues for the garland in vain,
For Memory here brings us nothing but pain.
Can the land be much relished by Gifford and Crabbe,
Which is shared by the crazy-brained muse of Queen Mab?
Would Dryden or Otway, or Congreve or Pope,
Sweet Burns, or the bard who delights us with Hope,
Be flattered to find they were joined in this *melée*,
And placed cheek by jowl with dame Morgan and Shelley?*

Next scowls the fell wizard, high Manfred the bold,
Who broods over sins which won't bear to be told.
'Tis a drama repulsive, but still it has force.—
How well does he paint the sharp pangs of remorse!
That quill, which seems plucked from the wing of a raven,
Gives a touch almost worthy the poet of Avon.

Are the pictures from fancy?—fictitious or real?
Surely Satan himself is the bard's *beau ideal!*†

* The noble baron, in his appendix to the Two Foscari, is pleased to call Lady Morgan's Italy "a fearless and excellent work." The world in general will be more ready to subscribe to the first than the last half of the panegyric. In the same place he tells us that he "highly admires Mr. Shelley's poetry, in common with all those who are not blinded by baseness and bigotry." It might be wrong to advise readers to have recourse to Mr. Shelley's works and judge for themselves. Those who desire to see specimens, and to compare Lord B.'s opinion with that of other critics, will do well to consult the *Quarterly Review*, in which work may also be seen some useful remarks on the fearless Lady Morgan's literary labours. A few of the poets of former and the present times are here noticed as having the good fortune to receive honourable mention from Lord B.; a glory they enjoy in common with the Hibernian lady-errant and the poetico-metaphysical maniac. David long ago designated the atheist as a fool. It is more charitable to consider him as a madman.—M. OD.

† Mr. Southey has conferred the appellation of "the Satanic School" on

Yet 'tis strange that each image that glides through his lanthorn,
From Juan, whose joy is on husbands to plant horn,
Who views with delight tears of damsels deluded,*
To the wretch who hates all things, himself too included,
All in some striking feature each other resemble,
As in Hamlet, or Rolla, we still saw John Kemble.
If the draughts smack of nature, we care not a straw
Where he finds the dark model he chooses to draw.
Of smaller effusions I pass over loads—
The Family Sketch—Hebrew Melodies—Odes;—
Sad Tasso's Lament—soft occasional Verses—
And levelled at Elgin stern Pallas's curses;†
Mazeppa's long race, that intrepid rough-rider,
And adieus to a lady whose lord can't abide her.
Within two blue paste-boards what contraries meet—
The fragrant, the fetid, the bitter, the sweet:
Like a garden neglected these fences enclose
The violet, the nettle, the nightshade, the rose.
But amongst these sarcastic and amorous sallies,
Who marks not that effort of impotent malice,
Aimed at worth placed on high—nay, the most lofty station,
Whose strongest, best guard, is the love of a nation?

a certain class of poets. The idea is as obvious as that of calling Venice the "Rome of the Ocean." Let the worthy Laureate, however, have undisputed claim to the original invention.—M. OD.

* Mrs. Joanna Baillie has illustrated different passions by a tragedy and a comedy on each subject. Lord Byron has also thus drawn a double representation of human depravity. In these Don Juan performs the part of first Buffo, whilst Manfred leads those who are invested with the serious buskin.—M. OD.

† Much abuse has been lavished on Lord Elgin for having sent to this country the spoils of the Parthenon. If this celebrated temple could have remained in security, the removal of its ornaments might have been called a sort of sacrilege. But it is well known that a Turk, who wants to white-wash his house, makes no scruple of destroying the finest remains of ancient art for that ignoble purpose. Was it not therefore better to place these precious relics under the protection of Britain, where they will be admired and appreciated, than to let them remain in the power of barbarians who might speedily reduce them to dust in a lime-kiln?—M. OD.

Far wide from its mark flew the shaft from the string,
Recoils on the archer, but wounds not the King:
He smiles at such censures when libellers pen 'em,
For truth bids defiance to calumny's venom:
We know 'tis the nature of vipers to bite all;
But shall Byron be preacher of duties marital?

Now to poems we turn of a different nature,
Where harangues Faliero, the Doge, and the traitor.
The Doge may be prosy; but seldom we've seen a *
Fair lady more docile than meek Angiolina.
Yet to move us her griefs don't so likely appear as
The woes the starved poet has made Belvidera's.
I'm far from asserting we're tempted to laugh here;
But the Doge must be own'd not quite equal to Jaffier.
These ancient impressions the fancy still tarries on,
When forced with old Otway to make a comparison.
Oh! best, tuneful peer, shone your genius dramatic
Ere your Muse set her foot on those isles Adriatic!
Let her shun the Rialto and halls of St. Mark,
Contented with Manfred to rove in the dark.

On the banks of Euphrates you better regale us,
With the feasts and the frolics of Sardanapalus.
Philosophic gourmand!—jolly, libertine sage!
Only pleasure's soft warfare determined to wage,
With goblet in hand, and his head crowned with roses,
He teaches that death everlasting repose is.

* The ending of the first line of this and the following couplet is designed as an humble imitation of the manner in which Lord B. sometimes closes his lines in serious as well as ludicrous poetry, in blank verse as well as in rhyme. In compositions of humour it may be allowable to disjoin words at pleasure, and finish a verse with a most feeble termination; but the license granted to Beppo or Don Juan would be thought unreasonable in works of a graver character. Whoever takes the trouble of examining Sardanapalus, the Foscari, and the Mystery of Cain, will find that the lines are very differently constructed from the practice of the best preceding writers. The Italian poets may have adopted some such mode in their stanzas; but the following this example will not improve the majestic *inceding* step of the English Muse as exemplified by Shakespeare and Milton.—M.OD.

The tenet may fairly belong to the story;
But here we perceive that 'tis preached *con amore.*
This volatile heart Grecian Myrrha could fix,
Though he laughs at her creed about Pluto and Styx.
His love she returns when his virtues she conned over,
And was true, e'en to death, when she found him so fond of her.
But the sot, whom his subjects had rated at zero,
Bravely fights, and then dies in a blaze like a hero!
You can next (for stage magic you're ne'er at a loss) carry
Your friends back to Venice, and show them the Foscari.
To these luckless isles we're transported again!
Lo! a youth, harshly judged by the Council of Ten,
Most wilfully rushes on horrible tortures,
Lest in some foreign clime he should take up his quarters!
His hatred invincible tow'rds all the men is,
But he doats with strange love on the mere mud of Venice.
For the Doge—there is no known example will suit us;
His phlegm patriotic out-Brutuses Brutus.
In his chair, whilst the rack's wrenching torments are done,
He watches the pangs of his innocent son.
His nerves such a spectacle tolerate well;
Yet he dies by a shock when the sound of a bell
On a sudden to Venice announces the doom,
That another mock-sovereign reigns in his room.
Now last, though not least, let us glance at the fable
Your lordship has raised on the murther of Abel.
But chiefly that wonderful flight let us trace
Which Lucifer wings through the regions of space,
Where with speed swift as thought with his pupil he runs,
Treading all the bright maze of the planets and suns;
And lectures the while all these objects they're viewing,
Like a tutor abroad, who leads out a young Bruin.
Thus Satan exhibits pre-Adamite spectres,
And lays down his maxims there free from objectors.

How we turn'd with disgust, as we listen'd with pain,
From the vile metaphysics he whispers to Cain ! *
Fit talk for the fiend and the fratricide felon ;
But this is a subject too hateful to dwell on.
A lash light as mine grave offences can trounce ill,
Then here let me end with a short word of counsel :
'Twould be wrong, noble bard, oh ! permit me to tell ye,
To establish a league with Leigh Hunt and Bysshe Shelley.
Already your readers have swallowed too much,
Like Amboyna's swollen victims when drenched by the Dutch. †
The world cries, in chorus, 'tis certainly time
To close up your flood-gates of blank verse and rhyme.
Hold ! Hold !—By the public thus sated and crammed,
Lest your lays, like yourself, stand a chance to be d——d !

* The demon's insinuations, tending directly to an object the reverse of that which Pope aims at in his Essay on Man, the present being evidently designed to make man doubt the benevolence and goodness of his Maker, might justify harsher terms than are here employed. Instead of vile metaphysics, they might have been termed horrible blasphemies. Let not the noble author shelter himself under the example of Milton. The author of Paradise Lost displays want of taste in making the Almighty argue like "a school divine," as the artists of the Roman Catholic Church have done in representing him under the form of an old man with a long beard ; but neither the poet nor the painter intended to commit an irreverent insult. Milton's devils talk and act sufficiently in character, but they are kept within decent bounds. Belial himself, however qualified "to make the worse appear the better reason," is not suffered by the poet to practise his arts on the readers of his divine epic.—M. OD.

† The Island of Amboyna, one of the Moluccas, was formerly occupied jointly by the English and Dutch. In the year 1622 the Hollanders, feeling the superiority of their numbers, which was about three to two in their favour, conceived the design of making themselves masters of the whole island. For this purpose they pretended to have discovered a plot contrived by the English for their expulsion. Many of the English settlers were accordingly arrested and exposed to torture, in order to enforce a confession. Amongst the methods employed was the extraordinary one here alluded to. The accused was fastened to a seat, in an upright posture, with a piece of canvas fixed round his neck, extended above the head in the form of a cup. Water being repeatedly poured into this receptacle, it was necessary to swallow the liquid to avoid suffocation. Under this infliction the bodies of the sufferers were said to be distended to double their natural size.—M. OD.

Moore-ish Melodies.

I.—THE LAST LAMP OF THE ALLEY.

THE last lamp of the alley
  Is burning alone!
All its brilliant companions
  Are shivered and gone.
No lamp of her kindred,
  No burner is nigh,
To rival her glimmer,
  Or light to supply.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
  To vanish in smoke;
As the bright ones are shattered,
  Thou too shalt be broke.
Thus kindly I scatter
  Thy globe o'er the street,
Where the watch in his rambles
  Thy fragments shall meet.

Then home will I stagger
  As well as I may;
By the light of my nose sure
  I'll find out the way.
When thy blaze is extinguished,
  Thy brilliancy gone,
Oh! my beak shall illumine
  The alley alone.

2.—'TIS THE LAST GLASS OF CLARET.

'Tis the last glass of claret,
Left sparkling alone;
All its rosy companions
Are *cleaned out* and gone.
No wine of her kindred,
No red port is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
And gladden my eye.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
This desert to crown:
As the bowls are all empty,
Thou too shalt float down.
Thus kindly I drink up
Each drop of pure red,
And fling the bright goblet
Clean over my head.

So soon may Dame Fortune
Fling me o'er her head,
When I quit brimming glasses,
And bundle to bed.
When champagne is exhausted,
And Burgundy's gone,
Who would leave even claret
To perish alone?

3.—RICH AND RARE.

Rich and rare was the chain he wore,
And a long white wand in his hand he bore;
But oh! his paunch strutted far beyond
His bright gold chain and his snow-white wand.

"Oh, Alderman, dost thou not fear to go,
Where the turtle shall smoke and the Burgundy flow?
Are the doctors so sparing of lancet and pill,
Not to physic or bleed thee for this night's swill?"

"Good ma'am," said he, "I feel no alarm;
Nor turtle nor Burgundy does me a harm;
For though of your doctors I've had a score,
I but love good eating and drinking the more."

On he went, and his purple nose
Soon over dish, platter, and bottle glows;
And long may he stuff who thus defied
Lancet, pill, bolus, and potion beside.

4.—TOM STOKES LIVED ONCE.

"Young Love."

Tom Stokes lived once in a garret high
Where fogs were breathing,
And smoke was wreathing
Her curls to give the cerulean sky,
Which high up above Tom's head did lie:
His red cheeks flourished,
For Tom Stokes nourished
Their bloom full oft with Whitbread's showers.
But debts, though borish, must be paid,
And bailiffs a'n't bamm'd for many hours.

Ah! that the nabman's evil eyes
Should ever come hither
Such cheeks to wither!
The fat soon, soon began to die,
And Tom fell sick as the blades drew nigh.
They came one morning,
Ere Stokes had warning,

And rapped at the door where the wild spark lay.
"Oh, ho!" says Tom, "is it you? Good-bye."
So he pack'd up his awls, and he trudged away.

5.—BILLINGSGATE MUSIC.

HARK! Billingsgate music
Melts o'er the sea,
Falling light from some alehouse,
Where Kerry men be;
And fishwomen's voices
Roar over the deep,
And waken around us
The billows from sleep.

Our potato boat gently
Wades over the wave,
While they call one another
Rogue, baggage, and knave!
We listen—we listen—
How happy are we,
To hear the sweet music
Of beauteous Tralee!

6.—TO A BOTTLE OF OLD PORT.

I.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the dregs
Of such famous old stingo behind,
Oh, say will he bluster or weep? No, ifegs!
He'll seek for some more of the kind.
He'll laugh and, though doctors perhaps may condemn,
Thy tide shall efface the decree,

For many can witness, though subject to phlegm,
He has always been faithful to thee!

2.

With thee were the dreams of his earliest love,
Every rap in his pocket was thine,
And his very last prayer, every morning, by Jove,
Was to finish the evening in wine.
How blest are the tipplers whose heads can outlive
The effects of four bottles of thee,
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is to stagger home muzzy from three!

7.—TO THE FINISH I WENT.

1.

To the Finish I went, when the moon it was shining,
The jug round the table moved jovially on;
I staid till the moon the next morn was declining—
The jug still was there, but the punch was all gone!
And such are the joys that your brandy will promise
(And often these joys at the Finish I've known),
Every copper it makes in the evening ebb from us,
And leaves us next day with a headache alone!

2.

Ne'er tell me of puns or of laughter adorning
Our revels that last till the close of the night:
Give me back the hard cash that I left in the morning,
For clouds dim my eye and my pocket is light.
Oh, who's there who welcomes that moment's returning,
When daylight must throw a new light on his frame—
When his stomach is sick, and his liver is burning,
His eyes shot with blood, and his brow in a flame!

The Equality of the Sexes.

My dearest Madam,—Allow me to return my warmest acknowledgments of the honour done me by your admirable letter on the comparative merits of the two sexes. May I hope that our opinions and sentiments, differing in words, may be found ultimately to coincide in spirit? You know my devotion to that side of the question to which you belong, and which you adorn and dignify equally by the charms of your mind and your person. You maintain that women are equal, in all things, to men, and that any apparent inferiority on their parts must be attributed wholly to the institutions of society. Even in bodily powers you are unwilling to acknowledge defeat; and certainly, my dearest madam, you have argued the topic with the most captivating, the most fascinating eloquence and ingenuity. You refer, in the first place, to the inferior animals, arguing, my dearest madam, by analogy. Look, you say—look at Newmarket; there you behold mares running neck and neck with horses, gaining king's plates and cups and stakes of all sorts against them in spite of their noses, and occasionally leaving them at the distance post. You then bid me consider the canine species, and I will find the greyhound, and pointer, and terrier, and bull-bitch equal if not superior to the dog in sagacity, fleetness, fierceness, and ferocity. You then fly with me to the interior of Africa, and, showing me in one cave a lioness and in another a tigress, with their respective kittens, you ask me if the ladies are not as formidable as the lords of the desert? Turn your gaze sunwards, you next exclaim, guided by that lofty yell, and you may discern the female eagle returning from

distant isles to her eyrie on the inland cliff, with a lamb or, possibly, a child in her talons. Could her mate do more? You then beautifully describe the Amazons. And will you still obstinately adhere, you ask me, to the unphilosophical belief in the physical inferiority of our sex to yours, seeing that, independently of other arguments, it militates against the whole analogy of nature?

My dearest madam, I acknowledge that the argument in favour of your sex, drawn from the inferior animals, is a very powerful one, perhaps unanswerable. Yet I believe that Childers, and Eclipse, and High-Flyer, and Sir Peter, and Filho da Puta, and Smolensko, and Dragon, were all horses, not mares, and for their performances I respectfully refer you to the Racing Calendar. Had the two first been mares, or had they been beaten by mares, I should most cheerfully have acknowledged, not only the equality, but the superiority, of your sex, and given in my palinode.

The lioness and the tigress are both on your side, and I should be sorry to say a single word against such arguments. May I be permitted, however, to hint that it is in fierceness and ferocity, more perhaps than in strength, that they excel the male, and in fierceness and ferocity awakened in defence of their young? In these qualities I grant your sex do greatly excel ours, especially when nursing; and at such seasons, in justice and candour, we must allow to you the flattering similitude to the lioness and the tigress. I also admit the forcé of the analogical argument in your favour from birds of prey.

Passing from corporeal to mental powers, you ask why a woman should not make, for example, a good bishop? Why, really, my dearest madam, I humbly confess that I do not, at this moment, see any reason why you yourself should not be elevated to the Bench; and sure I am that, in lawn sleeves, you would be the very beauty of holiness. You have Pope Joan in your favour; and although I do not know of any instance of a lady of your years having

become a spiritual peer, yet time flies, and you may expect that honour when you become an old woman.

You then demand why a lady of good natural and acquired parts may not be a general, or a judge? and, *a fortiori*, anything else! Now, my dear madam, such has been the power of your eloquence and ingenuity that they have completely nonplussed me, nor have I anything in the shape of argument to rebut your irresistible logic. I therefore fling myself on a fact, one single fact, expecting an answer to it in your next letter.

Suppose, my dearest madam, for a single moment, a bishop, or a judge, or a general in the family-way. How could her ladyship visit her diocese? Or would it be safe to deliver her charge? To be sure, it might be her ladyship's custom to visit her diocese but once in three years; nor are we to suppose that she is always *enceinte*. But the chance is greatly in favour of her being so; nor do I think that old maids would make by any manner of means good bishops. I presume, my dearest madam, that you would not doom the bishops of the Church of England to Catholic celibacy. Such a law is foreign, I well know, to your disposition; and to say nothing of its gross and glaring violation of the laws of nature herself, would it, in such a case, be at all efficacious?

I think, my dearest madam, that I hear you reply, "I would elevate no female to the Bench till she was past child-bearing." What! Would you let modest merit pine unrewarded through youth, and confer dignity only on effete old age? The system, my dearest madam, would not work well, and we should have neither Kayes nor Blomfields.

The same objection applies with tenfold force to a female judge. Suppose, my dearest madam, that you yourself were Lady Chancellor. Of the wisdom and integrity and promptitude of your decisions there could not be the slightest doubt, except in the minds perhaps of a Brougham, a Williams, or a Denman. But although you could have no qualms of conscience, yet might you frequently have

qualms of another kind that would disturb or delay judgment. While the Court ought to be sitting, you might be lying in; and while, in the character of Chancellor, you ought to have been delivering a decision in your character of Lady, why, my dearest madam, you might have yourself been delivered of a fine thumping boy.

Finally, suppose Lord Wellington to have been a female. He might have possessed the same *coup-d'œil*, the same decision, the same fortitude, and the same resolution on all occasions to conquer or die. But there are times when ladies in the family-way (and we may safely take it for granted that, had Lord Wellington been a female, she would generally have been in that interesting situation) are not to be depended on, nor can they depend upon themselves; and what if the Generalissima had been taken in labour during the battle of Waterloo? Why, such an interruption would have been nearly as bad as when his lordship was superseded by Sir J. Burrard during the battle of Vimiera.

Now, my dearest madam, pray do let me have by return of post an answer to this great leading fact of the case. Nature seems to me to have intended women to be—mothers of families. *That* you yourself, my respected and highly-valued friend, are in an eminent degree. So kindest love to Mr. M. and all the children (fourteen), not forgetting that pretty puzzling pair, Thomas and Thomasine, the twins.—I have the honour to be, my dearest madam, with the highest consideration, your affectionate friend,

JASPER SUSSEX.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley and his Novel, "Berkeley Castle."

THERE is a set of persons in London who most particularly pique themselves on being men of elegance, wit, and refinement, and who are continually declaiming against people who are not gentlemen. Their set, and their manners, and their ideas are to form all that is worthy of imitation in this world. They can talk—and some of them talk pretty well too—of horses, and carriages, and operas, and parks, and the last parties, and so forth; and their own sayings are recorded among themselves as miracles of talent and genius. Their boots and their hats, and all tailorly ingredients of appearance occurring in the intermediate space between these zeniths and nadirs of attire, are irreproachable, or at least they deem them so; and their conversation is lauded by themselves as the summit of perfection. We think that these persons should be contented with such trophies without wandering out of the dignified and high-minded sphere in which they are won. If they consulted their own interest they would certainly take our advice. But fate is imperious; and it often drives men to show the utter futility of their pretensions. We do not know one of these fellows who, when he comes forward from the circle in which he is a "gentlemanly man," does not prove himself to be a blockhead, and something worse. When he takes a pen in his hand, he not only displays a dire ignorance and stupidity, but, in nine cases out of ten, an utter meanness of thought and manners and a crawling vulgarity of soul.

This may seem paradoxical. People may say, Here is a

man brilliant at the dinner-table, elegant at a *soirée*, dressed after by the men, run after by the women; and why should it be that he is a leper, wretched of heart and lowlied of thought? It is the fact, nevertheless; and the paradox, after all, exists only in appearance. These people know nothing beyond the conventional slang of society; but as the society in which they move is of that rank which will always command the attention, and ought always to command the respect, of other classes, what they say and do is matter of wonder to the tuft-hunter, and, we admit, fairly a matter of curiosity to those who, like the ladies in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, love to tell about dukes and lords and knights of the garter. But slang is slang, no matter how disguised, or to what purposes used. The slang of the gilded cornices of St. James's is not in essence one whit more dignified than the slang spoken over the beer-washed tables of St. Giles's. He who is possessed of a perfect knowledge of the tone current in Buckeridge Street would outshine the cleverest master of the art who had not dwelt amid the select circle of that interesting locality. Ask this star of Hibernian emigration to write or to dictate (if he has not acquired the art of writing) the results of his long experience in the style and manners of the region which he adorns, and you will find that he breaks down. The jest is lost unless he prints his face. Pierce Egan, or Jon Bee, or even Edward Bulwer—but, above all, Boz—Boz the magnificent (what a pity it is that he deludes himself into the absurd idea that he can be a Whig! Mr. Pickwick was a Whig, and that was only right, but Boz is just as much a Whig as he is a giraffe)—any of these authors—thou too among the rest, Vincent Dowling, whom we shall no longer call the venerable Vincent, since it gave pain and sorrow to thy most pugilistic soul—would in half an hour extract all that the most celebrated hero of the Rookery had invented, thought, and devised, during the whole current of his life.

So in the case of the other saint, the patron of Spain,

St. James. The chatterers and praters there have nothing in them. We forget what is the exact distich * of Pope describing the conversation of the party at the *Rape of the Lock;* but it is something like this—

> "In various talk the instructive hours they passed,
> Who gave the ball or had the party last."

But we shall not go on attempting to quote from memory one of the nicest pieces of ornamented verse ever written, for undoubtedly we shall spoil it if we make the attempt; but we remember that the poet sums up his opinion of the style of such conversation by describing it as "*all that*"—which is, indeed, sufficiently expressive of its merits. The men, or things, who shine in this sort of work can do no more than the hodman jester of St. Giles's, to whom we have already alluded. If nature had ever bestowed upon them brains—a fact very much open to dispute—those brains are always wasted by the frivolities in which they constantly engage and the silly talk which forms the staple of their existence. But we shall go further. There are gentlemen among them, no doubt; but the trading practitioners of the party are anything but gentlemen. If we

* *Distich.* We greatly admire Mr. Grantley Berkeley's opinion of the meaning of this word. Of course, as he writes a historical romance in the manner of Sir Walter Scott, he must have legends, and prophecies, and mystic rhymes. How Sir Walter manages these matters it is now somewhat useless to say, for we rather apprehend that our readers know as much about it as ourselves. How Mr. G. B. makes use of them will be seen from the following charming effusion:

> "'Lord Lisle and his party came hither to dine,
> But Berkeley hath chased them from venison and wine,
> And, lest a live witness a lie should record,
> Here hangeth a dead one to stick by his word.'

"After laughing heartily at the attempt, Sir Maurice added: 'By my faith I doubt much whether the party we have so lately discomfited will return to profit by thy *distich.*'"

Mr. Grantley Berkeley is under what Peter Robinson would call a considerable offuscation of ideas as to the precise meaning of δίστιχος; and for "distich" we recommend him henceforward to read "fiddlestick."

wished to speak harshly, we should say that they were in general the shabbiest of mankind, constantly occupied in mean arts of raising money, of defrauding creditors, of keeping up appearances by the most griping and pinching penury and wretchedness where no appearance is to be made, bragging and boasting of conquests never made, hectoring and bullying when they think it safe so to do, tame and quiet enough where they think that sixpence is to be had, or a kicking to be anticipated, swelling and turkey-cock-like as Pistol himself to inferiors, cool and impertinent to all who do not belong to their own coterie, and servile and booing to those from whom they may expect a place or a dinner;—such are the characteristics of the club-haunting gang, and such do they display in full relief whenever they are so far left to themselves as to write a book.

Here is *Berkeley Castle* lying on the table before us. In the first place, what awfully bad taste it is in Mr. Grantley Berkeley to write a book with such a title. What would be thought of Lord Prudhoe if he were to sit down and give us a book upon Alnwick? We should say it was very absurd indeed. And yet there is no blot on the scutcheon of the Percys, and their family played a most distinguished part in all the transactions of war and peace throughout England, "since Norman William came." We should think, nevertheless, that Lord Prudhoe might have left the narrative to somebody else. But in the present case how absolutely disgusting is the conduct of Mr. Grantley Berkeley. He should have been among the last people in the world to call public attention to the history of his house. Why, may we ask him, is his eldest brother pitchforked into the House of Lords by the title of Lord Segrave? Why does not he sit there as Earl of Berkeley? We are far from being desirous to insult, as the paltry author of this book does, the character of woman; but, when matters are recorded in solemn judgments, there can be no indelicacy in stating that Mr. Grantley Berkeley's mother lived with Mr. Grantley Berkeley's father as his mistress, and that she

had at least one child before she could induce the old and very stupid lord to marry her. All this is set down in the journals of the House of Lords. Why, then, under such circumstances, bore us with long panegyrics upon the purity, antiquity, and nobility of the Berkeley blood? Why torment us with a book vilely written, without any other end, object, or aim but to prove that the Lord of Berkeley was a great man once upon a time, and that, if there was a Lord of Berkeley now who could prove that he was legitimate, he would be a great man again? If the author were a man of the slightest spirit, of the smallest approach to the character of a true—mind, not of a club—gentleman, he would have absolutely shuddered at writing the following sentence: "It was believed (though he never avowed it) that he had held a command in the regiment raised *by my grandfather* in forty-five!"

By my grandfather! Everybody, we suppose, has *two* grandfathers; and we take for granted that this great lover, admirer, and adorer of women would prefer his *maternal* to his *paternal* grandfather. *By my grandfather!*—Truly, his maternal grandfather was a man of blood, who wielded steel and axe. He was, in short, a butcher in the market of Gloucester, or some adjoining town, who sold mutton-chops and other such commodities to all that would buy, and had the honour of being parent in the second degree of the illustrious author of *Berkeley Castle*. *By my grandfather!* What impudence!

Of the Berkeley family in general it may be said that not one of them was in the slightest degree distinguished. They cannot, indeed, date from the Flood, and their most antique title is somewhat blemished by the addition of "Fitz;" but their blood has crept through the channels mentioned by Pope as long as they are known. We shall not go further than this very stupid book before us. We shall not unravel the documents which its learned author says are preserved "*apud* Cas*tro* de Berkeley." [The Latin schoolmaster, at least, is not abroad.] We take the goods

the donkey provides us. He fixes his tale in the days of the wars of the Roses; and in that war, when all the honourable or the hot blood of England was up, when the flowers in the Temple gardens set every bosom that had courage or noble bearing within its keeping in a flame, in those days the Berkeleys were distinguished only for carrying on a lawsuit among themselves; and skulking, like cowards, from the field, to appear as beggars before whatever faction ruled the Court. They were "beating smooth the pavements between Temple Bar and Westminster Hall" while York and Lancaster fought for the throne of England; and here we have a descendant of theirs writing a book about the days of those spirit-stirring and gallant wars, in which he describes the great men of his lineage lying quiet in their halls, locked up for fear of bailiffs—a dread which, we rather imagine, has extended to some of their posterity,—and actually has the impudence to put into the mouth of such a skulking laggard as the last Lord Berkeley of his line some impertinent observations upon the King-maker, which "renowned Warwick" would have most liberally recompensed by a kick. In fact, we do not recollect anything in our history about the Berkeleys, except that one of them was considered the proper jailer for Edward II., and that another, if Horace Walpole is to be credited, proposed to George I. to kidnap his son when Prince of Wales. Of honourable actions we do not at the present writing remember anything.

As for the book, it is trash. There is not the shadow of a story in it. We defy Grantley Berkeley himself to make out the skeleton of the tale so as to occupy twenty of our lines. He has no knowledge, either literary or antiquarian. For example, he calls Dray*t*on twice Michael Dray*d*on (vol. i. pp. 30, 31); he makes a groom read our authorised translation of the Bible in 1468 (vol. ii. p. 172), before printing had reached England, and when not one man in a hundred out of the learned professions could read at all, and when any Bible but the Vulgate (and that hard to be

pronounced) was a sealed book; he gives us a transcript of a servant-maid's letter, *temp. Hen. VI.*, as thus:—

"Other folks does not know it, but there is one there as knows the length of his foot, which he may be proud on, as good right he has to do. I wish to give him notice that the watches is to be doubled and set every night, as from marks about the wall they knows as some one must have gotten over. Should her as you knows on need assistance, there shall be a white flag shew himself up at top of Nibley Knowl, when them as loves her may make in. So now no more from one

"As is not so bad as they supposes."

He imagines that the Highlanders came to the south-west of England as friendly guests in the fifteenth century. He makes one of them talk in such language as this, long before even Gawain Douglas's time:

"Some days after this, Lord Berkeley, who set his face against all jokes, whether practical or not, desiring to make Sir Andrew acquainted with the fertility of his estates in comparison with those of the Highlands, took him to Slimbridge, and showed him also the rich meadows lying along the banks of the Severn; concluding the illustration of their capability with the remark that were he, a month later in the year and over-night, to stick his riding-wand in the grass where he then stood, the growth of the herbage and luxuriant vegetation was so great that he would not be able to find it on the following morning.

"'Conscience, my lord,' said Sir Andrew, as usual, who made it a rule never absolutely to contradict anything, 'but there my puir Hieland estate wad match ye in ferteelity. By my saul, were ye to tether your beast (pointing to the great white war-horse which Lord Berkeley had been riding) on the hillside just afore sunset, and be ever sae preceese as to the exact spot, 'twad be a muckle chance if ever ye set ees on him again.'"

Now this *patois* is Lowland Scotch, and very indifferently executed Lowland Scotch, of the present century. To those who know anything about it, the Highlander of the days of Henry the Sixth spoke Gaelic, and in the present speaks nothing like the dialect here crammed into his mouth. He

(Mr. G. B. we mean) takes it for granted that the kilt was the ordinary dress of Highlanders in those days, and actually sends a man so arrayed to fight against a man at arms! He is so careful of the colour of his conversation as to make his characters at one time speak in this style:

"'Dress!' quoth Watts with emphasis, setting down the iron bit about which he had been engaged, and looking full into Will's face—'What has the like of she to do with flams and finery? She never looked so well as she used to do in her plain stuff gown and a cowslip in her bosom. Now, forsooth, naught but silk and satin please her; instead of "Ingram, help me to this," it's "Mister Watts, be good enough to wash your hands, and step this way." You admire her dress, do you? Umph! "the crow thinks his own bird the fairest."'

"And again he set to work rubbing his rusty bit as if he had not an hour to live.

"'But,' rejoined Will, 'why, my friend, should she not set off her person to the best advantage? I have heard that some one's groom not far hence used to admire her, and that she received from Wotton fair the gayest gown the place could boast.'

"'Thou hast heard, and what signifies it that such a hair-brained gowk as a forest archer either hears or sees? I tell thee when folks, when girls, dress above their station in life, it is an outward mark of contempt for the males that should match them, and but as a sign held out over the door of an inn or hostelry that there is good entertainment for their betters. Why thou, in thy generation of wisdom, thinkest that thou art down upon me; but, to speak in thine own terms of woodcraft, there's a better buck than thou art at the head of the herd; and the white doe minds thee no more than the flies that tease her ears.'"

And again, to introduce the same speakers, favouring us with such bits as this:

"'Bless ye, zir,' was his reply, 'I could not plat like that. 'Twas my young lady as did do't the evening afore her did go; all the time speaking to, kissing, and patting the poor dumb animal—my heart—as if he had been a Christian soul.'

"I left the stall for a seat on the corn-bin, or I could not have gone on with my examination.

"'And tell me, Watts, did Miss Isabel take her dog with her?'

"'I suppose so, zir, as a an't left behind.'

"'Did Annette go with her?'

"'It's likely, zir, as she an't in the house.'

"'How did they go, what was their conveyance, and when did they leave the place?'

"'They had horses, zir, and they left last night.'

"'How many were there of the party?'

"'It were dark, zir, and I did not just zee.'"

Language, similarly refined, is put into the mouth of the person to whom he applies, while he, in a dozen places, calls the so*u*briquet (and we suppose the man pretends he can talk French, or knows something about it) of Blackhill —. But it is idle to break such a cockroach as this upon the wheel. In everything the novel is stupid, ignorant, vulgar, and contemptible, and will be forgotten before our pages appear by that fragment of the reading public by which it was ever known.

One thing, however, we must make a few remarks upon. The pseudo-aristocratical impertinence which makes the author take it for granted that his hero should resign the pledged mistress of his soul, because his superior fell in love with her, we may pass by with nothing more than the contemptuous remark that it must lead to the conclusion that the man who formed such a conception would be ready to do so himself, and to fetch and carry letters, frame associations, lie and pimp, under any circumstances, with as much alacrity as the cherished model of his brain—if one by whom he could make anything—commanded it. What Herbert Reardon, described as being deeply in love with Isabel Mead, did in furthering, in the manner of Sir Pandarus of Troy, the passion of Sir Maurice for the aforesaid Isabel, we have no doubt that Mr. Grantley Berkeley knows, or supposes he knows, a person who would do. All the women in this dull book are more or less tainted. It

looks to be the production of a man who has never kept company, at least habitually, with ladies of soul. Take the following passage:

"Though by disposition easily accessible to the charms of beauty, and to a great degree imbued with a romantic nature, still I never sought her confidence purposely for a mere personal gratification, or to gain an ascendancy over the mind, in order that I might then control and direct her actions. No, it was not this desire that instigated me; but there was a something so refined in the female idea, so vividly brilliant in the situations in which man may be placed in the society of woman, and so much delightful danger, if it may be thus called, in the mutual confidence of the young and ardent of opposite sexes, whose undisguised friendship ever trembles on the verge of love, which after all is but another name, that time after time I have found myself, and often almost involuntarily, attracted to explore the mind and elicit the jewel from each fair casket which chance has thrown in my way. That I have been deceived in many instances, and that some few of my experiments have brought me into situations the taking advantage of which it was not in human nature to forego, matters not now."

There are some dozen passages of the same kind, and all evidently pointing to Mr. Grantley Berkeley's personal experiences. Now that he has the mind or the talent to "elicit the jewel," as he most stupidly phrases it, from the mind of any woman worth the affection of a man of taste, honour, or intellect, this novel of *Berkeley Castle* is quite enough to prove. But that he may have sometimes ventured to ascend from the servant-maids by whose conduct and feelings he estimates those of all the female race, and to offer his foul-smelling incense to women above that condition, is possible enough. We shall, however, venture to lay any odds that when the lady, for whatever reason, wished to make no noise upon the subject, he was rung out; and, when a gentleman was appealed to, he, the author of *Berkeley Castle*, was kicked out. It is time that these bestialities towards the ladies of England should be flung forth from our literature.

What, after such a declaration, are we to think of the dedication? Here it is in all its length, breadth, and thickness:

"DEDICATION

TO THE

COUNTESS OF EUSTON.

"In the dedication of these volumes, the author has the deepest gratification, not from any idea of their value, for of that he is diffident, but merely in the opportunity of proving his feelings for one whom he hath ever regarded with affection.

"As they are the first from his hand of this particular description which have sought the public praise, so has he naturally the greater anxiety for their success; and though at some future time he may produce a book more worthy of acceptance, still he never can one in the fate of which he will be so thoroughly interested."

The horribly vulgar and ungrammatical writing of this dedication is of no consequence; it is just as good as the rest of the book. But does the man, in writing to the Countess of Euston that she is one "whom he hath (*hath!*) ever regarded with affection," mean to insinuate that *he* was ever placed in a position to be able to use, without the most absurd impertinence, the following *quotations* from his work:—that his "undisguised friendship trembled on the verge of love," and that "taking advantage of certain situations is not in human nature to forego"? It is a downright affront! They call Lord Euston the thin piece of Parliament; could he not borrow a horsewhip? We assure him he might exercise it with perfect security.

In the midst of all this looseness and dirt we have great outbursts of piety in a style of the most impassioned cast. Coupling this with the general tendency of the book, we are irresistibly reminded of Foote's Mother Cole. Per-

haps Mr. Grantley Berkeley derives his representation, as well as his birth, from another Mrs. Cole. At all events this book puts an end to his puppy appearance any longer in literature, as the next dissolution will put an end to his nonsensical appearance in Parliament. *Berkeley Castle* in conception is the most impertinent, as in execution it is about the stupidest, it has ever been our misfortune to read. It is also quite decisive of the character of the author as a "gentleman."

Defence of "Fraser's Magazine" in the Berkeley Affair.

I AM told, by those whose opinions I have every reason to respect, that it is incumbent upon me to offer some observations on the case of Messrs. Fraser and Berkeley so far as I am therein concerned. I intrude myself with reluctance on the attention of my readers. For many years, in constant communication with the public, I have, to the utmost of my power, courted privacy, because I have ever felt that the less periodical writers are urged personally into notice it is the better for their readers and themselves. But I am now as it were forced to come forward, especially as I have been stigmatised as an anonymous slanderer.

First, as to being anonymous. The custom of the country, and a justly defensible custom, is that writers in newspapers, magazines, reviews, &c., do not put their names to their articles: a custom justly defensible because there is always an appearance, and often a reality, of presumption or impertinence in one man setting himself up in critical judgment on labours which have cost certain thought and time to another, or in offering an opinion upon matters of public importance occupying the serious attention of persons holding high station, and possessed of knowledge derived from sources inaccessible to any ordinary author. The "we" of the political or literary writer is no more than the index of what he wishes to be considered as his view of the opinions of the party which he sometimes follows, but as often ultimately leads. Speaking practically, except in some personal trifles, exclusively of a jocular character,

there is really no such thing as an anonymous writer on any part of the press. Who cannot at a moment's notice find out the author of an article in the *Edinburgh*, or the *Quarterly*, or *Blackwood*, or *Fraser*, or the *Times*, or the *Standard*, or the *John Bull*, or the *Examiner?* In truth, the prominent writers for newspapers or magazines are exceedingly few in number. I have been almost twenty years more or less connected with some of the most eminent, and in the course of my experience do not think that I could enumerate fifty names. I am sure that at present it would be a matter of difficulty to me to mention twenty persons to whom I should willingly commit the management of any periodical work, daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly, for which any one cared a thousand pounds. I speak merely as a matter of trade, and a matter of trade on which I feel myself, from practice and knowledge, qualified to speak. It is perfectly idle, therefore, to say that the couple of dozen among us who mainly interest ourselves in periodical literature are anonymous. It however suits some, at the bottom of whose impertinence is cowardice or envy, or the more intelligible feeling of hunger, to pretend to consider us so.

Having disposed of the charge of being an anonymous slanderer, I may now come to that of our being slanderers at all. Publicly known as we are, I deny the charge as being utterly absurd. I am about to speak of the case in which I am interested, declaring beforehand that in what I say I have not the slightest notion of offering any offence to Mr. Grantley Berkeley beyond what it may be impossible to avoid. I shall presently allude to the peculiar position in which we have lately stood towards each other; but I may unblamed be allowed to remark that Mr. Grantley Berkeley's novel was not a good one; that the spirit which dictated the writing of a work about one's own ancestors, particularly ancestors so long known but so slightly distinguished, was not high-minded; that the conception of the hero of the novel was paltry; that the tendency at

least of the scenes was licentious; that the dedication of a book of intrigues to a lady of unblemished reputation was a thing not to be commended; and that the image of the author was, as usual, to be suspected in the cherished creation of his mind. The article which I wrote might have been compressed into the few lines above printed. If it be any satisfaction to Mr. Berkeley, I shall say, with perfect truth, that I wrote the article in a great hurry, and that, business having next day taken me out of town, it was not in my power to revise or correct it after it was in type. If it had been otherwise, I admit that I should have altered some of the expressions most exposed to cavil. For example, I think, on a more serious perusal than under other circumstances I should have designed to bestow upon *Berkeley Castle*, that though I should have designated its hero, Herbert Reardon, as what he is exhibited in the novel, a liar and a pimp, I should not have laid myself open to the charge of Mr. Thesiger that I thereby intended to have so designated Mr. Grantley Berkeley. Yet Lord Byron is in general supposed to shadow himself forth in *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan;* and it would naturally occur that the author put forth Herbert Reardon as his own prototype. I repeat it, however, that if it had been in my power to have looked over the proofs, I should have changed some of the expressions which most called forth the anger of the Member for West Gloucestershire.

I do not wish to press unfairly the charge of licentiousness on *Berkeley Castle;* and I add that there are some parts of it pretty fairly written, particularly the commencement of the first volume. With deference to Mr. Fraser's truly able and eloquent advocate, Mr. Erle, the production is scarce worthy of the dissection which he gave it. But I adhere to my original proposition, that there was something so peculiarly provoking in the mere fact of any of the Berkeleys calling public attention to the history of their family that no critic pretending to common spirit could pass it by, especially after the conduct of Col. Berkeley, now crammed

into the Peers as Lord Segrave, towards a man of the name of Judge; and the declared determination of the family—Liberals as they are—to vindicate themselves from the printed expression of anything displeasing to them by the infliction of the bludgeon. Sprung of a country where bullying is not looked upon as a thing of much moment, and of a caste which never hung back from the free utterance of free opinion, such threats could have no other effect upon me than to urge me to give my sentiments of disapprobation, if I felt any, with the less reluctance.

But I was sincerely and deeply sorry that an act of personal violence fell upon a man who must permit me to call him my friend; on Mr. James Fraser, a gentleman to whom I am under the ties of many obligations, and of the most sincere friendship. It would be absurd if, in the pages of his own Magazine, I further expatiated upon the feelings which actuated my heart and my mind when I saw him suffering from the effects of having been struck down by ruffian violence. I heard and I believe—nay, I know, for why am I here to resort to the professional technicalities of the law?—that foul advantage had been taken of his defenceless situation; that if he had been equal in strength to any of the professed pugilists whom the Berkeleys once were fond of patronising (and one of whom, in the present instance, it appears was present for the purpose of backing the assailant), he had, in consequence of the surprise and the brutality, small chance of success, and that against a person of power and agility so much superior, and so much more cultivated, chance there was none. When I saw this, if I afterwards did what I own is not on the strict principles of Christian rule to be defended, I hope that there will be found some palliation for my conduct.

The question of duelling must, however, be postponed for a period, until I go into the main ground of quarrel with the article. As for the criticism, I have no notion of apologising. I hold firmly to the right which I or any other person, Whig, Tory, or Radical, possessed of the power of

writing, may claim of expressing their opinion on matters literary or political. What I said might be harsh; but, if a gentleman knows his business as a gentleman, he should know that words are to be settled by those who speak them, and by nobody else.

Mr. Berkeley was not so ignorant as to believe that the article which offended him was written by Mr. Fraser. If he had any matter of complaint against the review of his book, he might have answered it in literature or in law; or, if he preferred a course neither literary nor legal, he ought to have taken care that he made no mistake as to the person on whom his retaliation was to fall. A literary answer was, I suppose, not to be thought upon without dismay; and, as he personally attacked another for what he could not have had the slightest difficulty in finding out was done by me, I must now confine myself to the legal complaints which he made of the injury he had suffered. They are the following:—

1. That an attack was made upon his family in many ways, but in a manner most peculiarly insulting and injurious upon his mother.

2. That he was held up, by implication, as being as mean in conduct and character as the reviewer maintained the hero of *Berkeley Castle* to be.

3. That it was insinuated, in a commentary on a passage of the book, that he was capable of such ungentlemanlike conduct to women as to expose him to the most unpleasant consequences.

4. That an uncalled-for allusion had been made to the Countess of Euston, who had therefore every right to be offended.

5. That Lord Euston had been advised to use a horse-whip over Mr. Berkeley's shoulders.

6. That Mr. Berkeley's character as a gentleman had been conclusively jeoparded by his work.

I cannot find any other matter of much importance in the declaration, and the above were the points on which

Mr. Thesiger dwelt. As the first requires an answer at some length, I shall take the others before I proceed to discuss it.

The second and third points, after all, are but one in essence. Of Mr. Grantley Berkeley I scarcely knew anything; at this moment I do not know him by sight, and should not be able to recognise him if accident were to throw us together. I had heard something of his appearance in Parliament; but his efforts at legislation are never alluded to but as matters of jest. Those who take the trouble of reading the review of his novel will see that I, on general grounds, entertain an unfavourable opinion of the class of men to which he belongs. Some affairs, in which members of his house—I repeat it that of himself I knew nothing—figured before the public, did not tend to impress me with the opinion that works emanating from Berkeley Castle would be remarkable for rigidity of morals. With these feelings I read the work; and finding its hero not only abandoning, at the bidding of his superior, the lady on whom he had fixed his affections, but actually making himself the go-between of their secret loves, the bearer of notes, the framer of assignations, and the ready messenger to procure stolen interviews—finding him professing the tenderest love for his wife (professing it not merely to herself, whom he wished to deceive, but to his readers, to whom, of course, he was pouring forth his secrets) while he was carrying on a heartless intrigue with a married woman, whose remorse drives her to death, her *lover* rejoicing in getting rid of the inconvenience of her devoted affection—finding that the novel was filled with low intrigues, and its tone throughout indicative of a degrading appreciation of the female character, it was not much to be wondered at if I conceived a disgust for such a personage, and a contempt for the writer who made him his hero. I have already said that if I had written less hastily, or had the opportunity of revising what I wrote, I should have used terms less liable to the angry comments of Mr. Berkeley's counsel. Their purport would,

however, have been essentially the same. As for the comment upon the assertion that the writer had, through his devotion to female charms, been occasionally so led away by his feelings as to place himself in situations of an unpleasant kind, I do not retract a word of it. His meaning is plain; and I hope I shall have the men and women of England in this case with me that if any man attempts, as the passage clearly intimates, to take advantage of the unprotected condition of a lady to offer her insult, he deserves to be rung out, or kicked out, according as to what she thinks the more judicious course for her to adopt. Mr. Thesiger most justly described such a man as the meanest of all cowards. I never charged, nor do I now charge, Mr. Grantley Berkeley with having done anything of the kind; but, speaking hypothetically, I maintained that if he ever acted according to the practice described in his novel as being familiar to his hero, he amply deserved to be treated in the manner I suggested.

As for offering insult to the Countess of Euston, I do not think that any one who reads the passage without prejudice, or a predetermined desire to find fault, could discover anything of the kind. I most solemnly declare the thought never entered my mind. Everything I have heard of Lady Euston—and since this affair I have heard much—is of the most pure and honourable character. I mean no more than what I said. I thought, after the very intelligible declaration that the writer was of so warm a disposition that he could not resist the influence of female charms when placed within their sphere, it was impertinent to allude to the happy hours he had passed in the company of the Countess; and I think so still. I am misinformed if her ladyship did not feel the dedication as an intrusive affront. Whether she did or not, I assert that I had no notion of speaking of her in any other terms than those of respect. That I am not now saying this for the first time will be proved by the following correspondence. I should premise that the assault was committed on Mr. Fraser on Wednesday,

August 3d, and that I met Mr. Grantley Berkeley on Friday the 5th.

LORD EUSTON AND MR. GRANVILLE BERKELEY TO DR. MAGINN.

"*Travellers' Club, Pall Mall, August* 7, 1836.

"Lord Euston and Mr. Granville Berkeley would be glad to know whether Dr. Maginn has any objection to state, in the most explicit manner possible, that it was not his intention to throw out the smallest insinuation against Lady Euston when he coupled her name with the two quotations from Mr. Grantley Berkeley's novel of *Berkeley Castle*."

When this letter was delivered to me, I immediately wrote this reply :—

DR. MAGINN TO THE EARL OF EUSTON.

"52 *Beaumont Street, Marylebone, Monday, August* 8.

"Dr. Maginn presents his compliments to Lord Euston. He has learnt that his lordship has thought he has reason to complain, on behalf of the Countess of Euston, with respect to some observations in a review of a novel called *Berkeley Castle*, which review was published in *Fraser's Magazine*. It is now a matter of some notoriety that Dr. Maginn is the author of the article complained of; and he hastens to assure Lord Euston that he never for a moment intended to offer the slightest affront to the Countess of Euston ; and that, if it is conceived he has done so, he begs to state, in any language that may be desired, his deep regret that he should be suspected of such a piece of uncalled-for and unjust impertinence.

"Dr. Maginn would have addressed this note to Lady Euston, and in terms of stronger apology, but that he feared that her ladyship might have looked upon it as an intrusion not warrantable ; he therefore takes the course of sending his letter to Lord Euston.

"*Lord Euston, &c. &c. &c.*"

This note was delivered to Mr. Granville Berkeley, on the condition that it was to be considered as an apology to

the Countess of Euston for an imaginary offence, and that no public use was to be made of it. Mr. Granville Berkeley promised, on his own part and that of Lord Euston, that it should not go beyond the private circle of the family; and these gentlemen have, as I knew they would, honourably kept their word. I hope there is no breach of etiquette in publishing their brief and business-like note. I have done so to introduce mine, which will, I trust, show that an impertinent feeling towards the Countess of Euston never entered my imagination. With respect to the recommendation of the use of a horsewhip, on which so much stress was laid, it is scarcely worthy of a serious thought. If Lord Euston had felt the affront, as I imagine he might have felt it, he would have acted with great propriety in following my recommendation. I am quite sure, however, that he would not have been such a ruffian as to strike a man when he was down. His lordship must forgive me for the silly joke applied to his personal appearance. It is no harm, after all, to be called a thin piece of parliament. I should be extremely sorry if the heir of the house of Grafton were to emulate the accomplishments cultivated by persons of brawnier frame.

With respect to the sixth charge against me, that I had represented Mr. Grantley Berkeley as undeserving of the character of a gentleman, I leave it to those who have examined his conduct in this and other transactions to say if I were right or wrong in my inference. It is a matter which much more nearly concerns the gentlemen of West Gloucestershire, if there happen to be any there, than it concerns me.

The first charge against my article is the most material. It is set down as a great crime that I dared to say that the decision of the House of Lords was that Lord Segrave is illegitimate. Let the quarrel, then, be with the House of Lords. I am amused by some dunderheaded scribblers who find no fault with my having alluded to the illegitimacy of Lord Segrave, but complain that any notice should be

taken of the peculiar *liaison* between his lordship's father and mother. The House of Lords has voted him to be a natural son—so be it; but, if you say that his mother was unmarried when he was born, you are a slanderer!

To rubbish such as this I disdain to reply. I repeat what is said in the review: What brings the man so long known to us as Colonel Berkeley into the House of Lords as Lord Segrave? He once passed by the title of Lord Dursley, and for a while assumed that of Earl of Berkeley. Where are these titles now? With infinite scorn I look upon the pretext that respect for the fame of the Countess of Berkeley prevents the assumption of the peerage undoubtedly possessed by the family. Of the gentleman who is by law Earl of Berkeley I have not the honour of knowing anything, and his motives may be respectable; but the fact that Lord Segrave sits in the Peers by any other title than that which would have of right belonged to him if he had been born in wedlock, is of itself a waiving of the claim. Nay, more. If Mr. Grantley Berkeley were to survive his immediately preceding brother, Mr. Moreton Berkeley, can he say that he himself would not assume the present *quasi*-dormant honour? or, if he declined doing so, can he promise the same forbearance from his heir? Indeed his prefixing, by permission, the addition of *Hon.* to his name, while his eldest brother remained without a title, is conclusive, so far as the delicacy of the case is concerned.

I confess, no matter to what degree of being unknown it may consign me, that I thought the Countess of Berkeley was dead. Many years had elapsed since I had heard anything about her: the events which brought the lady's fame into question occurred more than half a century ago; the investigation into the Berkeley peerage occurred in 1811, which is now distant from us by a quarter of a century. Is it not absurd to think that a reference, in half a dozen lines, to a matter judicially recorded, and annually noticed in every Peerage, could excite personal wrath in the bosom of a man who could not have been more than a dozen years

old when the Lords were deciding that his mother was not married at the time indicated by what they voted to be a forged entry in a church book? I should as soon have thought of being called to account by the Duke of St. Albans for referring to the case of Nell Gwynn. If the members of the Berkeley family are desirous of finding a mark for their animosity, let me recommend them the Duke of Buckingham, who (he was then marquess) swore that their father committed forgery. They may believe me when I tell them that what is contained in public documents cannot be suppressed; and that their endeavour to put down allusion to it, by resenting its publication on men of humble degree, while they cautiously abstain from taking notice of its solemn assertion by personages of the highest rank, will be worse than useless.

I had not for a long time looked over the Berkeley case, and now that I have in some degree made myself master of its leading features, I say, unreservedly, that I think the Countess of Berkeley to have been an ill-used and a betrayed woman. I think it impossible to have come to any other decision than that at which the Lords arrived; but that she acted upon motives which, if they cannot be defended, may be excused, is plain from all parts of the evidence. The testimony of Mr. Chapeau is much more affecting than a waggon-load of such romances as *Berkeley Castle.* Lest it should be again imagined that I am writing with an intent to hurt the feelings of the Countess of Berkeley, I pass by all recapitulation of this unhappy case. But I pass them not until I say that though stern morality cannot defend lapses from virtue, yet hard must be the heart which cannot find in the story deep and tender palliatives, and immaculate indeed should be the hand that would stoop for the casting of the stone. The Countess of Berkeley will not care a farthing for my sentiments on such a subject; but for my own sake I say that, if I had known the evidence in the Berkeley case six months ago as well as I know it now, no trace of reference to her history should have fallen from

my pen. But her own son is in fault. Why drag before us the history of the Berkeleys with a story so unfortunate prominent before our eyes? Why put people in mind of "my grandfather" when, in reality, of his paternal grandfather nothing whatever is known, while the history of his maternal grandfather is detailed with a searching minuteness in a goodly folio?

It would, perhaps, be only fair to say that Mr. Grantley Berkeley is not the first of his family who has appeared in print. My readers may be amused by a specimen of the correspondence of his aunt, which appears in the above-mentioned folio, p. 168. She was a convenient lady, who lived in Charles Street, Berkeley Square; and the letter is addressed to a Mrs. Foote, with whom the present Countess of Berkeley was at that time living as lady's-maid:

"MADAM,—Actuated by the generosity of your caricter I take the Liberty of Scribeling to you Begging if it will not be Too great a favour that my sister may come to Town the week after Christmas as I am obliged to go in the Country the week following and shod be happy to see her before I go I Beg Madam I may not make it Hill convenant to you or give you the smallest Truble would reather suffer any disopintment my selfe than be thought impirtinant or regardless of your favour to my sister. She poor thing has long been in want of a friend and She tells me but for you Kindness to her she would have been more unfortunate exkuse me Madam for saying Heaven will reward your generous condecention to My sister and Beleave me I am with real humility your humble Sir[nt] "S TURNOUR."

Such literature is worthy of the authorship of *Berkeley Castle*. Mr. Grantley Berkeley's uncle, Mr. William Tudor (which was his name by perjury), is worthy of being the hero of that romance. In some ridiculous articles which I have seen, it has been objected to me that I called Mr. Grantley Berkeley's father an old dotard. I did no such thing; but Mr. Grantley Berkeley's uncle (see p. 444 of the Evidence before the Lords) called him "a rogue of quality." I leave it to fools of quality to disentangle the difference.

I have now, I think, answered all the objections to the review of *Berkeley Castle*. For that review Mr. Berkeley took what I shall ever consider to be a savage and cowardly revenge on Mr. Fraser; and for half killing his victim a jury awarded a fine of £100! I have never heard but one opinion of that verdict. It appears to me to decide that a rich man may wreak his vengeance in any dastardly way he thinks fit on any person who has offended him at the expense of a mere trifle. Of the jury who gave the verdict I wish to be silent, except to say that it has afforded me a justification to some extent for having done what I cannot conscientiously approve. The duel is a relic of barbarous ages, when it was deemed necessary, in consequence of the weakness of peaceful law, to guard the feeble against the strong by provisions subjecting personal collisions of moment to certain rules. The unprotected were excused and the strong were matched against the strong. Law at last obtained the mastery, and the duel was banished to the fantastic court of honour; but there it lost not its original feature. No personal advantage ought to be allowed: the touch of a horsewhip, the flap of a glove, is a sufficient demonstration of hostile intentions. In England, or rather in London, it is supposed that persons occupied in shopkeeping avocations are not expected to give or to receive challenges. It is, therefore, an act of cowardice for a man calling himself a gentleman to assault a tradesman. A countryman of mine was in the habit of saying that for duelling purposes he considered every man a gentleman who wore a clean shirt once a week. Without going to that extreme, we may fairly say that, when we offer insult or violence to any man, we place that man on our level. Mr. Grantley Berkeley, not differing, I admit, from the members of the society in which he moves, does not admit this proposition. It appears to him (and I am sorry to say, to the jury) that he may exercise his personal strength in taking any truculent vengeance he chooses for a hundred pounds. Here, then, I think I was called for. I have admitted, repeatedly, that I do not defend the duel; but, if it

is to be palliated at all, it must be in such cases as that in which I have been engaged. Dr. Johnson has said that private war is to be defended on the same principle as public war. Some exception may be taken to the analogy of our great moralist; but, in this case of mine, I came forward to protect from brute outrage a class of persons whom it pleases a puppy code to insult. I do not pretend to the family honours of the house of Berkeley; but I am a man whom no one can insult without exposing himself to those consequences which are the last alternative of a gentleman if I wish to insist upon it. I have no lady nearly connected to me for whom I have either to blush or to bully: and no class of persons with whom I am connected shall, I hope, feel their interests compromised in my hands. Of the details of the duel between Mr. Grantley Berkeley and myself I shall say nothing, further than that I believe both seconds acted in such a manner as they thought most serviceable to their principals; and of my second (Mr. Hugh Fraser) I cannot speak in any other terms than those of the highest approbation. I have heard it said that allowing three shots to be exchanged was ill-judged; but he permitted it in order that the quarrel might be brought to an end at once. He felt, and after circumstances justified him in the feeling, that it was to be made a family affair upon the part of the Berkeleys; and he decided that no room should be left for cavil upon their parts.

I have now done with this dispute, I suppose, for ever; but I must call attention to a part of the speech of Mr. Thesiger. He appealed, in mitigation of damages, to the fact that the gentleman insulted in the article was a justice of peace, an officer in the army, and a member of Parliament. Tory as I am, and habitually respecting rank and station, I do not imagine that birth, dignity, or office command of themselves respect. The holder of these advantages should not abuse them to their dishonour. If ruffian and cowardly violence is a qualification for a magistrate, I recommend Lord John Russell by all means to

retain Mr. Grantley Berkeley in the commission of the peace. If striking an unarmed man, with all advantage of strength and numbers, be fitting for an officer under his Majesty's colours, Lord Fitzroy Somerset ought to deem Mr. Grantley Berkeley an ornament to any mess table to which he is attached; and, if exhibitions of stupidity and violence are qualifications for the Reformed Parliament, I wish the intelligent and independent electors of West Gloucestershire joy of their representative.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

Two Sonnets on a late Soaring Expedition to the Lords.

BY SIR MORGAN ODOHERTY, BART.

I.

ON SPRING RICE, IN THE CHARACTER OF GANYMEDE.

WHEN, as the poets sing, high-judging Jove
  In plenitude of premiership decreed
  To give, with grace, his favourite Ganymede
From earth—the lower House—a kindly shove,
In pitchfork fashion, to the House above,
  He sent his own brave bird, with hastiest speed,
  Upon that noble mission to proceed:
Down swooping from the sky the eagle drove,
And caught the youth, and upward towered again,
  Into Jove's court of peers. As fine a flight
Has Rice, the soaring Superficial, ta'en
  At Melbourne's bidding. Therefore doth the wight,
In order that his name should be *en règle*,
Choose Ganymede as type, and write himself Monteagle.

II.

ON SPRING RICE, IN THE CHARACTER OF DANIEL O'ROURKE.

But not alone to Ganymede in fame
  Is our up-*spring*ing statesman like. Another
  Proud hero of romance, an Irish brother

(See Crofty Croker), Dan O'Rourke by name,
Has in his flying match done much the same.
Dan, from a dirty bog where he was sticking,
Bothering and sweating, bungling, blundering, kicking
—A mock to all, a thing of jeer and game—
Mounted an eagle, and so reached the moon :
So Spring, all floundering in the dismal mass
Of his Exchequer blundering, hailed the boon
Which his Mount-Eagle sent him in distress.
But better Rice than Rourke has done the trick,
Because John Bull, not he, has played the lunatic.

M. OD.

The Funeral of Achilles.

THE ghosts by Leucas' rock had gone
Over the ocean streams;
And they had passed on through the Gates of the Sun,
And the slumberous Land of Dreams.

2

And onward thence to the verdant mead,
Flowering with asphodel,
Their course was led where the tribes of dead
In shadowy semblance dwell.

3

Achilles and Patroclus there
They found with Nestor's son,
And Aias, with whom could in life compare
Of the host of the Danaans none,
For manly form, and gallant air,
Save the faultless Peleion.

4

Around Achilles pressed the throng
Of ghosts in the world below;
Soon passed Atrides' shade along,
Majestic, yet in woe.

5

About the king came crowding all
Who, by a murderous stroke,
With him were slain in Ægisthus' hall;
And first Achilles spoke:

6

"'Twas once, Atrides, our belief
That thunder-joying Jove
Ne'er honoured other hero-chief
With equal share of love.

7

"Thy rule a mighty host obeyed,
And valiant was the array,
When outside Troy was our leaguer laid
For many a woful day.

8

"Yet did the gloom of dismal doom
First on thy head alight;
From the fate that at birth is marked to come
Scaped never living wight.

9

"Would that in honour on the ground,
Where high thou hadst held command,
Thy fallen body had been found,
Slain upon Trojan land:

10

"Where all the men of Achæan blood
Their chieftain's tomb might raise—
A tomb, in after-times to have stood,
For thy son proud mark of praise:
But 'twas fate that, by piteous death subdued,
Thou shouldst end thy glorious days."

11

"How blest," then said Atrides' shade,
"Thy lot, who fell in war,
Godlike Achilles, lowly laid,
In Troy, from Argos far.

12

"We round thy corse, as slain it lay,
The bravest and the best
Of either host, the livelong day
In slaughterous combat pressed.

13

"Mid clouds of dust, that o'er the dead
In whirlwind fierce arose,
On the battle-field, all vastly spread,
Did thy vast limbs repose;
The skill forgot, which whilome sped
Thy steed amid the foes.*

* Alas! I know well how wretched is my imitation of the original. All I can say is that others do not appear to me to have succeeded much better. The passage occurs also in the 16th *Iliad;* and it is curious to find that Pope has translated it (or, perhaps, in the *Odyssey* suffered it to be translated) variously. In the *Iliad* his version is:

> But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,
> Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,
> And, stretched in death, forgets the guiding reins.

In the *Odyssey:*

> In clouds of smoke, raised by the noble fray,
> Great and terrific even in death you lay,
> And deluges of blood flowed round you every way.

I prefer the latter, inaccurate as it is, for I cannot reconcile myself to thinking of Achilles, *μέγας μεγαλωστὶ*, as being merely "sunk in soft dust." "Great and terrific even in death you lay" is far more like. I have looked through the versions in other European languages, but can only say that the most amusing is the Dutch:

> Men vondt u uitgestrekt, ver van u legerwagen,
> Soo fier noch, dat met schrik de Troijers u ontsagen.

Ver van u legerwagen—"far from your baggage wagon," or if we should even ennoble it into "thy war chariot"—is a wrong translation; but, even if it were perfectly correct, what a different sound from the melancholy harmony of *λελασμένος ἱπποσυνάων*! It is only fair, however, to say that the Dutch *Odyssey* is a very remarkable book, and deserves something far better

14

"All day we fought, and no one thought
Of holding of the hand;
Till a storm to an end the contest brought,
Sent by high Jove's command.

15

"From the field of fight thy corse we bore,
And for the ships we made;
We washed away the stains of gore,
And thy body fair anointed o'er,
On its last of couches laid.

16

"Hot tears did the eyes of the Danaans rain,
And they cut their flowing hair;
Uprose thy mother from the main,
With all the immortal sea-nymph train,
At the tidings of despair.

17

"Loud over the sea rose the voice of wail,
And the host was filled with dread;
And homeward they would, with hasty sail,
In their hollow ships have fled,

18

"Had not a man, to whom was known
The wisdom of days of eld,

than a joking notice. At all events, we all may comfort ourselves by the reflection that even Virgil could not come nearer to his original than

Ingentem, atque ingenti vulnere victus.—*Æn.* X. 842.

[A better version than any here given is to be found in a couplet quoted by Gilbert Wakefield from Ogilby's forgotten translation:

When in a dusty whirlwind thou didst lie,
Thy valour lost, forgot thy chivalry,

which has a "melancholy harmony" of its own, akin to that of λελασμένος ἱπποσυνάων, though it does not express μέγας μεγαλωστί.]

Who in council ever was wisest shown,
Nestor, their flight withheld;
For he spoke to them thus in sagest tone,
And their panic fear dispelled:

19

"'Argives,' he said, 'your steps restrain;
Achæans, do not flee;
His mother is rising from out the main,
With all the immortal sea-nymph train,
The corse of her son to see.'

20

"The flight was checked, and round thee came
The maids of the Sea-god old;
Sad weeping as they wrapt thy frame
In vesture of heavenly fold.

21

"A mournful dirge the Muses nine
In strains alternate sung,
And from every eye the tearful brine
Through the Argive host was wrung;
For none could withstand the lay divine
Of the Muse's dulcet tongue.

22

"By day and night for ten days' space—
For ten days' space and seven,
Wept we, the men of mortal race,
And the deathless gods of Heaven.

23

"And when the eighteenth morning came,
To the pile thy corse was borne;
And many fat sheep were slain at the flame,
And steers of twisted horn.

24

"With ointment rich upon the pyre,
And honey covered o'er,
There didst thou burn in rich attire,
Such as immortals wore.

25

"And many a hero-chief renowned
Rushed forward, foot and horse,
The blazing death-pile to surround
Where burnt thine honoured corse.

26

"The tumult was loud of that martial crowd,
Till the flame had consumed thee quite;
And then, when the dawn of morning glowed,
We gathered thy bones so white.

27

"In unmixed wine, and ointment fine,
When the fire had ceased to burn,
We laid those relics prized of thine
All in a golden urn.

28

"This costly gift thy mother brought;
And she said it was bestowed
By the god of Wine—a vessel wrought
By the Fire-working god.

29

"And there are laid thy bones so white,
Mingled, illustrious chief,
With his, thy friend, whose fall in fight
Wrought thee such mickle grief.

30

"Those of Antilochus apart
Are stored—for, of all the host,
After Patroclus slain, thy heart
Him loved and honoured most.

31

"And the Argive spearmen, gathering round,
Upraised a mighty heap
For thy tomb, a large and lofty mound,
Upon a jutting steep.

32

"Landmark conspicuous there for aye,
By Helle's waters wide,*
For men who may sail on a future day,
As for those of the present tide.

33

"Thy mother then the gods besought,
And they gave what she chose to ask;
And many a glorious prize she brought,
To be won by manly task.

34

"I oft before, when heroes died,
Have joined beside their tomb
The youths of pride, who there to bide
The feats of strength have come.

* There has been some disputation about the meaning of πλάτυς in this passage; and even in ancient times there was a suspicion that it did not mean *wide*, but *salt*. Clarke, the traveller, adopts this interpretation, but it is needless; and, besides, the word bore no such meaning in the days of Homer. The Hellespont, considered as a river or a stream, is wide. I may remark that Lord Byron, in spite of all his boasting, did *not* perform the feat of Leander.

35

"But such store of prize ne'er met my eyes
As there that day was seen,
Which Thetis brought for thine obsequies,
The silver-footed queen.

36

"Dear wert thou to the gods; and now,
Even in the world beneath,
Thy endless glory lies not low,
Achilles, with thy death.

37

"For ever and aye that precious name
Among mankind shall live;
For ever and aye the meed of fame
From all the world receive."

First Appearance of Helen.

From her perfumed chamber wending,
Did the high-born Helen go:
Artemis she seemed descending,
Lady of the golden bow;
Then Adrasta, bent on duty,
Placed for her the regal chair;
Carpet for the feet of beauty
Spread Alcippe soft and fair.

2

Phylo came the basket holding,
Present of Alcandra's hand;
Fashioned was its silverly moulding
In old Egypt's wealthy land;
She, in famous Thebè living,
Was of Polybus the spouse:
He with soul of generous giving
Shared the wealth that stored his house.

3

Ten gold talents from his coffer,
Lavers twain of silver wrought,
With two tripods as his offer,
Had he to Atrides brought;
While his lady came bestowing
Gifts to Helen rich of price,
Gave a distaff, golden, glowing,
Gave this work of rare device.

4

Shaped was it in fashion rounded,
All of silver but the brim,

Where by skilful hand 'twas bounded
With a golden-guarded rim.
Now to Helen Phylo bore it,
Of its well-spun labour full,
And the distaff laid she o'er it,
Wrapt in violet-tinted wool.

5

Throned, then, and thus attended,
Helena the king addressed:
"Menelaus, Jove-descended,
Know'st thou who is here thy guest?
Shall I tell thee, as I ponder,
What I think, or false or true;
Gazing now with eyes of wonder
On the stranger whom I view?

6

"Shape of male or female creature,
Like to bold Odysseus' son;
Young Telemachus in feature,
As this youth I seen have none.
From the boy his sire departed,
And to Ilion's coast he came,
When to valiant war ye started
All for me—a thing of shame."

7

And Atrides spake, replying:
"Lady, so I think as thou,
Such the glance from eyeball flying,
Such his hands, his feet, his brow;
Such the locks his forehead gracing;
And I marked how, as I told
Of Odysseus' deeds retracing,
Down his cheek the tear-drop rolled.

8

"While he wiped the current straying
With his robe of purple hue."
Nestor's son then answered, saying:
"What thou speakest, king, is true.
He who at thy board is sitting
Is of wise Odysseus sprung;
Modest thoughts, his age befitting,
Hitherto have stilled his tongue.

9

"To address thee could he venture,
While thy winning accents flowed,
In our ravished ears to enter,
As if uttered by a god!
At Gerenian Nestor's sending
Comes beneath my guidance he,
In the hope thy well intending
To his guest of help may be.

10

"Many a son feels sorrow try him
While his sire is far away,
And no faithful comrade by him,
In his danger prop or stay.
So, my friend, now vainly sighing
O'er his father absent long,
Finds no hand, on which relying
He may meet attempted wrong."

11

[Kindly Menelaus spake him,
Praised his sire in grateful strain,
Told his whilome hope to take him
As a partner in his reign;
All were softened at his telling
Of the days now past and gone;

Wept Telemachus, wept Helen,
Fell the tears from Nestor's son.

12

Gushing came they for his brother,
Slain by Dawn-born Memnon's sword;
But his grief he strove to smother,
As unfit for festal board.
Ceased the tears for woe and slaughter,
And again began the feast;
Round Asphalion bore the water,
Tendered to each noble guest.]

13

Then to banish gloomy thinking,
Helen on gay fancy bent,
In the wine her friends were drinking,
Flung a famed medicament:
Grief-dispelling, wrath-restraining,
Sweet oblivion of all woe;
He the bowl thus tempered draining
Ne'er might feel a tear to flow.

14

No, not e'en if she who bore him
And his sire in death were laid;
Were his brother slain before him,
Or his son with gory blade.
In such drugs was Helen knowing;
Egypt had supplied her skill,
Where these potent herbs are growing,
Some for good, and some for ill.

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